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A TALE OF WEST AND EAST

L. F. STRAUSS

A TALE OF WEST AND EAST

BY

L. F. STRAUSS

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FOREWORD

Go WEST, young man, go West, This injunction was given by one of America's greatest statesmen to the young men of his time. This advice was hardly needed, for as if impelled by a natural law the proud, haughty Aryan race has been pushing for thousands, according to some, for tens of thousands of years in this direction. How long ago, at what intervals, in what state of civilization the successive migrations took place, when Celt, German, Slav, left his original home at the Hindoo-Kush with his face ever set towards the setting sun, is even beyond approximate computation.

But the line of march was westward. Westward, always westward moved the flag of empire and of civilization. Toward the West went pious Æneas with his followers and Rome the mother of nations was born.

From the Tigris to the Ilissos, from the Ilissos to the Tiber, hence to the Rhine, the Danube, the Ebro, the Seine, the Thames; the westward course of history never changed. Before the eyes of Christopher Columbus there stood a star invisible on which were

written in letters of light the magic words "Westward, Westward lies the destiny of man."

And now again the same force which had drawn Celt, Teuton and Slav from the Himalaya to the Alps asserts itself. At the Tiber, the Ebro, the Rhine, the Seine and the Thames is heard again by the souls of men the bravest and most daring, the voice, Come West, Come West. A siren sent by the fates adds her song, and sings Gold, Gold, Gold. Italy, France, Holland and Germany sent a contingent of brave and fearless men; but England surpasses all, she sends her spirit with the best of her sons, her laws, her love for right and freedom. Was this a payment, by those who spin the threads of human destiny, for the warm life-currents of that western gulf that had for thousands of years gladdened the hearts of the dwellers on these Isles? Who knows, who dares fathom the hidden laws; the mysterious links that bind man to man, nation to nation, country to country!

Soon along the coast of the Atlantic the star spangled banner proudly waved its welcome to the friend and bade defiance to the foe. But the law of destiny had not yet spent itself. The same magnetic current which had drawn the race from the Oxus to the Thames now seizes the men on the Hudson and the Charles. The sturdy sons of New England and New Holland begin their toilsome march westward, ever onward toward the setting sun. Obstacles are incentives. Not mountains cloud cleaving, not forest primeval, not river torrential, not prairie wide-spreading, puts a

limit to the westward march. England, Germany, Scandinavia sent once more their contingents (of their bravest and their best) as a contribution towards the nucleus of the new race, to be the guide and the teacher of the nations yet to come.

Onward, Westward came a mighty throng of men. How Nietzsche would have enjoyed seeing this host of super-men, eager for battle and for conquest and never admitting defeat! Now the forest primeval resounds with the echo of the wood-man's ax; and the virgin soil of beautiful and widespreading valleys receive and multiply the seeds of the husbandman. The fates sitting on their thrones celestial watch, guide and encourage. But the progress is slow. The cradle of the race is ready. A council is held. The golden Siren is sent out. Soon from the banks of the Colorado and the shores of the great Pacific she sings her song; sweet is the sound that is wafted from the wings of the western wind, and enticing are her words, Gold, Gold, Gold. What magic lies in these words! What magnetism is in this yellow metal! Again a new and mighty host rushes westward, over barren mountains and trackless forests, without a halt or resting place, till the home of the golden Siren is reached. The sweet strain of her music never ceases, but there are two verses to her song, and the poet Serviss has translated these verses for us.

One verse, triumphant, beginning at sunrise when the king of day starts his course:

Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death
is my sway;

From my ruthless throne I have ruled along
for a million years and a day.
Hugging my mighty treasures, waiting for man
to come
Till he swept like a turbid torrent and after
him swept the scum.
This is the law of my realm, and ever I will
make it plain.
Send not your foolish and feeble, send your
strong and your sane
Strong for the red rage of battle, sane for I
harry them sore;
Send me men girt for the combat, men who
are grit to the core,
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the
bear in defeat,
Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the fur-
nace heat;
Send me the best of your breeding, lend me
your chosen ones:
Them I will take to my bosom, them will I
call my sons.

The other verse, after sunset, weird and threatening, when the goddess of night is seated on her ebon throne:

But the others, the misfits, the failures, I
trample under my feet
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled
and palsied and slain.
Ye would send spawn of your gutter, go take
back your spawn again.

Ye pallid wrecks of the dead line, ye enervate
of the pen,

One by one I weed ye out for all I seek is men.
One by one I dismay you, fighting you sore with my glooms,
One by one I'll betray you into my manifold dooms.

The fates are content, the West has at last found her bridegroom, her lord and her master. Now proud and ambitious men seek for gold to satisfy their passions, their love for power. River, mountain and valley are searched in eager haste for the metal yellow or white. Wild is the life on the banks of the river, fierce is the strife in the bowels of the earth. Shoulder against shoulder, muscle against muscle, strong men contend for lordship and supremacy.

But gradually the scene shifts and changes. Ambitious and adventurous men who had come to fill their pockets with the yellow metal and then return to the Hudson and the Charles find themselves held captives by fertile valleys and sweet murmuring brooks. They had come to ravish and they stayed to love. They sent to the East glowing descriptions of the newly found western paradise, and they invite their loved ones, wife and children, brother and sister or sweetheart to join them in a new home. Soon a new and hopeful stream of men and women wend their way over the Ohio and Mississippi valley and across the Rocky Mountains.

Then the Pacific lost the right to his peaceful appellation, as the star spangled banner now carried its message to the land of the rising sun. New life sprang up everywhere; on

the shore of the ocean, the banks of the river, in the valleys of sunshine. The quick years wrought many changes. The wheel of progress has burst the shackles of time. First came the huge steam horse on its iron rails, then tiny wires completed the new covenant between the Atlantic and Pacific. Now huge gloomy buildings, instead of smiling valleys serve as places for the activity of man. Sturdy pioneers successful with pick and shovel have been succeeded by their sons sitting in gilded offices, surrounded by a throng of scribbling clerks. The captain of industry wields the sceptre. Hamlet becomes village, village becomes town, town becomes city in an incredibly short span of time.

CHAPTER I.

THE POWER OF MONEY

San Francisco, which in 1850 was a sleepy struggling village, in 1900 has become a mighty metropolis, vying in splendor with her proudest sister on the Atlantic; and indeed the City of the Golden Gate, the proud mistress of the Pacific need not fear a comparison with the best of the old or new world. Her parks are the equal of the fairest artificial gardens on the shores of the Atlantic. Her mansions on Nob Hill and the Pacific Heights fully equal the palaces on the Hudson, the Thames or the Seine.

On the proud Pacific Heights stands a beautiful mansion, grander and more stately than any of its fellows, which the richest man of the city claims for his home. His wife is considered the most beautiful woman in the state, and their two children would gratify the vanity of the proudest parents. The owner of this beautiful mansion is Theodore V. Lawson, the representative of Standard Oil in the West. His father had been one of the lucky pioneers who had come with pick and shovel and had died leaving his son the heir to a valuable mine. Mr. Lawson had married the greatest heiress of the West. Success had attended all his efforts, and his friends sometimes speak of him as the Midas

on account of the lucky golden touch of his hands.

This evening the windows of this palace are aglow with the reflection of hundreds of lights, the walls reverberate the soft strains of insinuating music accompanying the steps of dancing men and women, happy in the joy of living.

The hostess stands at the door surveying the beautiful scene and looks at the joyful faces. A proud, but slightly disdainful smile is on her lips as she receives the looks of homage from the men and of admiration mixed with envy from the women, and the eye that could have seen beneath this outward smile of the lips would have recognized an aching heart, a weariness and a longing to be alone.

T. V. Lawson, the host, seemed at his best and was gaiety itself. His sparkling wit received the applause of friends and the sycophants never absent from the tables of the rich and powerful. A toast was made to our future senator. Mr. Lawson objected slightly, but his face showed a pleased acquiescence. He seemed content with himself and the world, but here also a close observer could have seen reflected in this proud man's domineering eye a furtive look speaking of a deep anxiety and a hidden fear.

After the last guest had departed a heavy sigh of relief came from the lips of the beautiful hostess. The charming smile which had so bewitched her guests, and which made them all think that the lot of Mrs. Lawson was an enviable one, indeed, faded from her countenance, and gave place to an expression of deep

anxiety. She went to her room, sat by her favorite window, which in daytime gave an unobstructed view of a wide and fertile plain, and through which on a very clear day the eye beheld the waters of the Pacific alive with crafts of the fishermen. She looked out. Below her she could see the thousand lights of the city, glittering like stars, and her ear was struck with a low trembling noise, peculiar to the life of a large city. She sat and pondered. A heavy feeling, for which she could not account, had taken possession of her being.

It was not from her own inclinations that she had become a leader of the exclusive society of Nob Hill, but to please her husband. While her heart was not even ordinarily in these entertainments and festivities, today it was a positive torture to wear the conventional smile, and repeat the conventional phrases. Long she sat and pondered. Her whole life seemed to pass before her eyes. The sacred memory of her mother and the scenes of her childhood came and floated before her mind. Oh, these pictures that hang on memory's wall! They sometimes give us joy, but how often does a pang of regret, a hopeless longing after never returning scenes, cause the mind to wonder at life and its strange intricacies!

Reluctantly she retired without calling her maid. She tried to sleep, but Morpheus, the sweet restorer of strength, the gracious god of oblivion and peace failed to appear. A heavy feeling for which she could not account, a presentiment of evil, and impending misfortune would not vanish from her sub-conscious

mind and soul. It was late in the morning when she finally fell into a restless slumber from which she awoke more wearied than refreshed. As it was customary for the family to breakfast together, she made a hasty toilet and repaired to the dining room. The children were already seated at the table awaiting the arrival of their parents. They greeted mamma with a shout, louder than papa's presence would have permitted. She kissed them affectionately and inquired with a mother's solicitude and understanding into their little affairs and childish troubles.

Mr. Lawson came late. He kissed his wife with an outward show of affection, which would have deceived a careful observer, but a woman's intuition sees deeply, and seldom errs. The unaccountable uneasiness returned to Mrs. Lawson and would not leave her. Uneasy and distracted she attended to her many duties, as mistress of a large household and gave directions to its many functionaries.

Quite unexpectedly the family physician, Dr. Delano, appeared about noon and made, what appeared to be a social call. The same afternoon an automobile stopped at the house, from which a very professional looking individual alighted, and presented a note of introduction from Dr. Delano, which stated that the visitor was a friend who wanted her patronage for a philanthropic undertaking. This gentleman, after giving a vague outline of his plans did his best to make himself agreeable, and his conversation betrayed a wide range in the realm of literature and art, but an indefinable something aroused her suspicions and

put her on her guard. He asked some personal questions, the purport of which seemed to her a mystery, and increased her uneasiness and secret forebodings.

Towards dusk the family physician paid a second visit, and then the meaning of some strange allusions made by her husband was revealed, also the purpose of the visit of the philanthropic gentleman and the source of the presentiment which had oppressed her during the last few days. Dr. Delano, after a few preliminary remarks about things in general, inquired into the state of her health, and with seeming special solicitude asked several questions about the condition of her nerves. Mrs. Lawson had difficulty in assuming an unconcerned attitude in answering his questions. A vague fear crept into her mind and oppressed her heart. The doctor himself seemed embarrassed. An uneasy guilty expression was clearly visible upon his face. He could not look into her eyes without a perceptible effort. He succeeded, however, in steadying himself. a determined expression came over his face and after a few technical phrases about the nervous system, he went on to say that people in general know but little about their own condition and especially about their nervous system, and its possible break-down. Vaguely hinting at various contingencies, and with averted eyes he concluded by telling her, that in her own interest, as well as that of her husband and children, it was advisable for her to go for a few weeks to his private sanitarium.

When the full meaning of Dr. Delano's meaning dawned upon Mrs. Lawson she had

hard work to keep her self-control, but with great effort she retained her composure and quickly revolved in her mind what to do. Should she try persuasion, or rise in indignation against what she clearly saw was a long prepared conspiracy? She decided on persuasion and with a voice half choked with tears she said tremulously: "How can you lend yourself to such a thing, doctor? I always had confidence in you, and Dr. Hastings who had been our family physician for so many years recommended you very highly. I always had implicit trust in his judgment. Money is not everything, Dr. Delano, and it will not, cannot, bring happiness to a guilty conscience."

Dr. Delano at first tried to be offended, but then a cunning and determined expression came into his eyes, and slowly and deliberately he answered: "You see ghosts in broad daylight, madam; your nerves are unstrung, and, therefore, I cannot feel offended at what you say, but only feel pity at your accusation. Your own words furnish proof of what I have suspected. You see a conspiracy where only love and solicitude wants to shield you and those who are dear to you."

A feeling of faintness came over Mrs. Lawson. She was very near a complete breakdown, for she recognized that her attempt at persuasion had been met and defeated. With a strong mental effort she summoned all her courage, and was surprised at the firmness of her own words: "I see clearly, doctor, that an appeal to your better self will not reach you. The power of money has stifled the voice of

MRS. LAWSON

conscience, so I will let you know that if you persist in carrying out, what I clearly see is a fiendish conspiracy, the motive of which I now divine, you will be met with all the resistance that an intelligent woman can command. I am not without friends, and some of them I feel sure will stand by me in any emergency." She stood before him in all her dignity, her graceful and still girlish figure seemed to tremble with righteous indignation.

Mrs. Lawson was a fair type of the old southern aristocracy from which she was descended. She was of medium height, though she looked taller than she was. Her face usually so impassive, was animated with a strange determination. Her eyes seemed to scintillate as she stood close before him and with a distinct emphasis on every word, in a voice firm and determined, said: "You will never get me to your place alive. There are laws in this country which will protect me, and I shall forthwith put this case into the hands of a competent lawyer, whom I know I can trust, and who was a friend of my father."

A strange feeling, nearly a regret came over Dr. Delano as she stood before him in all her beauty and womanly dignity, but he had already gone too far to retreat, and assuming an air of indifference he said slowly: "The law will protect you, madam, certainly. You need have no fear and if you wish to communicate with your lawyer you can do so from my sanitarium, but I wish to inform you that the law has already spoken and that for the protection of yourself and family, you have been entrusted into my care."

"Do you mean to say that the laws allow you to place any one of your patients in your sanitarium without his or her consent?"

"No madam, the laws of the United States are drawn up very carefully to protect the liberty of our citizens. Before any person can be committed to a sanitarium, sworn depositions must be made by two reputable physicians that confinement is necessary for the safety of the patient and also for the public."

"And have you already got another doctor to perjure himself?"

"Try not to use offensive language which only indicates the morbid suspicion and fear of persecution so characteristic of a strained nervous system. Listen carefully and I am sure you will recognize the correctness of my position and that all the requirements of the law have been most scrupulously complied with. Mr. Lawson and myself made our depositions before Judge Swan a few days ago, and upon my recommendation the judge appointed Dr. Finerty, our foremost expert in psychiatry, to pay you a visit and make a sworn report. Dr. Finerty did so yesterday, and upon his urgent recommendation, the court advised me that delay in placing you under proper safeguards might be attended with serious consequences. Understand me well, madam, it is to be for the time being only. You need have no fear, the court will protect your interests."

"And did Dr. Finerty without even seeing me make such a report? I will not believe it."

"Dr. Finerty did see and speak with you

madam, and without your knowing it made a careful examination of your mental state."

"Where and when?" she asked with surprised eye and quivering lips.

"He came yesterday bearing a card of introduction from me."

"Oh, that philanthropist who could talk so glibly was Dr. Finerty. Now I understand my feelings of distrust and his guilty look. The villain."

"Please be calm, madam," said Dr. Delano in his most suave voice. "Now you must admit that all the legal requirements have been fulfilled and that in obedience to the laws of your country it is your duty to follow my behest with absolute trust and confidence."

"I shall not, I will not get into your clutches," she screamed hysterically. She seized the little bell with which she used to call her maid and rang it violently. The door opened, but instead of the submissive maid she saw two strong and coarse looking men.

"Who are you?" Mrs. Lawson cried bewildered and amazed.

"Please be calm, dear madam," Dr. Delano replied in their place. "You see all contingencies have been provided against your refusal to accompany me, and possible resistance has been considered and all precautions taken. These men are my attendants; your maids by your husband's orders are informed of what is going on, and in accordance with his directions they are at present in another part of the house. These men are your servants, but also your guards."

The strength of Mrs. Lawson gave way.

Exhausted she fell upon the floor. Upon a sign from the doctor the two coarse looking men picked her up and carried her to a carriage that was waiting outside.

CHAPTER II

SUFFERING: THE GATE TO SYMPATHY

It was not until Mrs. Lawson had been placed in a bed in an apartment made ready for her reception that she gave signs of returning consciousness. Dr. Delano who had remained at her bedside then gave a light injection of morphine which caused her to fall into a half stupor rather than a natural sleep. It was late at night when Mrs. Lawson became fully awake. She had an instinctive feeling that something dreadful had befallen her. She surveyed her surroundings. The pale moon shone peacefully into her room which she at once recognized was not her own. Gradually, as the day's happenings presented themselves to her consciousness, a feeling of horror swept over her. She arose, went to the window and looked down, and found that she was about four or five stories from the ground. The window was heavily barred. She looked up at the sky. The moon was full and its silvery light enabled her to see for some distance. The twinkling stars were just faintly discernible, nature had not changed her usual aspect.

An indefinable feeling came over her. The balmy air, the silvery moon, the glimmering stars seemed to speak to her of an infinite power behind the visible universe which would

not altogether forsake a creature striving to follow the path of duty and righteousness. She fell into a reverie and from it into a restless slumber, from which she awoke with a start and was surprised to find herself in a chair. She then went back to bed and slept as peacefully as a child till late in the morning.

Nature is a kind mother. When physical suffering has reached a certain intensity, she bestows unconsciousness, so mental agony also has its limits, and quietness of mind often succeeds the most intense anguish of the soul. Mental oppression is caused by fear and the inability to look ahead and see a possibility that our circumstances may become brighter, but when we reach a stage at which we cannot imagine how our position could possibly grow worse, fear leaves us, and when there is no guilty conscience to give reproach, our mind can become calm and serene.

It was about ten o'clock when Mrs. Lawson awoke fully conscious of all that had transpired within the last twenty-four hours. She was surprised at her own composure and impressed with the idea that she had received the assistance of invisible helpers, a silent and grateful prayer went up to the throne of the Almighty.

Occurrences that would crush an ordinary mind sometimes open vast depths of thought in more highly developed souls. Serenely she awaited coming events, resolved to be watchful and alert, and to shape her conduct in accordance with further developments.

While she was thus thinking there was a knock at the door and after the customary in-

vitation to enter, a sour and forbidding looking female appeared, an attendant or nurse, as was indicated by cap and dress, who asked for orders for breakfast. In a quiet and friendly voice, just as if she were giving orders in a restaurant or hotel, Mrs. Lawson ordered fruit, eggs and milk. It was soon served and to her own surprise she ate with a healthy appetite. When the attendant returned for the tray, Mrs. Lawson attempted to carry on a friendly conversation, but was answered in monosyllables. She asked the attendant's name and was told Mary, but in response to her enquiry for the surname, she was told that it was against the rules for attendants to give their surnames to patients. Mrs. Lawson now recognized that any attempt to make a confidante of such a woman was useless.

After the attendant had gone she seated herself at the window and looked out at the beautiful landscape. It was one of the soft winter mornings so peculiar to the Pacific Coast. There was not a trace of mist. The light frosty rime of the previous night was rapidly disappearing as the mild rays of the winter sun shone on the picturesque surroundings. From her early youth Mrs. Lawson had been a lover of nature. She was one of the few developed souls that could fully appreciate natural scenery. But today everything seemed to have an additional significance, and while she thus sat and looked out upon nature, a throng of confused thoughts filled her mind, and a vague, inexplicable feeling stirred within her, enveloping her soul and (seemingly) expanding her inner

consciousness and understanding of life. Napoleon the Great is credited with having said: "Misfortune is the midwife of genius." But it would seem to be more correct to say: "Misfortune is the mother of sympathy and knowledge of self."

With a calm mind Mrs. Lawson reflected anew upon her situation. Her reason told her the very safety of those who had put her into this place required that she should never leave it alive, or be allowed to communicate with the outside world. They had committed a crime and were not likely to shrink from committing another, even greater, to protect themselves from the consequence of the first. Yet pondering on this she was free from fear, for she knew that woman's wit had often before met and defeated the infamy of men. She looked about her for something to do, with which to pass away the time. In one corner of the room stood a piano which till now had escaped her notice. She arose, walked over to the piano and sat down to play. As her fingers glided over the keys the music deepened the composure of her mind, and she accompanied herself with a half suppressed voice that had often enchanted a critical and select audience. After playing for quite a while she had a sensation as if she were no longer alone and on looking around found Dr. Delano standing behind her. Amazement was clearly written upon his countenance. Instead of a tear stained face and beseeching eye which he expected to meet, he saw before him a woman whose attitude did not differ from

that of any other lady waiting in her own parlor for guests or friends.

He bowed deferentially to which she replied with a slight nod of her head, and then sat quietly waiting for him to speak. He inquired into the state of her health, and in a quiet voice she answered, "I feel quite well, doctor, physically," and with a significant smile added, "also mentally." The doctor seemed embarrassed and in order to conceal it took one of her hands in his own, retaining it while he spoke of himself and of mutual acquaintances. Mrs. Lawson listened quite attentively and gave occasional short answers. He continued to hold her hand in a half caressing manner which gave her the sensation as if a caterpillar were creeping over her flesh, but she restrained her feelings. He pretended to feel her pulse; then his hands slowly went up her arm and he commented upon its whiteness and symmetry. She glanced at him quickly and was fairly startled at what his eyes told her; there was no longer any doubt, they showed clearly what she had suspected a few months ago from a few remarks and inquiring looks; but she had then dismissed the suspicions from her mind. Those eyes now spoke of a wicked passion. Mrs. Lawson pretended not to understand and the informal conversation continued. She remarked that she would like to have something with which to occupy her mind; the piano would be a comfort, but she would also like to have books. Dr. Delano assured her that all her wishes in that direction would be attended to immediately, that there was a library in the sanitarium and that

what was not on hand could be easily supplied. Mrs. Lawson had always had a fancy for French literature so she asked for some of the books of Balzac, Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas.

Dr. Delano promised to have the works of these authors transferred to her apartment. He asked a few more questions about her wishes and tastes in foods and promised that all her desires should be as much commands as if she were in her own house.

Then he rose and his eye sought hers with an inquiring look. Mrs. Lawson feigned not to understand and with a graceful smile made her bow of dismissal. She listened to his retreating footsteps with a strange sensation. Now she saw clearly. Dr. Delano's behaviour had puzzled her till now. She well knew the power of money, and she could dimly imagine the suffering and privation entailed by the want of it, but Dr. Delano had a very lucrative practice and money alone could hardly have sufficed to make him discard professional honor and expose himself to the penalties of the law. Her discovery shed a new light on the whole situation. There was a new and dreadful danger but also a new weapon with which, by skilful handling she might confound her foes.

She went again to the window from which she could see the mighty ocean tossing its foaming fringe upon the granite rocks. The sight of the sea often relieves the mind while it saddens it. Like all that is sublime, it creates a regretful yearning for things unknown and yet perceived by the soul from far off

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heights. But these wild and mystic harmonies are only for great spirits and are deepest when sorrow fills the heart.

Lost thus in inward contemplation, the thought of her children shot through her mind, accompanied with a pain at her heart that made her gasp. "My God," she exclaimed with quivering lips and burying her face in her hands a convulsive sob shook her whole body. Her children! Where were they now? What would they be told when asking for mamma? What pen can describe the feeling of a mother bereft of her children through villainy and perfidy? For several minutes the tears continued to flow. But, Oh, Mother Nature, how kind are thy ways, how well dost thou know the needs of thy children! Tears are thy safety valves, by means of which the aching heart and anguished soul regain their equilibrium. Gradually she grew calm and collected; an inner voice seemed to whisper, "Be strong, be strong. Let your love be a source of strength, and not of weakness. Brood not over your sorrows!"

After sitting quietly for a long time immersed in thought, she went to the piano and began to play one of her favorite pieces by Mendelsshon. Again the harmony of sound without brought harmony within, and she felt herself lifted up as by the wings of invisible forces. While she was thus playing the door opened and in came her attendant bringing a whole armful of books which she placed upon the table, then she asked with affected submissiveness for further orders, and withdrew. Mrs. Lawson examined the books and found

that they were the authors indicated by Dr. Delano. She took up "Les Miserables" and glanced at the pages. The book seemed familiar; she had read it years ago, but her recollection of it was dim. She remembered the high regard in which the book was held by some of her acquaintances, and the expression of horror at it by some of her fastidious, aristocratic friends. She resolved to read it again carefully. Soon she was absorbed in its pages, and forgot in the description of the sufferings of Valjean her own misfortune. She read on for hours, then putting the book down sat thinking. There were sufferings besides her own. There were other wrongs inflicted upon others. "Misery loves company," that is, the sufferings of others mingling with our own, establish a bond of sympathy that uplifts and consoles. Her mind pictured Valjean chained to the oar for fourteen years for stealing a loaf of bread to feed his sister's children. Continuing the book she came to the scene where Gavroche meets two hungry and homeless waifs in the streets of Paris, and, after feeding them, takes them to his place of abode, the "Elephant," a subterranean chamber filled with rats, and, shutting off all access from the outside world, says to the little ones, "Now you are safe." Safe from what? queried Mrs. Lawson. When she realized that Gavroche meant safe from the police, the guardians of law and justice, the protectors of life and property, she wondered at the aim of Victor Hugo in picturing such a scene. Then she remembered the beginning of the book, the imprisonment of Valjean for stealing a loaf of

bread, and again the question came, can such things be true?

She had been raised in luxury. The thought of want of food had never entered her mind. The grocers and bakers were made happy in being allowed to furnish abundance of everything, but a dim feeling arose within her that all were not situated as she had been, and she now remembered the sight of ragged children and pinched faces while walking through some streets in San Francisco.

By degrees the meaning and aim of Victor Hugo dawned upon her mind. She recognized his impeachment of society, and the ear of her soul heard the words of the Lord, "Thy brother's blood cries unto Me from the ground."

She read till late that night, and then enjoyed a peaceful and refreshing sleep. After breakfast, which was served as on the day before, she resumed her reading. She followed the evolution of Valjean, how through suffering, persecution and hardships his soul was raised to the highest pinacle of spiritual greatness and to her mind came the words of the Master, "Through suffering ye shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Several days passed by without her seeing Dr. Delano and she wondered what his next move would be. On the evening of the third day he announced his visit through the attendant. Mrs. Lawson was pleased with his courtesy, no matter by what motive it was inspired. When the doctor appeared he greeted her with his usual cordiality, but his face wore a very serious expression. Mrs. Lawson observed

him closely, and by a woman' intuition she recognized that he was trying to play a part. Woman is a born actress, the average man can only become an actor by long training. He seated himself in a chair in front of her, took hold of her hand in a half caressing manner, and then with what seemed to her an intentionally troubled look, he said, with a sad face and in a low voice: "We might as well stop playing comedy to each other. I have come to tell you that I accepted your husband's propositions, not for money, but because I love you. Be mine, and everything will be arranged satisfactorily."

Mrs. Lawson was nearly overwhelmed with indignation. A feeling of resentment nearly made her say some very ugly words, but the thought of her children and her own safety advised caution.

"You are using a strange way, indeed, doctor, to show your love."

"It was the only one I could see would lead to the goal," he said, with brutal frankness. He tried to draw her towards him. She resisted firmly, but without allowing her feeling of repugnance to become too clearly apparent.

"I am tired, very tired, and need a rest," she said wearily.

"All right," he replied, "I will go now, but think it over; and make me the happiest of mortals and I shall in turn show myself grateful."

That night she retired, feeling deeply depressed, and even sleep, the consoler of the unfortunate, showed his most ungracious face; all kinds of fantastic shapes seemed to

hover over her. In her dream she tried to ward off an attack by Dr. Delano. She cried for help and was awakened by her own voice. Her whole body trembled, on her forehead she felt cold moisture. For hours she lay sleepless, a prey to fear and wild imaginings. Half dreaming and half awake she heard her children cry for mama, and saw them maltreated by their attendants. With a strong effort she roused herself and tried to direct her imagination to impersonal subjects, but was only partially successful.

The break of day found her with nerves unstrung and a violent headache. She arose and went to the window, hoping that the rising sun and the beautiful landscape would assist in quieting the turmoil of her mind. An instinctive feeling seemed to tell her that her physical and mental health, her chance of freedom, and the welfare of her children demanded that she should retain the mastery over her thoughts. Again it was as if she heard the silent voice: "Do not brood over your misfortunes; you are not alone in your suffering." Sorrow turns the heart to God. She prayed, and in her mind's eye she saw the Man of Sorrows praying for succor in the garden of Gethsemane.

Like that of many others, her religion had been a conventional one. She had gone to church as a matter of custom, many times had she listened to eloquent preachers dilating with a cold unctuous voice upon the sufferings of the Saviour, many times had she listened to the passion of the Christ; it had sounded to her like an old story long past and happening

in a vague and far off country; but now she felt the Man of Sorrows becoming a reality, and like a revelation it came to her, that only suffering can make us understand, and sympathize with suffering. She felt herself drawn closer to her fellow men. She recognized herself as a part of creation carried forward as in a mighty current to a higher destination.

Again a deep calm succeeded her violent emotion, and she made a firm resolution to meet bravely all contingencies and to drink with unconquered mind whatever the cup of fate might bring to her lips.

Her bodily comforts were provided for. A bath room joined her chamber and the cold water soon restored to her body the freshness and vigor of youth. She also found that nearly all her wardrobe had been transferred to her new domicile and she made as careful a toilet as if she were in her own home. The same maid, or attendant, brought breakfast, and after asking for her wishes informed her that the doctor would not call that day, as he was called away, but would return in the evening and would come to see her should she wish it. Mrs. Lawson asked her to thank the doctor for his kind solicitude.

After breakfast, she returned to her book "Les Miserables," and found herself absorbed in the fortunes of Marius and Cosette joined to those of Valjean. She spent the whole day reading, now and then going to the window, her inner thoughts blending with suggestions from without. Now she saw clearly the aim of Hugo. She saw a soul becoming great and glorious through suffering.

That night she enjoyed a dreamless, peaceful sleep, and woke with a half curious interest in what would happen, as if it were to another person.

Strange ways of nature. She nearly felt as if she were not herself, as if it were not her own fate that hung in the balance, but more like the reader of a book who wonders what will happen to the various characters portrayed. Mary, when bringing breakfast announced that the doctor would come to see her that morning. She was reading her book by the window when he entered, and she greeted him with the smile of a society lady receiving an expected visitor. After inquiring about her health, he suggested a walk to the garden, to which she assented. Together they walked through the windings of the garden, speaking of flowers, of literature and of art, and afterwards indulging in the light gossip of society. On their way back she asked if she could have the privilege of the garden. Dr. Delano seemed embarrassed and hesitated to answer, but finally said, "Whenever I am here and can enjoy your company." Mrs. Lawson answered nothing. They reached her room in silence and the doctor took his leave. Not a suggestion of future intentions had come from his lips and she recognized that he was playing a waiting game.

The rest of the week was passed without any special incidents. After finishing "Les Miserables" she commenced some books by Dumas, but could not get interested. The characters seemed to lack something. She felt that the things pictured were not real, that the

deeds and sentiments expressed were not such as could be expected from actual living beings. She discarded Dumas and took Balzac. Starting with "Pere Goriot" she read in succession, "Cousin Bett," and "Caesar Birotteau."

When "La Commedie Humaine" dawned upon her with all its grandeur, the world was seen in a new light. She herself grew intellectually and spiritually and the thought came to her, that if she could only secure freedom this experience in the sanitarium or rather prison would have served a useful purpose.

When on the fourth day of her incarceration, the doctor, on one of his visits, said that he had waited for an invitation to walk in the garden, she replied that she did not like to impose upon his time but would accompany him now if he wished it. He seemed pleased and together they left the room. On their way while passing through what seemed a reception room, the doctor put his arm around her waist and tried to embrace her. She repulsed him gently but firmly, and there was in her eyes something which made him desist without much exertion. When they reached the garden they conversed again on different subjects. She looked around for possible contingencies or means of communication. At the other end of the garden which the doctor never aproached, some men were busy hoeing and weeding, but they seemed completely engrossed in their work. After walking for about an hour he accompanied her back to her room and departed.

She went to her window and became very thoughtful. Over a week had now passed

without a notice or a sign from the great world without. How long would this last? A vague fear made her tremble. A yawning abyss seemed to engulf her, but like a flash an illuminating thought lifted her up. Her inner voice seemed to say, "Trust, have faith." Resuming her reading her eyes sometimes wandered from the book to the garden, in a vague hope for a possible something that might be utilized in an attempt for freedom, but thus far not a person had come near enough to her window to be within the reach of her voice. It was, therefore, a surprise to her, when toward dusk she saw a man walking towards her part of the building. Several times he looked around, as it seemed to her, in a furtive manner. Now he was under her window, and looked up, and with a shock she recognized the face of one of the coarse looking men that stood outside the door on the fatal day of her imprisonment. What could he want? She overcame her emotion and was just going to say something when he put his fingers to his lips as a sign to keep silent. All at once something seemed to rouse his attention. He went further away into the garden and failed to again appear.

But the incident threw Mrs. Lawson into a violent state of excitement. The man wanted something. This something she could not imagine, but she felt that it was in opposition to the wishes of the doctor. The man had done something contrary to received instructions. He had most likely risked his position. Did he have some suspicions of the true state of affairs? Did he know that she was confined

unlawfully? The incident revived her drooping spirits, and she felt somehow that her imprisonment would not be of long duration. Her mind filled with a new hope, she returned to her piano and her books.

The next day she hardly left the window, hoping for a glimpse of this coarse looking fellow. Never did a love sick maiden look with eyes more hungry for the appearance of her lover; but her waiting was in vain. The part of the garden near her window remained deserted. At the other end some men were working, and she thought she saw that the face of one was sometimes turned towards her window, as if looking for something, but the distance was too great to recognize anything distinctly.

Gradually the suspense between hope and fear made itself felt, an agitation which she could not shake off took a stronger and stronger hold. She feared an attack of hysteria, and summoned all her energy in an effort to recover her tranquility, and quiet her agitated nerves. Should she offer subsequently an excuse to her enemies for her imprisonment! But the more she tried to be calm, the greater became her agitation. Her body began to tremble and in a fit of despair she fell on her knees and from quivering lips came the words, "Oh, God help me! Oh, God help me!"

She remained for several minutes in silent prayer, and gradually her agitation became less, her mind regained its equilibrium. The materialist might deny the power of prayer, but there is often in prayer a palpable feeling of nearness and at-one-ness with the source of

absolute power that imparts strength to body and mind.

That night she sat for a long time at the window watching moon and stars. Her mind became so calm and peaceful that she became frightened about herself, that although incarcerated in what people call a mad house, she could experience such a feeling of contentment. Was this a natural and normal condition? she asked herself. She became thoughtful. In the books she had read how through a long period of confinement people had lost their reason. She shuddered, then again sought refuge in a long and silent prayer.

The next day when her mind reverted to her books she decided to vary her diet of reading, and try some of our own authors. In a conversation some years ago an acquaintance had spoken in words of admiration of a rising author named Jack London. Another had strongly dissented and called the author an agitator and an anarchist. Resolving to judge this author for herself she rang for her maid and asked for some of London's books. The woman soon returned with the information that there were none in the library, but that a special messenger had been sent to the city to fetch them. A few hours later she came in with three books, "The People of the Abyss", "The Call of the Wild" and "The Iron Heel."

Mrs. Lawson decided to read "The People of the Abyss," and soon became deeply absorbed, but not without keeping her eye on the garden watching for the reappearance of her coarse visitor. This time she was not to be disappointed. A man came from the other

end of the garden in search of something, but his movements had a certain furtiveness and betrayed an apprehension which plainly showed that he felt himself walking on a forbidden path. When he came near the window he looked up. Oh horrors! What did she read in his eyes! A leer which to a woman of refinement and modesty is worse than a blow met her eyes that were looking for a friend. Hastily she withdrew from the window, threw herself on her couch and wept long and bitterly. She felt as if she had been defiled. What man can understand the feeling of a virtuous woman?

When she had become calm she revolved the incident in her mind. Had she acted wisely to let her feelings overcome her? Might the man not have been used as a tool, as an instrument to gain her freedom? Men are vulgar and gross. Working people might act differently from those with whom she had been accustomed to associate, but she felt that a woman's wit had resources more than a match for men's vile and brutal desires, and she resolved to take the risk and appear friendly on his next visit.

The next day and the following day she sat by her window, and at dusk she nearly strained her eyes watching and waiting, but no one appeared. Had she driven him away forever? The next day she thought she recognized him in the group of men engaged in watering flowers. If she could only get to that part of the garden! The doctor's invitation occurred to her; she shrank from his society and had to fight for several minutes against her repugnance against voluntarily seeking his company,

but a vague hope of a possible chance for freedom helped her to overcome her feelings. She felt herself engaged in a battle of wits and wiles, and remembered the statement, that "in war all means are justified." She summoned her "maid" and commissioned her to ask Dr. Delano to accompany her for a walk in the garden! Soon the doctor appeared. His face bore a triumphant smile which nearly caused her to regret her summons. He offered her his arm but she declined saying, with a bitter smile, "I had rather be completely free for this short walk." Again while passing through the room, which the doctor must have known was free from observation, he tried to embrace her, and in a voice deep with suppressed passion and heavy breathing he said, "I love you," and tried to force a kiss from her unwilling and quivering lips. "Be a gentleman, doctor," she cried, as with an effort she disengaged herself. Her eyes flashed, her bosom heaved, and soon she sobbed bitterly. He scowled. His face wore a wicked expression. Soon she stopped weeping in remembrance of her purpose, and, succeeding in forcing a smile, asked if he were going to take her to the garden. He seemed pleased and the triumphant smile reappeared. They went to the garden talking pleasantly of friends and acquaintances for whom Mrs. Lawson made inquiries. Without the doctor's perceiving it, she led him towards the place where "her man" was working and passed him at not a great distance. Dr. Delano refused to be led nearer. She caught the man's eye and smiled. A woman's smile! What can she not say with this wireless means

of communication. The man seemed startled, his face reddened, his eye beamed with satisfaction, but he kept on working as if nothing had happened.

While this ocular correspondence was going on, Mrs. Lawson kept the doctor engaged in a pleasant conversation, even allowing him to seize and hold her hand. Her purpose achieved, she complained of being tired. He led her back, and again made an attempt to embrace her, but she held him at bay, without allowing her feeling of repugnance to become too strongly apparent. She was willing to have him beguile himself with a vague hope.

Jack London's book proved to be very interesting. "The People of the Abyss" made her shudder. Could such things really be true? Hugo had pictured the misery and wretchedness of a few, but Jack London put millions of human beings into places and conditions of suffering from which Dante's "Inferno" might prove a welcome haven of relief. "The Iron Heel" was a puzzle. She read of upheavals and revolts against the established government of the United States.

She heard of an organization preparing even now to overthrow, what she had been led to believe, was the best government on earth. But she realized more and more that there were many things of which she had never dreamed before, that wrongs and oppressions and injustices of all kinds abounded in this beautiful world of ours, and she made a solemn vow that as soon as she had regained her freedom she would devote her life and her

resources to the redress of sufferings and social injustices.

Towards dusk she was pleased to notice that "her man" approached her side of the garden as if in search of something. When under her window he raised his eyes with a long and inquiring look. She shuddered inwardly but her eyes said yes, and he withdrew without looking back. What would he do? She understood his meaning, but what chance was there of accomplishment? Relying upon woman's superiority she was willing to have him entertain a false hope.

She retired at the usual hour. A light noise as if something had fallen against the window roused her from her sleep. She arose and looked out. The night was dark, but she thought she saw something moving on the ground. A figure below then threw up something which caught in one of the iron bars of the window. It was a hook with a rope attached. Somebody pulled below as if to test the power of resistance of rope, hook and bar. Mrs. Lawson trembled violently. What would happen next? After a few minutes a head and then a man was on the outside of the window. With one hand he clutched the rope, with the other he took from his pocket a small chisel with which some of the bars were soon loosened and the man stepped into the room. Mrs. Lawson's heart was beating violently. As soon as the man was in the room he said with a heavy suppressed voice, "Hello, dearie! Not many a sailor could have done such a trick." The night was so dark they could hardly see each other. He tried to take her in his arms. She

shuddered, then threw herself at his feet and with a voice trembling with emotion she said, "Be a man, think of your mother, think of yourself: be honorable, do a just and brave deed and you shall be a rich man." The man seemed dumfounded, then he said in a disappointed but not savage voice; "So you just fooled me; the fool fooled the wise guy."

"I am not a fool, man; I am put into this place unjustly. My husband wants another woman, and the doctor wants money, the same as you do."

"What, that sanctimonious guy? I always thought he was a hypocrite. What can I do for you, woman? Do you want to run away? All right, come down on the rope. But you would have to climb a pretty steep wall, and a watch dog inside and outside would soon give alarm unless I first killed them, which is not easy."

"I do not want to do this, only as a last resort. All I want you to do is to mail for me a letter." Oh, why had she not written the letter she intended to send to Morgan? She had thought of doing so, but feared that the letter might be detected. "Will you do this?" she asked.

"I certainly will. I cannot lose more than my position and I am half tired of this job anyhow."

"I haven't the letter ready and I fear to make a light. Could you come for the letter, which I would throw out of the window tomorrow as you did before to let me know that you adhered to your promise?"

"Risky business," he answered, "for since

you came here this part of the garden has been closely watched, and no work has been done since. I could only come here because I had seen Grumpey, the overseer, with one of the attendants, to whom he is sweet. We others never squeal on each other. If I were caught here I would lose my job. I would not care for that, but then I would not be able to deliver your letter."

"Don't come then. I will drop the letter tomorrow night."

"I think the moon will set about two in the morning. When I come I will make a noise like an owl to let you know I am here."

"Your reward will be $10,000."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "You mean it?"

"I do," she answered.

"Put the bars back carefully when I am gone," he advised as he seized the rope preparing to go as he had come.

For the rest of the night she sat thinking over her letter to Morgan. Her imagination followed the course of the letter to its destination. In her mind's eye she saw the look of amazement, of indignation and of rage spreading over the impassive face of her lawyer while reading the story of her imprisonment.

At the dawn of day, as soon as the light allowed her to see, she commenced her letter. She told of the hints given by some of her friends, of, what they considered, too friendly relations between Mr. Lawson and Miss Elizabeth Eliot and how she had refused to give credence to these rumors. Then she gave an outline of the plot by which she had been brought to the sanitarium, of Dr. Delano's

conduct, and of the means employed to send him this letter. In closing she asked that if possible publicity should be avoided for the sake of the father of her children. She concealed the letter carefully on her body and then tried to continue the reading of her book, but could no longer get interested. Her mind continued to revert to the possibilities of her own life and her plans for the future. She recognized that she would never again be what she had been, that her life as a society leader was passed.

That night she sat watching the moon as it slowly wended its way over Capricorn and Libra to take its dip in the great Pacific, when the deep silence of the midnight air was broken by a light noise which sounded like the cry of an owl. A hardly audible noise like that of a paper striking the ground was next heard and then again the deep silence of the dark night reigned supreme.

CHAPTER III.

LIBERTY ONCE MORE

The disappearance of Mrs. Lawson created quite a stir in the aristocratic section of the city of the Golden Gate. At first all kinds of rumors were afloat, which finally crystallized into the accepted belief that the nervous system of Mrs. Lawson had suffered a complete break-down and that at times she had to be guarded carefully to prevent her from doing harm to herself and others.

Friendship among men is rare, but among women it is rarer still. The leading position which Mrs. Lawson had acquired had aroused the envy of many a jealous rival, but the generosity and broad sympathy of Mrs. Lawson had disarmed hostility, and there seemed to be a tacit agreement among various aspirants for social honors that if they could not secure the mantle of leadership for themselves there was no one more fitted to wear it than Mrs. Lawson. But her disappearance had raised the hopes of many to conquer her position. At first many inquiries were made as to the well being of Mrs. Lawson, but they were all met with the declaration that she was about as well as could be expected under existing conditions. A few more inquisitive than others tried to get information through the gossip among the servants, and for a time conflicting rumors

filled the air, but no one showed enough interest to probe more deeply what they considered a delicate affair.

Among those who felt the greatest sorrow at the news of Mrs. Lawson's affliction was John Morgan, one of the most prominent lawyers of Frisco. He had not seen much lately of Mrs. Lawson. His extensive practice had kept him busy and then social pleasures had never much attraction for his active mind, even if his finances would have allowed the participation, which through his liberality to needy friends was not the case. He well remembered little Margaret Harbeson sitting upon her father's knee when he came sometimes to spend Sunday at his residence. Charles Harbeson had been very fond and proud of little Margie, the only heir to his vast property, yet little Margie could never be called spoiled, as is often the case with only children, and especially heiresses. Her natural kindness and sweet disposition saved her from becoming haughty and selfish. John, as he was called by friends and acquaintances, from the judge and governor to the office and elevator boy, was known as a fighter and was feared on account of his brusqueness and uncompromising disposition. He had always put principles above party loyalty and was consequently hated and dreaded by the regular party politicians. John had only one extravagant habit; a big black cigar was always between his lips. He saw Margie Harbeson budding into womanhood and sometimes he wished he were younger, that he might enter the arena with the many who were struggling

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for the hand of the beautiful heiress. He knew the unworthy character of most of these men and their mercenary motives, and when the choice of Margaret fell on a man named Lawson, a crafty and rising financier, who acted as the agent of the Standard Oil in the West, John was sorely troubled. His experience as a criminal lawyer had made him an excellent judge of human nature and he recognized in Lawson the seeming contradictory nature of the lion and the jackal. A fighter like himself, he would have roused a sympathetic feeling in John, but the cold and calculating hypocrisy apparent to a clear eye like John's made him shrink from personal contact and even professional dealings. "That man," he said to himself, "would sell his best friend without even a momentary regret, to gain a financial advantage or to satisfy personal grudge; he is like a criminal who would delight in betraying a pal." Yet he abstained from giving a word of warning, either to Charles Harbeson or Margaret, for he judged it useless and was present and even toast-master at the wedding. After that he did not see much of Margie Lawson. Common talk made Lawson a devoted husband, and his wife a leader in the work of charity and a patroness of art.

Not long after the wedding Charles Harbeson died, leaving his only daughter his sole heir. The first year of the Lawsons' stay in Frisco they sent John many invitations to some of their social functions, but his steady refusals finally caused the invitations to cease. When John was told of Mrs. Lawson's affliction he was deeply sorry and a bitter thought

against the frivolities of high society crept into his heart, for he thought them, at least, a contributory factor to her sad affliction. So not even he had the slightest suspicion of the actual state of affairs.

One fine morning John was sitting at his desk smoking his usual black cigar, reading the letters which his stenographer handed him already opened. He had read several, dictated some answers, and given instructions for the answering of others when on reading one letter the pupils of his eyes seemed to dilate, a crimson color passed from his forehead to his chin, then a deadly pallor spread over his usually so impassive face, so that the stenographer became alarmed. He then looked around as if in a dream, and unmindful of his surroundings walked up and down the room in deep agitation. Finally he looked at his stenographer and said, "I am going out and will not be back today."

Upon reaching the thoroughfare he boarded a street car which he knew would take him to the park. He wanted to be alone to think over Margie Lawson's letter. How should he act? Oh, if he could only follow the dictates of his own heart and conscience, cunning Lawson should rue the day he concocted his devilish conspiracy; but there was the appeal of Margaret for the father of her children. With a heavy heart and suppressed lips he finally decided to abide by her wishes. Concerning the necessary steps and their speedy success he had no doubt. Through Judge Dewey, a personal friend, all the legal requirements could be secured. He lost no time. Mrs. Lawson

should not spend an hour longer in her dreadful position through any hesitation or negligence on his part. An urgent message to Judge Dewey brought that gentleman from the court room. A short explanation sufficed to explain the situation, and armed with his Habeas Corpus, and accompanied by four court attendants, whom John knew to be reliable, he went to the sanitarium of Dr. Delano. John sent his card to the doctor, and had not long to wait for that worthy individual, who showed unmistakable uneasiness, trying in vain to wear his usual suave smile. John sat quietly surveying the trembling doctor from head to foot.

"You look disturbed, doctor; I never expected that my mere appearance in a sanitorium like this would cause such anxiety."

"You see me surprised I admit, but I do not know why I should have any anxiety."

"You don't, don't you?" came from the lips of Morgan with a fierceness, half surpressed. "You know me by reputation I have no doubt, and I will inform you that I stand here as a friend of the late Charles Harbeson and his daughter Margaret, and as the result of this letter in the capacity of her lawyer."

He showed the doctor the signature, the date and place of sending of Mrs. Lawson's letter received in the morning mail. Dr. Delano nearly collapsed. Conscious guilt was clearly depicted on his face. He felt this self accusation, but could not help himself. Thus conscience, the voice of the higher self, the spark which cometh from above, will sometimes lift her voice and deliver up the lower part of man

to the Judge for conviction and redemption. The doctor fell into a chair and with a voice trembling with fear he said; "I am in your power, what do you want me to do?"

"The children of Margie Harbeson shield you from the penalty which you have so justly deserved, but I shall keep my eye on you and this place, and if ever a chance is offered, you can bear in mind that leniency will not come from my side. Now sign these papers of discharge of Mrs. Lawson and then take me to her apartment. In case of contemplated treachery I will inform you that two men are with me here and two others are outside awaiting my orders, besides Judge Dewey is familiar with the details of this case."

Mrs. Lawson was sitting by her favorite window when her ear was startled by a knock at the door. Expectation, and a mind wavering between hope and fear, had made her nervous. A cry of joy and exultation came from her lips when she recognized the proud and haughty bearing of Mr. Morgan.

"Oh, you have come, I knew you would come," she cried, and with a convulsive sob she threw herself into his arms.

A strange thrill went through John as he held in his arms the trembling figure of Margie Lawson, but his outward composure showed nothing of his inward emotion. He looked around for Dr. Delano but that worthy gentleman had disappeared.

After he succeeded in quieting her somewhat Morgan remarked: "Let us leave here at once, all your things can be sent after you." She was

too excited to have a will of her own, and he led her to the carriage.

"Now where do you want to go? Have you any plan?" asked John when they were approaching the city.

"I have," she answered, "but I want first a few hours' rest. The whole thing must be kept from the world for the sake of the children, and to achieve this result I must for a few days at least, return home or rather what I called home, and endure the sight of Mr. Lawson."

"All right, I will go with you. My presence will give Mr. Lawson a valuable and useful hint under the circumstances."

Home to her children was now her all-absorbing thought. Arrived at the house Mr. Morgan sent his card to Mr. Lawson, while Mrs. Lawson went to her apartment. The meeting between Lawson and Morgan was of short duration. Lawson seemed stupefied and unable to find even words of greeting. Mr. Morgan informed him that he was the legal adviser of his wife and that he considered himself now the guardian of the daughter of Charles Harbeson, his former friend. Not a word of protest came from the lips of Lawson. The meeting of these two men was a striking illustration of the sage's words: "Thrice is he armed who had his quarrel just, and he but naked though locked in steel whose cause with injustice is corrupted."

As soon as the return of Mrs. Lawson became known a stream of carriages attested her popularity. She received all her visitors with her usual smile, and to all inquiries she simply

intimated that she had derived great benefit from her two weeks quiet and rest.

Her plans for the future had been formed in those trying days at the sanitorium, and her changed situation did not, as would be the case with inferior minds, alter her determination that her life was to be spent in the service of humanity, and especially in inquiring after victims of conspiracy similar to the one from which she had suffered.

She sent for Morgan and informed him that she wanted him to take charge of the management of the property inherited from her father, and to take immediate steps to secure control. She explained to him that her new aim in life would necessitate a good deal of travel, and sometimes, possibly, the assumption of a different name, and made arrangement for the disposition of her revenues so they should be always ready for her disposal. At first Mr. Morgan tried to dissuade her from her purpose. He pointed out the grave risks and dangers to which she would be exposed. He told her that her case was a very exceptional one and that there was not likely another case like hers in this or any other country. Mrs. Lawson listened to his arguments, but calmly and firmly she informed him that her mind was made up, and that she had determined to examine life at the bottom, in the valley, and no longer as she had heretofore from the heights. Mr. Morgan bowed submissively and asked her to bear in mind that in any situation it would always be to him a source of happiness to devote his services to her wishes and success. He left her presence

in a thoughtful mood. A sad expression dimmed his eyes. Had new hopes begun to start in his heart, and did the intended departure of his fair client cause regrets other than fears for her safety and happiness? Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Not that John would even admit to himself that his solicitude for his client had a more selfish and tender background.

To the surprise of Morgan, Lawson made no difficulty in the transference of his wife's property, neither did he raise any objection when Morgan in obedience to instructions from Mrs. Lawson told him that she would leave California and that in a suit for divorce, on the charge of desertion, no contest would be made. "I always sized him up as a moral coward," John murmured to himself as he left Mr. Lawson's office.

Mrs. Lawson's new life and achievement of her purpose necessitated, at least for a while, a separation from her children. This was hard, but she reflected that sacrifice had to be made for every great and worthy cause and that greater ones had been cheerfully made by the pioneers of human progress and welfare. Upon inquiry she was agreeably surprised to learn that Mrs. Gray's boarding school in Medford, Mass., from which she graduated, was still in existence, and that its facilities had been greatly enlarged, and that a Mr. Southey had a good school for boys in the same place. She determined to examine the place in person.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW LIFE

On her journey across the continent she stopped at the principal cities to look, faithful to her promise, at life in its various aspects. From her childhood she had been accustomed to having others do her bidding, and meet her wishes everywhere with humble submission and deference. That condition had always seemed quite natural to her, and she had never given it serious reflection, but now she wondered how it was that some seem to find their happiness in administering to the pleasures of others. The porters in the hotel, how eagerly they rushed forward to carry her luggage, how waiters and chambermaids seemed to vie with each other in contributing to her ease and comfort! There seemed to be two kinds of people, one made happy and comfortable by the toils of others, and the other made happy and grateful by the permission to render such services. But what surprised her most was the eagerness with which this service was rendered, and the happiness which it seemed to engender. She also had determined to make a sacrifice and devote her efforts to the welfare of others, but she did it from a sense of duty, without their apparent gratification in its performance.

When her children were placed in their new

quarters (for she decided upon the Medford boarding schools) she felt herself free to follow her life's work. She determined to investigate, first public institutions, and especially the public and private sanitoriums of Massachusetts. This state has always enjoyed the public distinction of being the best governed state in the Union, and she expected to find the most up to date methods, which might be recommended to other states. A letter of introduction from an influential politician secured through John Morgan, procured her a most cordial reception at these institutions. With the greatest readiness the directors showed her through the building and explained the working of their institution. Everything was neat and clean and the most perfect order seemed to prevail. In accordance with a promise to Morgan to keep him in touch with her work, she wrote him a letter with nothing but praise of Massachusetts' public institutions. A broad smile played around the lips of Morgan when he read Mrs. Lawson's enthusiastic description. Should he use this opportunity to withdraw her from her self-imposed task or to give her some hints that would be useful in her work? His natural honesty conquered his secret longings and he wrote in reply that if she confined her investigations of public institutions to the surface of things as presented by interested officials, nothing but justice, peace, harmony and goodwill would be everywhere in evidence, but if she wanted to reach practical results she would have to look at the bottom of things and come in touch with inmates and attendants.

This seemed good advice and she determined to follow it. She discovered that nearly all the inmates of the public insane asylums were from the so-called lower or working classes. Her first solicitude was, of course, to look for victims of conspiracies, but could find no trace of such a case, and an attendant, whose goodwill she had secured by a magnificent gift shook his head, when she mentioned such a contingency. But while she failed at first to find any trace of illegal conspiracies, she made some other discoveries. Great was her surprise when the inner workings of these institutions were laid before her eyes. With what solicitude had not the doctors spoken of the condition of some of their patients and discussed the methods of treatment for their recovery! Now she was amazed to find that some of these inmates had been in places for years without receiving any kind of attention and soon she also heard whispers of many kinds of abuses. She was shocked at the low intelligence and even moral standard of most of the attendants. Insufficient wages could not account for this, for while the pay was small it was better than in most private places for similar services.

Another feature was a cause of surprise. She learned that while it was no easy matter to have a person sent to a public sanitorium, it was still more difficult to get him out when once successfully placed. The explanation given by her obliging attendant was this: "The state has to pay so much for every inmate and the committing official does not care to increase the burden of taxation, while the doc-

tor's interest demands the place to be full, as the more inmates the greater his graft." She likewise heard many stories of malpractice and cruelties inflicted, but her attempts to secure positive evidence were for a long time doomed to failure.

Mrs. Lawson arranged to have some of the attendants come to her room and questioned them carefully about the condition of the institutions at which they were employed. She was far from giving implicit credence to their stories as she felt that their testimony, unsupported by other evidence, would not be of much legal or moral value. The very fact that they had been silent witnesses to things of which, for a consideration, they professed now abhorrence, the smile with which they could relate the most shocking cases of cruelty and abuse, advised caution. Looking at these men, Mrs. Lawson wondered whether an inferiority of mental and moral standard combined with a certain low cunning was considered by Massachusetts politicians a special qualification for the guardians of the unfortunate wards of the state.

The evidence gradually collected from present and former inmates, their relatives and friends, and from attendants furnished conclusive proof of a state of conditions that, Mrs. Lawson thought, would prove quite a shock to the good people of Massachusetts. In her "political" innocence she expected the governor to feel deeply grateful for being made cognizant of improper conditions in public institutions. She felt sure that he would order an

immediate investigation, punish the guilty and inaugurate a sweeping system of reform.

Her first illusion came when she encountered all kinds of obstacles and delays in her efforts to reach the ears of the Massachusetts Chief Executive. For weeks she tried in vain to obtain a hearing.

Through her well-known connections in San Francisco she could easily have entered the so-called high society of Boston and use acquaintainces thus formed as a lever to official recognition, but she shrank from entering again that world of inane frivolities. But perseverance received its reward. After many fruitless efforts Mrs. Lawson finally succeeded in getting her audience with the governor, and then came her second disillusion. She was amazed at his attitude. Her revelations had nothing startling for him. Some of his remarks were like this: "We cannot have things always in absolute harmony and perfection in these places. The officials and attendants have a very difficult and trying service, and sometimes the inmates, although insane, may need a more severe treatment. Discipline is necessary in public institutions." When she spoke in a voice vibrating with indignation of the various cruelties inflicted and of the outraged feelings of these poor people, the governor smiled and remarked indulgently: "My dear madam, please do not excite yourself. There is no cause whatever for indignation. You fail to see the situation in its proper relations. You seem to forget that inmates of these places recruit themselves exclusively from the lower or working classes. They do not feel as we do.

Many things that would cause us mental and physical anguish are taken by them as a matter of course, and are even expected."

"I will look into this matter, but think you greatly exaggerate things. I distrust some of your testimony. Dr. Downs and Dr. Jones are men of the highest standard in their profession; they are on the spot, and if things were as you say, and, I am willing to admit, as you think, these men would long ago have interfered and asked official intervention."

"These doctors stay in their own residences, they spend but a few hours in the asylums on visiting days. They hardly ever see the patients, they are satisfied to draw their salary with the least exertion, they are not worthy of the confidence which you seem to place in them."

"Your generous nature makes you utter some rash judgments. Think the matter over carefully and you will find everything quite natural. An investigation besides would need a special appropriation and would needlessly arouse the public."

"You refuse then to do anything at all in this matter?" she asked in a voice deeply disappointed.

"I feel it is my duty to act in this way. One of the first principles of statesmanship is to keep the people quiet and contented and you millionaires especially have no interest to stir up things," concluded the governor with a significant emphasis.

"My interest today lies with the people, the poor and suffering, and you, even more than

I, should consider yourself their special guardian."

"In theory yes, and in political speeches too, but madam, I am surprised that you from the place which you occupy should have no better perspective of things."

"I am sorry that I did not convince you, but I can do nothing." He arose and she took her leave.

Next day she wrote to Morgan, informed him of the state of affairs and reported her interview with the governor. A knowing smile played around the lips of John as he read this communication from Mrs. Lawson. He knew politics and politicians and foresaw that such would be the attitude in Massachusetts as well as in any other state. He wrote Mrs. Lawson a lengthy letter in which he set forth that this result had to be expected, that a governor even if he personally wished otherwise had to consider party policy; that men were looking for office and that their chances were diminished by discrediting the management of public institutions and party appointees. He advised her to submit her evidence to a good journalist and send it to an opposition newspaper. "Massachusetts" he wrote, "is Republican, so you must select a Democratic paper. Do not be hard on the papers either if they refuse to publish your revelations; the counting room dominates even partisanship. Libel suits are sometimes looming up in the background, but the thing most dreaded is the loss of patronage. The most lucrative advertisements come today from large department houses, controlled by high finance, and the powers in control do

not look favorably on such revelations. As a last resort you can try Kearst's paper published in Boston. Owing to its habitual sensationalism its communications are not always taken at face value by the readers, but might succeed in forcing a discussion and controversy which might lead to definite results."

She followed the advice given her and had her evidence made into a first class article by a well known journalist. Disregarding Morgan's advice on party lines, she first tried the Advance. For over a week she bought a copy of that paper every day looking for the article. When nothing appeared she went in person to the editorial sanctum and was informed with a bland smile by the editor that he had no time thus far to read her manuscript, but would do so at his earliest opportunity. She withheld the words that came to her lips and tried to impress upon his mind the importance of the subject and the necessity of speedy publication. The manuscript was returned. She next tried the Herald, then the Globe, then the Post with similar success. Kearst's paper the American, did the same as the others. She reported her lack of success to Morgan. With a feeling akin to satisfaction John read the account of Mrs. Lawson's failure to secure a hearing. Both for her own sake and in the interest of justice and good government he would have liked her to have succeeded in her efforts, but we are pleased always in finding our judgment correct even if the result is opposed to our interests and our wishes.

He wrote back that he would send a personal letter to Mr. Kearst which he hoped would

lead to acceptance of article. And sure enough a few days later she received from the "American" office a letter in which submission of article was solicited. She sent the article to the editor, with a few words of appreciation and promised financial responsibility in case of any suit for libel. The next day she was sorely grieved and fairly indignant when she read her article which appeared printed in the form of a personal letter to the editor. She hardly recognized the manuscript, the article had become so emasculated that no possible effect could be expected from its publication. What should she do? The journalist who had arranged the article advised the printing of a pamphlet and its distribution throughout the state. She did not like the idea and somehow shrank from the notoriety which such a step would entail, but finally consented. The pamphlet was printed and widely distributed. But things went on the same as before. The public did not seem to get interested, the papers took no notice; only one made some jocose remarks about the western millionairess who had discovered a new fad to beguile her time and spend her superfluous money.

One morning Darbey, her informant at the sanitarium in Danvers, came to her room at the hotel greatly excited. A man named Ketchel had been killed by two attendants, Mason and Dixon. On account of an infraction of the rules which had cost them some extra labor they had attacked him in his room and given him such a beating that he died two days later. The doctors, trying to hush things up, had him buried quietly and without the usual cere-

monies. Darbey could give details which established the truth of his story beyond reasonable doubt. Mrs. Lawson was greatly shocked and yet experienced a certain feeling of satisfaction. The governor now would be forced to admit the truth of her former allegations and through the prosecution of this case she hoped to be able show other things that would rouse the public and insure the reforms for which she was striving. But she soon realized that others did not share her feelings. Her lawyer to whom she submitted the testimony and evidence furnished by Darbey seemed reluctant to act. He was a Republican and feared the activity on his part, in a case like this, would cause him to lose official favor and damage his chances of preferment.

"That man is dead anyhow," he remarked. "Why make a disturbance and fill the people with distrust of our public institutions."

She looked at him in surprise. She had suspected before his zeal for justice and interest in her endeavors but she was not prepared for such indifference and unwillingness.

"All right," she said after some reflection, "I will engage another attorney."

"Oh, I am perfectly willing to take the case and do as you wish if you insist."

"No," she answered, with a half contemptuous vibration in her voice, "I once heard a man say, that a hound which must be carried to the chase will never catch the fox."

A lawyer named Berwin had been highly recommended for his ability and for a lawyer's exceptional integrity. She engaged his services and to stimulate his energy she promised

a special fee if the case would be carried to a successful termination. But Berwin encountered unexpected obstacles. The authorities were not willing to act. They pretended to disbelieve the stories of Darbey and tried to discredit his evidence. He had already been summarily dismissed and was threatened with charges of mis-conduct. At the advice of her counsel Mrs. Lawson tried to secure the co-operation of the relatives of the murdered man. But she found great lukewarmness coupled with fear and awe of the authorities. Members of the working class seem to feel instinctively that government was not instituted for their interest and protection and they have a dread to come in contact with its legal machinery.

Another turn was then suggested. Ketchel had been a printer, a member of the Typographical Union of Boston. Berwin thought that something might be expected from the activity of his union. He discussed the case with the officers of Ketchel's lodge. They expressed sympathy for Ketchel but their civic pride had been too long dormant to be awakened at once.

Neither did it seem to concern them especially that a member of their Union had met with foul treatment. There was but one idea that seemed to underlie as a motive power of their actions, although not openly expressed in so many words. What is in it? Why should they make for themselves extra work without compensation. Berwin paid a visit to Mrs. Lawson and informed her that a certain sum of money, judiciously expended would greatly facilitate matters. In answer to an inquiring and hesitating look Berwin simply said, "Peo-

ple won't move without pay." She accepted his suggestion. The next Sunday at the regular meeting of the Central Labor Union the case of Ketchel was brought before the meeting. Several prominent labor leaders expressed great indignation at the treatment to which one of their members had been subjected. They denounced in the strongest terms the authorities for their indifference to the wrongs done to working men and a resolution was carried unanimously to demand a full and impartial investigation of the case. Copies of this resolution were sent to the Governor, the district attorney, the legislature and the press. The papers now could not help mentioning the affair, and the authorities were forced to act.

The body of Ketchel was taken from the grave. Ketchel's family made zealous through a considerable donation engaged a doctor recommended by Mrs. Lawson to assist the examiner and watch the official medical report. Mason and Dixon were indicted for manslaughter and brought to trial. Some of the most revolting stories came out in the trial, cruelties inflicted upon other patients by these and other attendants could not be kept from the testimony. A verdict of guilty was returned but the court imposed the lightest sentence permitted by law. The trial had been practically behind closed doors; only persons directly interested in the case were admitted in the court room. The reports of the press were very meager and couched in such terms as not to arouse public interest or indignation. The expected public investigation did not seem to be forthcoming. Governor Dates refused to give another audi-

ence. Berwin, or rather a check for one thousand dollars, succeeded in inducing a member of the legislature to offer a resolution asking for an investigation of the insane asylums of the state. Mrs. Lawson had hesitated when asked for the check, but Berwin simply said that people had to be paid for their work. "Men won't move without money," was one of his stock phrases.

The resolution in the legislature was referred to the recess committee.

"Will anything come from it?" Mrs. Lawson asked doubtfully.

"No," Berwin said thoughtfully, "the recess committee is the burial place for unwelcome resolutions, which on acount of public opinion or party policy cannot be ignored altogether or openly rejected."

CHAPTER V.

THE STREAM OF LIFE

Things looked rather discouraging indeed. Her expenditure of energy, of time and money seemed thus far to have borne no visible fruit. A few minor officials had been punished for a notorious crime, but the system she tried so hard to reform was still operative and seemed to enjoy official favor. It was therefore a source of sincere gratification when from inmates of insane and penal institutions she received letters containing many expressions of deep gratitude for the improvements inaugurated since her agitation. So her efforts had not been without effect altogether. The thousands of inmates of the public institutions of Massachusetts had at least derived some benefit from her exertions. This reflection acted as a stimulant and she decided to continue her efforts.

Her investigation at first confined to insane asylums had afforded her many glimpses into so-called alms-houses and prisons. Some of the inmates had made the rounds several times, so that it was undecided whether insane asylums were breeding places and preparatory schools for alms-houses and penal institutions, or vice versa. On the whole, the number of those who had graduated from penal institutions first seemed larger, but the inter-

dependence and mutual obligation of these places for patronage was clearly apparent. The information thus obtained soon showed that the cruelties and tortures practised in prisons, mis-named reformatories, were even worse than those in the insane asylums. The inflictions of all kinds of torture had been elaborated into a regular system and seemed to afford great sport to guards and officials. "Are these men possessed of evil spirits of which we read in the Bible?" Mrs. Lawson asked one day of Mr. Berwin.

"Result of prison atmosphere," was the answer. He was quite scholarly and a half Swedenborgian, besides the Greek idea of the aura was familiar to him. "Our thoughts and actions are influenced by our environment," he continued, "by the atmosphere that we inhale."

Berwin had engaged a keeper named Reilly at Deer Island to get evidence of abuse and malpractice. Previous to his engagement at Deer Island, Reilly had held for many years a similar position at Charlestown Prison, and his recollections dated back to several administrations. He could tell many stories that shed a lurid light on Massachusetts politics and methods of prison discipline. Among other things, he told of a poor Jew who had been driven to commit suicide by a keeper with a special dislike for Christ-killers as he expressed himself. He told of "plantings" at Cherry Hill, by which phrase he meant the placing in solitary confinement, from which but few emerged, without having body and mind permanently impaired; in fact, Cherry Hill was considered by keepers and inmates as a kind of

novitiate for Bridgewater, the establishment for the criminally insane over which a certain Dr. Brew presided. But nearly all the cases Reilly related had happened too far back to allow legal proceedings, and Berwin offered him a special reward for evidence of abuse that would result in a conviction before the courts. One day Reilly made his appearance with an expression on his face that clearly showed that he had something of importance to communicate. "I have found out something," he said "but I would like to have more than promises as far as reward is concerned and some arrangement in case I should lose my position."

"What do you mean?" asked Berwin.

"Well do you remember poor Darbey? He is now looking around for a job which he lost by giving you people information. I think I can tell of a case which will entitle me to the reward offered for successful evidence, but what will you do if I lose my job?"

"We offered Darbey a good position out West. He was around yesterday and will start for his new place of employment in a few days. You will be taken care of in the same way."

"All right. I think I can trust you to do the right thing." He then related how a man Fitzgerald had been so maltreated that he had become a cripple for life. "I just heard of the case yesterday," he continued. "Fitzgerald had been placed in a special ward in the hospital and hardly anyone had known what was the matter with him. He is scared of his life

and you will have to get him out of the place if you want him to talk."

"Can you give me the name of some of his relatives?"

"I did not see any of them but I know his wife and four children live on Emerald Street."

Berwin laid the case before Mrs. Lawson. "Prosecute immediately," she exclaimed.

"Let us be careful," answered Berwin, "with the good will of the district attorney something might be done. If he is unwilling, prosecution is difficult and most likely would lead to no definite results. For some reason I do not stand well with the district attorney. In fact," he said bitterly, "I am looked upon askance by most court officials and even judges. I lack the faculty to insinuate myself into the good graces of Massachusetts politicians and their appointees; but I have a friend and colleague named Crowley who, though honest himself, is a personal friend of the district attorney and stands well with the judges. We'd better make him nominal attorney and prosecutor in this case."

"I had confidence in you before Mr. Berwin, but your disfavor with Massachusetts politicians confirms my good opinion of you. Do as you think best. Expenses do not matter."

Crowley secured the co-operation of Fitzgerald's relatives. He had him taken from the Island and he secured the indictment of the two keepers. But the press ignored the case. When the trial was held it was practically a star chamber affair, but the keepers were found guilty by a jury and the judge took the

case under advisement. After two weeks' deliberation he gave as his verdict that it was against public policy and would be prejudicial to prison discipline to send keepers to prison. He annulled the case and the two keepers, emboldened by their impunity, were at liberty to continue their nefarious maltreatment of the unfortunate wards of the state. Mrs. Lawson was not especially surprised at this result. She had in fact expected such an outcome, but she knew that in spite of the failure of official and outward recognition, her work had already made officials and attendants more careful of their treatment of the inmates in the public institutions.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Lawson had kept a watchful eye on the insane asylums. She continued to be a visitor in company with relatives of patients. In one of her visits she became engaged in a conversation with a man named Larson, a tailor from Revere who had come to see a countryman of his named Henson. "Henson," Larson declared, "is today as sane as you or I. He has been in this place for fourteen years. He craves now for his freedom to such an extent that unless he is released he will succumb to grief and sorrow. He is daily growing worse. A few months ago I had succeeded in securing the doctor's permission for his release. The minister of the Church of which Henson had been a member had secured for him a good position as caretaker of a Swedish house and all arrangements had been made for his installation when the doctor informed me that Henson's wife objected to his release and that without his wife's permission he could not

discharge the man. The Rev. Mr. Yorenhanson and myself went to see the wife and tried to reason with her. We pointed out that her husband's health was so undermined by his long confinement, that, at best, he had but a few years more to live, and we beseeched her to let him close his earthly life in friendly surroundings, but she remained obdurate and became abusive towards me as well as towards her Minister. Upon inquiries we heard of some rumors that since her husband's confinement she had met a man whom she liked better and that, most likely, is the explanation of her strenuous objection to Henson's release. We have laid these things before the doctor but thus far have not succeeded in securing Henson's discharge against his wife's objection."

Mrs. Lawson wondered how such things were possible. If the man were insane the hospital authorities should not consent to his release, regardless of the wishes of a wife, but, if mentally sound, it seemed strange indeed that a man should be kept confined in an insane asylum because his wife had found a lover.

"The doctor," Mr. Larson continued, "offered to release Henson, if I could guarantee his leaving the country, but this is more than my finances would allow and when I questioned Henson upon the subject, he did not take kindly to the idea of being thus transported. 'I have no one in Sweden,' he lamented; 'my near relatives are all dead and I have no place I could go in Sweden.' He was yet able to work, he thought, and support himself, if he were given a chance. But when he was made

to understand that his freedom was dependent upon the acceptance of these conditions, he consented. I am a poor working man myself," said Larson, "and I am going among my countrymen to raise a fund, but thus far with a very meagre result. All my acquaintances are working men, like myself, and of course they can spare but little."

Mrs. Lawson asked for an introduction to Henson and intimated that if she should find things as Larson said, she would contribute to the fund. Together with Larson she went to see Henson in his ward and found a miserable wreck of humanity. As far as she could judge the man spoke rationally, but his bodily health seemed very poor. "He was much better physically and mentally a few weeks ago," explained Mr. Larson, "his disappointment after having been promised his freedom has weighed heavily upon his mind and sapped the strength of his body." Mrs. Lawson was deeply touched. She told Larson that she would contribute any sum needed to complete the fund necessary to send Henson to Sweden, but she expressed great doubt whether in his present condition he could stand the voyage. Mr. Larson then had a long conversation with the doctor, and this gentleman promised that he would give the case his most careful consideration. The next thing she heard of the case was, when in a letter from Larson, she was told that Henson had been transferred against his wishes to the asylum at Medfield and had been put in one of the worst wards of that place, and that in consequence his condition was now worse than it ever was before.

Faithful to her promise to examine life at the bottom, Mrs. Lawson took many walks in the poorer quarters of the City of Boston. The sights she met sometimes beggared description. Filth and flouting lewdness, abject poverty and want met her eyes unaccustomed to such things. What touched her most was the sight of children growing up under such conditions. Sometimes she saw little urchins dragging home boxes and boards for fire wood. Is there not enough gas and electricity, she wondered. One evening she went home with one of the children, if the place found could be designated by such an honorable and pleasant sounding word. She found but one room, in which lived a family of six. Gas there was none in the building. A stove was used for cooking, summer and winter. Coal was dear and the children were sent out in the street to gather wood. The day was warm, people were sweltering in the street; over twenty, according to the papers, had died from sun stroke the day before; yet these people had to use a wood fire to cook their food. The heat in the room was stifling beyond endurance. Mrs. Lawson threw her purse upon the table, overpowered by inward emotion and quickly left the premises. Gas and electricity, she reflected, are not yet for the poor. These benefits of civilization seem not yet to have reached the bottom of the social strata.

One day on one of her tours of investigation she was walking in the lower part of Washington Street and had just passed Dover, when out of a house she saw emerging a woman with a baby in her arms. The sorrowful look on the woman's face attracted her attention,

but before she could come near enough to make inquiries the person had disappeared. But, somehow or other, the sorrowful look and the little baby's face remained before her mental eye the whole day, and by an unaccountable impulse she was forced to go again to that neighborhood late at night. Hardly had she reached the place where she had seen the scene of the morning, when she again saw the woman and baby. The woman looked so weary, the sorrowful look on the face seemed even deeper than in the morning; Mrs. Lawson approached her with a friendly greeting. The woman became startled, frightened, evidently she was not used to kind words or a friendly interest. The wretched see danger everywhere. It would seem that, since their conditions can hardly become worse, any unlooked for interest should instill a feeling of hope, but such usually is not the case. The mind accustomed to misfortune ceases to accept something good and everything new arouses fear and alarm. Upon inquiry Mrs. Lawson learned that the woman had walked the whole day with the baby in her arms in search of a friend in Roslindale, who she thought might help her and in fact she had received from that friend a quarter. "I did not dare to spend a nickel out of that for carfare," the woman explained; "you cannot get a lodging for less than twenty-five cents. Even as it is I have not been able to get a room. People do not want the baby. They think it might cry." Mrs. Lawson looked at the tiny baby which looked even too weak to cry.

"Why don't you put the baby into an asylum?"

"I wanted to do so, but the priest wanted to see my marriage license, and I did not have it with me," said the woman with a deep blush on her face. Mrs. Lawson wondered whether the teachings of the Nazarene given in the story of Mary Magdalene had been lost altogether upon the modernized Catholic Church. She gave the woman quite a considerable sum of money to provide for her immediate wants and then instructed Berwin to provide for further needs.

Mrs. Lawson recognized by this time that politics or government was more deeply connected with the wellbeing of the people than she formerly supposed. This conviction had led her to take quite an interest in current politics. But a good many things seemed inexplicable. Mr. Morgan, to whom she communicated her perplexities, advised the study of history. "The mind of man," he wrote, "receives its most valuable guidance from the study of three things; language, mathematics and history. As to which of the three is the most important, teachers differ. Language is our vehicle of thought, mathematics trains the mind for correct reasoning and history gives us knowledge of man, of the evolution and development of the human race. The schools do but scanty justice to this subject. It nearly seems there is a conscious purpose underlying their method of teaching or rather mis-teaching history. Nearly all they require is the memorizing of events and the dates of their occurence. In monarchial countries, I understand, the child-

ren merely learn by heart the date of accession of each ruler and his demise, together with the history of their countries' wars and battles won; the lost ones are usually passed over in silence. The underlying causes of wars and of the changes in the structure of society are either not touched at all or presented in a distorted light. I can understand why Kings do not like the people to understand too much of life and government, but when in a Republic the same method is used it is indicative that the people have lost control of the government. One of the best books on history, I think, is Seligman's Economic Interpretation of History. From a superficial reading of history it would appear that all men fought for was glory or fame, but a deeper look will reveal the fact that the acts of men have a more substantial basis. Men fought for the best hunting ground, for the best pasture lands, for the best field adapted for agriculture, just the same as you see them contend today and sometimes fight for the best markets. And just as the relations between nation and nation have a very material basis, so has the internal development of the country. Here also we see classes or sets of men contend for the best seats at the banquet table. In the struggles between Patricians and Plebians or Spartan Helot we see foreshadowed the politics of our own time. If you will examine carefully the records of the past, the panorama of life, especially politics, will cease to be a riddle."

She resolved to follow John's advice although she saw that it involved a great painstaking effort and a good deal of time.

CHAPTER VI.

REFORM IN NEW YORK

When she first came to Boston the papers were full of a political campaign waged in New York. According to the paper the fight was between the forces of good government and reform, and the followers of corruption led by notorious Tammany Hall. The whole country had been aroused and seemed to take an interest in the outcome. Nearly all the papers had sided with the forces of reform, the very word Tammany was used as a by-word for infamy and corruption. Now New York was to be cleaned from that cesspool and to the lasting benefit of the whole country the influences of Tammany over state and national politics were to be broken. Success attended these mighty efforts. The forces of reform obtained a glorious victory and nearly all the papers burst forth in joyous exultation over the triumph of law and order and good government. Mrs. Lawson had become interested herself in the struggle and felt much pleased over the success of the good cause. The reform administration had now been in control for several months and she decided to see with her own eyes the benefits of the new reform. When she arrived in New York she took rooms in a quiet and secluded apartment house. Unaccompanied she visited the various

sections of the metropolis of the New World. Her mind became more and more impressed by the contrast between rich and poor. There seemed to be two different worlds, one of which knew little of the other. The greater the magnificence on one side, the greater the wretchedness on the other, the greater the wealth and luxury of one, the greater the penury and want of the other. The condition of the two seemed to stand in an inverse ratio. Several times she strolled through the Ghetto. She saw the letters spoken five thousand years ago by a people who now lived in the most abject poverty and degradation; she saw the descendants of the proud Romans share the fate and fortune of the children of Zion. She mused over the strange ways of fate and wondered whether there were not an inward connection not recognized by the physical eye, a hidden bond that links together the fate of individuals and of nations.

One day while walking through Madison Square Garden she was startled by what seemed to be the piercing cries of a little boy. Walking towards the direction from which the sounds came she soon found herself in a crowd of people who were all running the same way. Her aristocratic instinct made her shrink from contact with a promiscuous crowd but she had come to learn and she repressed her inward reluctance and mingled freely with the curious throng. Soon she came to a spot where a large crowd surrounded a big policeman who held a little urchin not over three feet tall by the collar in a threatening attitude and threatened to bring him to the station. The

poor child cried so piteously for his release and for another chance, he promised so beseechingly never to do it again that some of the by-standers were touched and they interceded with the officer to give the boy another chance. The guardian of the law at first was obdurate but finally yielded to their entreaties and the boy ran away. Somebody then asked what the boy had done and he was told that the rascal had tried to sell candy in the park. "I caught him at it once before," the officer added, "and gave him a warning. I cannot be so easy now, we have a reform administration and things are very strict just at present." Mrs. Lawson had been a silent spectator. At a short distance she could see the little ragged urchin. She signalled to a cab and ordered the driver to drive in the direction of the boy. When the cab had caught up to him she alighted and went to the boy and offered to buy some candy. The little boy eyed her suspiciously; yet so young he had learned to fear the police and suspect their tricks. He looked at her piteously as she held out to him a dollar bill, but he did not dare take it. He knew it was against the law to peddle his wares on the streets. She then asked him to step into her carriage but he began to tremble. He evidently feared some hidden motive. What pictures could his frightened imagination put before his mental eye? They walked together quite a while. She questioned him about his mama and papa, when she noticed that they were attracting attention. It was not a common sight in New York to see an elegantly dressed, beautiful woman hold familiar conversation

on the public thoroughfare with a ragged street urchin and she overheard all kinds of comments. "I will go with you to mama and I will give her something nice," she promised. The boy had gained confidence and he followed her into the carriage. When asked for the street where his mama lived he gave Essex Street. After a short ride they came to the house. She dismissed the carriage and with the little boy climbed about six stories to the top of the building. The odors emanating from rooms and corridors were nearly suffocating, but firm and resolute she climbed on. What a tiny boy could stand all his life she ought to be able to endure for a short time at least. They finally reached the home of the boy. They came into a dark room and at first she had difficulty to distinguish the objects. She saw something that looked like a window, but it admitted but a faint light. The law in New York requires a window for each room, but this window seemed to open into a court from which the light was not better than the interior of the house. The landlord had complied with the letter of the law. Gradually, as her eyes became accustomed to the semi darkness, she recognized a bed, a stove, a table and a chair. In the bed something seemed to move. She aproached and saw a lean and haggard woman with a baby in her arms. The features of the woman still bore traces of what must have been more than ordinary good looks and even now there remained some traces of refinement quite out of harmony with the abject surroundings. The woman in the bed did not seem especially surprised at the presence of her

elegant visitor. She answered Mrs. Lawson's questions in a matter of fact way, that her husand who had been a trainman on the railroad had been killed through an accident, a little over a year ago; she spoke of her efforts to support herself and four small children, she related how she had fallen sick and was expelled from her last lodging because she could not pay the rent and concluded that she felt that her time would soon be over and, "The sooner the better," she added, "for when I am dead you people will have to take care of my little ones." Mrs. Lawson in surprise asked who she thought she was and received the answer, "I suppose an agent of the woman's aid society. One was here last week, and asked all kinds of questions just like you and a day later we got a few quarts of beans, a pound of coffee and two loaves of bread, but the beans and the bread did not last long with four hungry mouths to feed. God knows I ate but little of it. Some good man," she continued, "stocked my eldest boy with a supply of candy to sell, but he is very much afraid of the police. Since the new mayor is in they are very cross to newsboys and peddler folks. Tammany was never so hard on the poor as they are now."

Mrs. Lawson said nothing. With great difficulty she kept the tears from running down her cheeks. My God, was it possible? was this a sample of the great reform movement of which she had read so much in the papers? She repressed her emotion and explained to the woman that she was an entire stranger in New York, that she was not connected with any

charity organization, official or private, that she had met the little boy by chance, that for some reason she could not explain herself, had come with him to see his mama.

"I am fairly rich," she continued, " I will see that you get food for yourself and children, and suitable lodgings and when you are well again I think I can get you a place, so that you can support the children if you want to keep them, or things can be managed to get them into a good home."

The poor woman gasped, she could not find words to express her feelings or ideas. "Are you an angel from heaven?" she finally exclaimed, in a trembling voice.

"I might be and I hope I am an agent of such a place." She stayed with the woman a few minutes longer and asked her to be of good hope for Providence had caused them to meet.

"I believe again in God," the poor woman cried, "I had lost all faith when I saw my poor children starving."

"Have faith and trust in God, He watches and sees everything. I found that out myself." Mrs. Lawson gave the boy a sum of money sufficient for immediate wants and went home very thoughtful. To her mind came the scene described in "Les Miserables," of Gavroche and the waifs in Paris. So Hugo had not overdrawn his picture after all. The words of Gavroche, "Now you are safe, safe from the police," had a deep significance not only in Paris a hundred years ago but in the New York of the Twentieth Century.

But in what did these so loudly heralded reforms of the new administration consist? Was

it confined to the scaring of little children? Were there no other and better results? She wrote a letter to Berwin and explained the situation, and asked his advice how she could secure evidence of the work of the present reform administration in New York. Berwin wrote her to see a lawyer named McCarty who he said, was quite a politician and familiar with New York conditions and politics.

Mrs. Lawson called at this gentleman's office. She told him that he had been recommended by Mr. Berwin and then stated her errand, to get information on the subject of the benefits to New York of the present reform administration. McCarty looked at her in amazement. The expression on his face seemed to waver between a doubt as to her earnestness of purpose and the sanity of her mind. After his look had reassured him of both, he laughed heartily, in fact he seemed to have great difficulty to keep a serious face. "So my friend Berwin sent you to get information about the benefits of the reform government. I am really sorry that I have to disappoint you for even the devil, (please excuse the mention of that gentleman's name) cannot get anything from a man that has nothing."

"Well, have there been no results whatever?"

"Oh, yes," he replied with a half cynical and amused smile playing around his lips. "Let me see if I can explain things briefly and concisely. In the last political campaign, Madam, there were four main issues, the so called social evil, the liquor question, and the gambling business together with charges of bribery.

I cannot give you too many details about the solution of the first issue for you are a lady. I can tell you the main and as far as I can see the only effect. You will have noticed that on every corner on Third Avenue between Eighth and Twenty Fifth Street as likewise on some other corners there is a kind of saloon and hotel. A certain class of houses having been closed by the police, business in these hotel saloons has improved to such an extent through the efforts of the new reformers that the landlords have been enabled to double the rent.

"The second issue, on Sundays all saloons are now closed in front and patrons must enter from the side or back door, growlers must be wrapped in paper. Oh, don't you understand New York slang," as he recognized a blank look in Mrs. Lawson's eyes. "The growler is a pitcher that is used for carrying beer. In the so called Raines Hotels the proprietors get their waiters now for nothing on Sunday, they can keep the sandwich money." In answer to another surprised look from his fair listener McCarty explained that on Sundays liquor could only be served with meals. "They order a sandwich, an egg or something of that sort. The sandwich is understood to be merely for show, and the customers are supposed to understand this. They recognize that the first glass of beer is ten cents, besides the egg is usually quite old and the sandwich too hard to be eaten. The egg or sandwich is supposed to do service for the next comers. "I heard a funny story the other day," he continued with a sardonic smile; "a man from Missouri want-

ed to eat his sandwich some Sunday. The waiter, who saw what he deemed his rightful wages disappear between the jaws of his customer, got angry, an altercation started and the farmer was thrown out.

"There remains the gambling issue. Well these men have to be a little more careful, make a little less noise and pay twice the amount of hush money to the police and politicians."

"And is that really all this reform administration is doing?"

"That is all I can see," replied the genial Mr. McCarty.

"Well what is your fee for the information?" asked Mrs. Lawson as she rose to leave.

"Well I don't see how my information will do you or anybody else much good. You have taken a little of my time, it is true, but I think I had better not consider this short and to me pleasant conversation as a professional or business transaction." She thanked Mr. McCarty for his kindness and left in a very thoughtful mood.

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN B. MORAN

Having ascertained the benefits of the Republican Reform Administration in New York Mrs. Lawson returned to Boston. When she arrived she learned that quite an important political campaign was under way. The District Attorney, a man named Smith who had held his position for over twenty five years had suddenly died and his death necessitated a new election. The late Smith had been of a very conservative nature, he had made it the rule of his office never to take the initiative in any prosecution and only accept cases that had gone through the lower courts. Rumors of bribery and corruption in high or low places never disturbed his equilibrium, grafting politicians were never alarmed about any activity emanating from the office of the district attorney. The papers had always sung his praises and after his demise nothing but words of eulogy and services faithfully performed were to be found in the public press. Smith had been a special favorite of the two political parties and of the public service corporations and for many years no contest was even waged for his position. With the open support of the press and the politicians of both parties any attempt to beat him at the polls was considered hopeless by the aspirants for the emoluments of

that office. Smith's death was deeply regretted by the politicians. When they deliberated upon the selection of a worthy successor their choice fell upon Smith's assistant a man named Slowfoot. Both parties thus agreeing upon the same candidate his election was considered by all a foregone conclusion. But the unexpected happens sometimes in politics.

There lived somewhere in Boston, sometimes called unjustly, it seemed to Mrs. Lawson, the Athens of the West, a man named John B. Moran, who had quite a reputation as a criminal lawyer. In politics on account of strong individual tendencies he was considered quite erratic, as a man who could never be relied upon by either side and politicians looked with askance at the political aspirations of John B. as he was called by all. But John B. had long looked with covetous eyes at the office of district attorney or the mayoralty. When Smith died John B. thought that his time had come and he calculated that if he could get the nomination of either party, the Republican or Democratic, his chances for election were good, that his own personality and forceful eloquence could easily do the rest. His usual affiliation was on the side of Democracy and he made use of all the wires known to an old politician in order to get the nomination of his party, but the strong influence emanating from the conservative element and the weight of powerful financial interests won the day and his candidacy was rejected. Nothing daunted, John B. offered himself to the Republican party. He pointed out to them that it would be a great triumph for them as a minority

party to elect their candidate. He assured them that he held in his own hand sufficiently strong cards to insure his election on their tickets. But the Republican politicians looked askance at the promises of John B. The words Republican or Democratic had no special significance for them, neither did they care very much for a party victory. Smith's assistant, who had promised to continue the policies of his predecessor, was good enough for them. They did not care to take any risks.

But John B. was a fighter. He had nothing to lose even by defeat. The advertising secured through a vigorous campaign would be a valuable business asset even in case of failure. Free from obligation to any political organization, he bravely unfurled his standard and called upon all citizens, upon the virtuous and honest of both parties, to assemble under his banner. He had been on the inside of politics for a long time. He had many stories to tell of incompetence and corruption of which the public had heretofore heard nothing. Several atrocious crimes recently committed and still unpunished had created some public resentment and dissatisfaction with the office of district attorney. John B. made it a special feature of his campaign to point out violations of the law in high places unpunished by the constituted authorities. His strongest card was the violation of the liquor law by the most prominent hotel in the city, the Billion House. The liquor law of Massachusetts was quite severe and its provisions were most strictly enforced against the small saloon keepers by the Republican State Government. The conserva-

tive element of that party always denounced in strongest terms the iniquities of the liquor traffic and moralized upon the demoralizing effect it had upon the whole community. John B. Moran declared everywhere that if the people would entrust him with the power of office he would soon reduce to humble submission the rich violators of the law and that under his administration the arm of justice would smite all transgressors of the law and make justice and equity reign supreme in their beloved city. John B. was an old campaigner, he knew the tricks of politicians; he was the son of an Irish emigrant, and the population of Boston being of that nationality with over sixty per cent, this was a valuable argument; but the organized forces of the city government were hostile to him. The press hardly took any notice of his campaign, with the exception of one evening paper which remained neutral in the struggle, not caring to espouse his candidacy and to share the ignominy of his defeat, which was not doubted by friend or foe. John B. had no financial resources. All the money he could raise for his campaign was a two thousand dollar loan on his insurance policy. But the people had heard something of the great things accomplished in New York by a new wonderful reform administration. Even ideas are sometimes contagious and many thought that they would follow the example of New York and have also a taste of reform. Thus to the surprise of all John B. Moran received the majority of votes cast for district attorney.

Slowfoot and his advisers had felt themselves so secure of victory that they did not

even deem it necessary to reply to the charges of Mr. Moran. So Boston woke up one fine morning and realized that it had entered the paths of reform in the administration of justice. The papers who had either ignored or ridiculed Moran's pretensions, who had called him unsound, erratic and unsafe now called him the man who dares.

At first John B. seemed fully to justify the confidence of the people. He went to work with a vim that surprised his most staunch supporters. The Hotel Billion House was promptly indicted. The points of the law were so clear and plain, its violation had been so open and fragrant that not even a subsidized and corrupted press dared to make an open defense. All they could do was to make apologies and use extenuating terms and point out the great amount of taxes paid by the proprietor of the hotel.

Great indeed was the dilemma of the rulers of Massachusetts. They could not tell the common people openly that the law ought not to be the same for the rich as for the poor. They did not dare to claim special privileges for the liquor appetite of the rich while denouncing in press and pulpit the unfortunate craving for alcohol by the working class. People wondered and bets were freely made upon the result. Some thought that Moran would recall his hounds for a consideration, but those who knew John B. personally, knew better. John B. cared nothing for mere money, he wanted power and his unexpected success had greatly inflated his political aspirations, and he really did his best to make Billion House com-

ply with the provisions of the law. Whether even he expected to succeed is another question. The main object to a legalized liquor business by Billion House was its too close proximity to a public school house, the so called Northrop school. Soon the politicians of both parties wondered why they had not long ago thought of a remedy that lay so near at hand. Billion House could not do a profitable business without a liquor license. What was necessary therefore, and in fact the most simple thing in the world was to close the school and transfer the pupils to some other building. The knot which seemed so complicated unravelled itself.

One fine morning with strange unanimity all the papers of Boston brought out lengthy articles on the dilapidation and unfitness for habitation of the school building that stood so near the Billion House. Some papers went so far as to declare that the condition of the building was an imminent danger to the lives of the school and casual passers by. They demanded in the strongest terms the immediate evacuation of the building and the removal of the children from their dangerous position. The only thing that surprised the thoughtful reader was, that this dangerous condition should not have been detected before, and that thousands of children should have been left exposed to such palpable dangers and that it had required the need of the Billion House for a liquor license to make manifest the unsafe and unfit condition of the school building.

Mrs. Lawson wondered what the final result would be. The latest move of the friends

of the Billion House was a surprise to many. Would it not be an unprecedented scandal and a great political blunder to close the school house to save a liquor license. What effect must such a thing have upon the common people? The excuse of the building's dilapidation was too thin not to be seen through by the most unsophisticated.

And sure enough the men at the helm changed their attitude. The condition of the school was no longer discussed in the newspapers. But a bill was introduced in the legislature to legalize the license of Billion House. There was a clause in the constitution of Massachusetts that the legislature must not make sectional laws, so words had to be inserted to make the law applicable in the whole state, whenever certain specifications were fulfilled. That these specifications at present applied to one place only and might never to any other did not need any special consideration. Providing the appearance of constitutional action could be preserved the spirit and intent of the constitution did not seem to disturb the equanimity of Massachusetts Solons. The school building near Billion House is still used for the purpose it was built for and the papers of Boston know nothing any more of dilapidation or danger to children and passers by. Thus ended the fight of John B. Moran against Billion House. He had caused that hostelry of the rich a slight inconvenience and unlooked for expenditure of money, for it needed expensive eye glasses to see the dilapidation of a newly built school house. But the whole affair gave Mrs. Lawson another valuable illustra-

tion of the power of money in the government of our country. But John B. had attained his object, he had increased his popularity in general and even raised himself in the esteem of Mrs. Lawson, for as far as she could see he had done his best to enforce the law and redeem his promise.

In handbills distributed during the campaign John B. had promised in the most solemn style that he would set in motion the machinery of justice whenever any violation of the law was brought to the office of the district attorney. Mrs. Lawson thought she had sufficient evidence of malpractice to justify legal action and she felt sure that an investigation would bring out facts that would result in the conviction of the guilty. She discussed the subject with Berwin but this gentleman had but little hope of her being successful in enlisting the services of John B. "John B. Moran has great ambitions," he said. "The man who dares will hardly dare to raise the antagonism which such an act as an investigation would arouse."

"But the people would stand by him, their favor would be more than an equivalent for the hostility of a few politicians."

"The people are led, they are gullible. John B. caught the politicians napping once, he himself hardly expects to repeat this performance. He will try to conciliate them and to quiet their apprehension in the hope that they in turn will show themselves grateful."

But Mrs. Lawson determined to test Mr. Moran. It would be an additional experience and might prove a valuable lesson in her new life.

She went to the court house and to her agreeable surprise she met with the utmost cordial reception. Mr. Moran was a man small in stature, his personal appearance far from prepossessing, only his eye had a certain depth which spoke of unusual will power and mental concentration. She stated her case, gave him the result of her own observation and handed him the evidence collected from inmates and attendants. John B. listened with close attention and promised to give the case his most careful consideration and to inform her of his decision, but never a word came from the office of Mr. Moran. In reply to many solicitations from Mr. Berwin he had but one answer—that the case was still under advisement.

But Mr. Moran kept one campaign promise: he was easy to approach, his office remained open to all seekers after justice. Mrs. Lawson asked and obtained another personal interview.

"The evidence is not conclusive. It is not sufficient to get an indictment from the grand jury," declared John B.

"The internal evidence is strong," insisted Mrs. Lawson, "other facts will be brought out in the investigation. Many inmates are afraid to talk now but will speak freely when they feel the protection of the law. The people will appreciate your action in behalf of the unfortunate members of society."

"Will they?" answered Mr. Moran. "Did you ever hear of Mr. Short a former governor of Massachusetts?"

"No. I am a stranger in Boston."

"Well that man quite a number of years ago

did just what you want me to do. He routed the politicians in the first skirmish with the frenzied applause of the common people but his chances as a political leader were lost forever. Did you ever read in the history of Rome the story of the Gracchi?" Mrs. Lawson looked up in surprise, she was not prepared to find a student of ancient history in the person of John B. Moran.

"No."

"Well, read it, it will teach you a valuable lesson."

"Well will you do nothing then? Did you not promise to put in motion the machinery of justice at any definite information of wrong doing?"

"Yes, when in my opinion the case will warrant such a proceeding. I have shown my sincerity but I owe something to myself and my future career."

"You speak now the same kind of language as any ward politician and is this worthy of the man who dares?"

Mr. Moran smiled gratified at this flattering appelation. "I have gained that reputation with the people and I expect from it great results, provided I do not frighten too many vested interests. You are a millionairess yourself, I understand, and you ought to know what your class is capable of doing and what the people can be made to swallow. The open violation of the law and shameful political juggling in the case of Billion House failed to arouse the people's indignation and they have already forgotten all about it. The trouble is with the people; they forget quickly the bene-

fits received or injuries inflicted, but vested interests neither forget nor forgive."

"Even if I admit all that you say is true, that does not absolve you from doing your duty to the people even if ingratitude and neglect would be your only reward."

"The heroes in romances I know act as you suggest but in real life the Don Quixote's quickly come to grief." Mrs. Lawson looked at Mr. Moran. His "Quixotic" illustration raised him in her esteem as a scholar, but also showed that he could not be reached by appeals to higher ideals that would involve a sacrifice of his political ambitions.

"Be honest to me, Mr. Moran," she said after a short pause, "if I am successful in strengthening my evidence will you lend your co-operation in getting an investigation?"

"I cannot promise. An investigation of public institutions is a very serious and far reaching undertaking whose results cannot be measured, and caution is requisite."

"I am certainly disappointed in the man who dares. I expected to find him a man of action and I can only see a timid, self-seeking politician." Mr. Moran winced under this accusation; a gleam of anger came into his piercing eye, but he repressed all outward signs of emotion and said calmly, "I am sorry that my open and honest attitude has made no better impression." He arose and Mrs. Lawson left his office, poorer by the loss of another illusion and richer by the receiving of another lesson on politics and the way of politicians.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CONSPIRACY.

Mr. Berwin had been entrusted by Mrs. Lawson with considerable funds for the securing of information of the condition of sanitariums, public and private, in all parts of the United States. The main object of Mrs. Lawson had been at first to search for victims of conspiracies similar to the one from which she herself had suffered. Mr. Berwin strongly doubted the existence of such victims and he expressed himself to this effect to his client, but he promised to keep his eye open for such a possibility. He realized that he was not likely to find evidence of conspiracies in public insane asylums whose inmates recruited themselves from the lower walks of life and from whose confinement no one could derive a special benefit. Men will not act without a motive; this motive is in ninety-nine out of one hundred cases gain of money or property. The Latin dictum *in bono cui bono* is strongly impressed upon all students of the legal profession, as the strongest guide in legal difficulties.

At the request of Mrs. Lawson, Berwin had hired a special agent named Ritter to visit private sanitariums and come in touch with inmates and attendants. For some time the reports of this agent bore no promise of definite results. There were of course a number of

inmates who claimed to be sane and to be unjustly detained but an investigation did not warrant an interference.

But his latest report was different. It contained the story of the confinement in one of the most select and secluded sanitariums of a young woman, an heiress to several million dollars. The facts as reported by Ritter were as follows. A Mr. De Ruiz from Pittsburg, a multi-millionaire, had died leaving his fortune in equal shares to his wife and only daughter. Mrs. De Ruiz after a few years of widowhood had married a P. H. Stanhope of New York. This gentleman lost the whole of his own and the greater part of his wife's fortune in a gigantic stock speculation. The wife died soon after, some say of broken heart. Her daughter Alice De Ruiz in her eighteenth year became engaged to a young man named William Norris, the scion of one of the most prominent families of New York. For some unknown reason the engagement was broken off and a few weeks later Miss De Ruiz was brought to the sanitarium.

This sanitarium was located in one of the most beautiful and secluded spots in the city of New York, and was presided over by a Dr. Flaherty. There were rumors afloat that the doctor had lost quite a large sum of money in the same speculation as Mr. Stanhope. Alice De Ruiz, Ritter reported, had made several attempts to secure her liberation and gone so far as to try to escape twice with the connivance of attendants whom she had bribed. The first time she was apprehended before she reached the nearest town, the second time she was

brought back through the legal machinery invoked by her step-father.

The case looked promising to Berwin. Millions were at stake. The motive, the *cui bono* was present with all its weight. He went to the room of Mrs. Lawson and unknown to himself his face wore an expression of gravity that showed Mrs. Lawson that he was the bearer of unusual news. She pointed to a chair and without saying a word he handed her the letter from Ritter. Mrs. Lawson seemed to read with a great interest. Her face became slightly flushed as her eyes went slowly over the pages. After she had finished she looked at Berwin and each recognized the identity of their thoughts.

"I think I had better go in person."

"I think so myself, but be careful. Do nothing rash, keep me informed of every detail and take no important steps without my advice. We most likely have to deal with people as cunning as they are unscrupluous and wiles must be met with wiles. Such people can only be beaten with their own weapons."

The next day Mrs. Lawson departed for New York. Through Ritter she secured the names of some families who had one of their members in the sanitarium at N and to her satisfaction she found the names of several with whom social relations could be easily established. She kept her motive carefully in the background and through skilful manœuvers she induced a certain Mrs. Rice whose daughter was a patient at N to visit the place in her company. Together they went to the sanitarium and Mrs. Lawson had an introduction to Dr. Flaherty.

He was a man about middle age, carefully groomed and always spoke with a suave and unctuous voice. Somehow or other his whole demeanor strongly reminded her of Dr. Finerty. In her second visit at the asylum she told him that she had just learned that a Miss De Ruiz was in his charge, that she had known her mother quite intimately many years ago and asked whether she could not be allowed to see Miss De Ruiz. "I think I remember her," she continued, "although she was but a mere child." While she spoke she watched carefully the face of the doctor. She saw an uneasy expression come into his eyes as she mentioned the name De Ruiz, which uneasiness seemed to deepen at her request for a personal meeting. But the doctor had good control of himself and his feelings, and after a few minutes hesitation he declared that he would consider the matter and if possible accede to her wishes.

His whole attitude had turned Mrs. Lawson's suspicion into absolute certainty and she was more gratified than surprised when the doctor informed her on her next visit that the condition of Miss De Ruiz had recently taken a turn for the worse, that she had grown more melancholy and that the sight of strangers threw her usually into fits of hysteria from which she could be reclaimed only with great difficulty. "In a case like this, we do not allow even relatives to see the patient, but I thought I might make an exception in your case and I paid Miss De Ruiz a visit and tried to ascertain what impression your name would make, but there was absolutely no sign of recognition; and when I asked her if she would like

to see a lady named Harbeson, she in her own way expressed great unwillingness, and in the best interest of Miss De Ruiz I think you had better not see her now; maybe at some future time when her condition will have improved."

Mrs. Lawson now felt sure of her position. She was convinced that the doctor had not even seen Miss De Ruiz, much less asked her any questions about her intended visit; but she pretended to be fully satisfied with Dr. Flaherty's explanation. She informed Berwin of the situation and asked his advice. He replied by return mail that he shared her opinion but he told her that great circumspection was necessary in order to secure their object. "There are two main pivots," he wrote, "in the working of our government and its legal machinery, money and political influence. A lawyer who holds or has held a high political position or stands in close relation to one of the great political parties will move our legal machinery with ease and swiftness, while a lawyer without prestige no matter how great his talent or even his genius will not easily set in motion the wheels of justice. Newspaper notoriety or a legal prosecution is most likely not desired by Miss De Ruiz as Stanhope after all was the husband of her mother. My advice is: secure the legal services of Senator Depew or ex-governor White, or the law firm with which either of these gentlemen is connected. Their services will be very expensive, but it may be the cheapest in the end. If successful, Miss De Ruiz will reimburse you."

Mrs. Lawson paid but little attention to

hints of expenses. What was money in a case like this?

Mrs. Lawson returned to New York and visited the law firm of which ex-governor White was a senior member. She had met him socially many years ago and was accorded a most deferential reception. After a short conversation on social incidents Mrs. Lawson informed him that she required his legal services in a very grave and delicate matter whose management would require the utmost discretion. The governor promised his closest attention and she laid before him her knowledge of the De Ruiz-Stanhope history and gave him her personal observations and deductions. He listened without interruption and after she had finished she thought she noticed in his eye a gleam of intelligence which showed that he understood the situation and more or less shared her own views. "If things are as you say," he said, "and, to be frank, I am inclined to share your opinion, I have no doubt that the affair can be managed satisfactorily. I am willing to take the case, but in the interest of all concerned, publicity should be avoided; Miss De Ruiz herself would hardly like to play the role of a newspaper heroine in a matter of this kind. Besides the consideration of public policy does not make it expedient to give the general public glimpses of the happenings in high society. There have been altogether too many scandals within the last few years in our ranks, and people might draw conclusions not in the interest of the class to which, after all, we ourselves belong."

"All right, Governor, I leave things to your

judgment, only do not lose a minute for the sake of Miss De Ruiz, whose sufferings I can imagine, and, if possible, I would like to have things arranged in such a way that I will be the first to greet her after her release. I have reasons of my own for this wish, besides having been a friend of her mother. I would like best to have her leave the sanitarium in my company."

"I think this can be managed."

"I will take the matter in hand immediately and keep you informed of results."

About two weeks later, she received a short note from the ex-governor, telling her that affairs were progressing favorably and soon after an urgent summons from the ex-governor's office. She went immediately and found him in a very thoughtful mood.

"Well," he said after a short greeting, "the affair is settled. You can have Alice De Ruiz placed in your charge, but" he continued with an ominous expression in his eyes, "I am afraid there is another ugly side to the affair." In answer to her surprised and apprehensive look he said in a low voice, "I have grave reasons to think that the fortune of Alice De Ruiz is no longer intact. Her share in her father's estate, about ten million, had been in the control of her step father, and Mr. Stanhope's affairs I am informed, are very involved and I have some grave misgivings."

A sigh of relief came from the lips of Mrs. Lawson. "Money matters must wait and can be adjusted later. All I want," she said, "is to hold Miss De Ruiz in my arms as soon as possible."

"All right, this wish will be gratified. With your permission I will go with you, my presence might save you some unnecessary embarrassment."

She accepted his offer and together they left the office.

On their way to the sanitarium they discussed the case and Mr. White offered his future services in straightening out the financial affairs of Miss De Ruiz. In the course of conversation Mrs. Lawson asked if he did not think that the laws regulating commitment to sanitariums needed a complete revision. He reflected a few minutes and then replied, "I do not think so. It is not the law that is at fault. The best laws can be offset with money and cunning. We cannot even now in the present case institute a prosecution for any direct violation of the law. Mr. Stanhope would have no difficulty in procuring expert testimony to the effect that the mental condition of Alice De Ruiz fully justified his action in placing her in a sanitarium. You cannot prove or disprove a doctor's diagnosis, no matter how much his opinion might be impugned. The fault lies with the greed and venality of man and not with the laws."

Mrs. Lawson did not care to enter into a controversy upon the subject. Her mind and her heart travelled ahead of the swiftly moving train and in her mental eye she saw Alice De Ruiz in a situation which she could imagine and fully appreciate.

Upon their arrival at the sanitarium his excellency attended to all the formalities. His card soon brought Dr. Flaherty. His face

wore an embarrassed look but he succeeded in maintaining a professional and business like attitude. He greeted Mrs. Lawson with a look of recognition and then stated that he understood that his patient Miss De Ruiz was to be put in her care. "I have already informed Miss De Ruiz of this decision, but she does not seem to approve. Morbid suspicion, the usual and most prominent symptom of mental unsoundness, makes her see all kinds of plots and conspiracies."

A bitter thought came into the mind of Mrs. Lawson, as she listened to the doctor's explanation. She fully understood the meaning of such words.

"Bring me to her apartment," she said, "and leave us alone for a while and I do not think I shall have any difficulty in quieting the apprehension of your, or rather, now, my charge."

"All right."

"Wait for me, Governor, and please do not get impatient at any delay, for my interview with Miss De Ruiz might be of longer duration than you would expect."

"I will walk around the garden. Do not hurry on my account."

Her heart beating with violent expectation, not free altogether from misgivings, she followed Dr. Flaherty to the apartment of Alice De Ruiz. Soon they entered an elegantly furnished room and sitting by the window Mrs. Lawson saw a figure and face of such unsurpassed loveliness that her heart went out in deep sympathy, for she knew the pains and sufferings accompanying a woman's beauty so flattered by men and envied by women.

ALICE DE RUIZ

But the demeanor of Alice De Ruiz at the sight of her visitor was by no means one of a joyful welcome such as might be expected from the prospects of release from dreadful confinement. On the contrary, as she arose from her seat her whole attitude was rather one of defiance and distrust.

Mrs. Lawson felt deeply moved, but she could understand. She made the doctor a sign to withdraw and after he had done so, she approached the girl with outstretched arms. Alice De Ruiz gave one inquiring and searching look and then fell weeping into Mrs. Lawson's arms. Together they wept. Their tears mingled and formed the first links of a friendship that was to enter deeply into their lives.

It took some time before their agitation subsided and then Mrs. Lawson suggested their immediate leave. "We can defer all explanations, my darling," she added in a voice still trembling and shaking with emotion. "Let it suffice for you to know that I have known your mother. We were not very intimate, it is true, but, I know not for what reason, there always was a bond of sympathy between us, and to reassure you completely let me tell you that I have suffered the same way as you did and that this brought me to your rescue."

"You are then my deliverer," cried the girl in a tearful voice, "and I had awaited your coming with such suspicion. I had thought that you were a tool of my stepfather. Please forgive."

"Nothing to forgive, my dear, and nothing to thank. I was delivered by a friend and by rendering you the same service I but pay a debt

to Providence. Besides your suspicion was only natural. I would have felt the same way in your position. Now let us go, we can postpone all explanations and plans for a later day, for I do not think we shall part soon again if ever. There is a lawyer here with me, but we had better dismiss him for the present." Without further delay they left the room. Mrs. Lawson looked for the ex-governor and soon found him in the garden. When this gentleman saw the two ladies coming towards him linked in each other's arms like sisters long parted, he felt that his company for the present would only be an embarrassment. He bowed deferentially and congratulated Miss De Ruiz on her release and pointing towards Mrs. Lawson he said, in a low voice, "You owe her a great deal."

It was late in the afternoon when they arrived at the hotel in Boston and Alice De Ruiz accepted a room in the suite of Mrs. Lawson until a neighboring apartment should be vacant. The next morning after breakfast Mrs. Lawson went to the room of Alice. She felt deeply depressed; a reaction had succeeded the agitation of joyful activity. The state of her mind was closely akin to Goethe's when he wrote: "The misery of humanity touches my heart," but with a strong effort she repressed all outward sense of depression; her new friend should see a calm and hopeful face the first morning of her newly acquired freedom.

Miss De Ruiz welcomed her visitor with a very pleasant smile. There was no special outward display of affection, only the eyes

spoke a language that needed not the interpretation of words. Calmness and self-possession are the marks of spiritual elevation and mental refinement. A soul that has learned to hold in check the outward signs of strong emotion has also gained a power to examine and look at life from a high standpoint and to endure misfortune to which others would quickly succumb. As these two clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes each recognized the greatness of mind and soul of the other. After they were seated peacefully on the sofa Miss De Ruiz said in a very serious and half depressed voice, "Now I must tell my story."

"No, me first," replied Mrs. Lawson, playfully. "I am the elder; I know already more of your life than you of mine, besides my history will explain to you some things and help you to understand our situation."

She then gave her a short account of her life up to the time of her parents' visit to New York, when the social relations existed between their families. Alice De Ruiz was but a child at that period, yet she remembered some of the incidents related by Mrs. Lawson. Mrs. Lawson then pictured her life in Frisco as a much wooed heiress. She related briefly the courtship and marriage to Mr. Lawson, dwelt lovingly over the story of her children and then gave an account of her life as a society leader and related in all its details the story of her imprisonment, her successive emotions while in confinement, her vow that after regaining her freedom her life should be devoted to the service of her fellowmen, and then gave a graphic

description of her liberation through the efforts of Mr. Morgan, her subsequent experience in her life of service in Boston and New York. Without intending it the name of Morgan had received a few touches in her narrative that aroused the curiosity and admiration of Miss De Ruiz. "Next to your children I would like to meet this Mr. Morgan," was one of her reflections after Mrs. Lawson had finished her history.

"Why," replied Mrs. Lawson with a slight blush, "I am afraid you would be disappointed. The appearance of Mr. Morgan, or rather John as everyone calls him, is anything but prepossessing. His looks and entire demeanor are very democratic; indeed I think I heard it said without contradiction that his father was a common day laborer, an Irish emigrant, and I believe that John is more proud than ashamed of his lowly origin. He told me one day himself that he just as soon would associate with an intelligent hod carrier as with a banker. How far a certain pride of being a self-made man might unconsciously influence this predeliction of John would be difficult to tell."

"You seem to understand and analyze men very well," remarked Alice with an admiring look.

"I have learned more of the world in general and of man in particular within the last six months than in all my previous life."

"Now my time has come," remarked Alice; "my history will not take so long to relate except the latter part, which is so sad."

A slight shudder passed through her fragile

frame as the recollection of the near past came to her objective consciousness.

"Not yet, Miss De Ruiz, we will first have dinner and then we will take a drive to the country, to the so-called Blue Hills, and from one of these hills looking down upon the sordid world, I will listen to the history of my latest and dearest friend."

Alice De Ruiz was satisfied. When ready to start Mrs. Lawson consulted Miss De Ruiz about their method of travel. "As for yourself," she continued in answer to an enquiring look of Miss De Ruiz, "I want to study the people, and have made it a custom to do from choice what they do from necessity, walk or take the street cars."

"You need not make a change in your habits on my account; I am perfectly satisfied to go to your school of life," declared Miss De Ruiz.

"I think, if you mingle with me and the people you must learn to dress a little less attractively," remarked Mrs. Lawson with a smile to Miss De Ruiz on their way to the Elevated. "Do you notice the curious and I might say envious gaze of women and the admiring looks of men as we passed them by?"

"I hardly think you are just, this time," replied Miss De Ruiz, as her eyes rested on the Juno-like figure of Mrs. Lawson.

"Oh no, I am getting too old, I think most people will take me for your mother or your governess."

Miss De Ruiz tried to remonstrate but the elder interupted her:

"Now please don't—let us not tell each other nice things about our outward appear-

ance. We can safely leave that to the men, but still I maintain that it is dress rather than looks that attracts attention in public places."

From some winding prospective they could now and then see the rounded forms and blue summit of some distant hills lifting their woody peaks into the blue ether. Mrs. Lawson signalled for the car to stop and on a winding path they climbed to the top of a hill. An exclamation of rapture fell from the lips of Alice De Ruiz when they had reached the summit and her eyes took in the beautiful panorama that lay at her feet. A splendid view opened before her vision. In the depth below stretched the plain, through the green meadows of which in a serpentine course wound a little river. The roofs and towers of the distant city looked like tiny dots on the map. Over opposite darkly rose the peak of Chickacauput in proud prominence. Blue flat mountain ridges extending like walls near one another formed a barrier that hid the view of the distant ocean. Over it all the two women gazed in silence upon the beautiful scene, forgetful of themselves and surroundings. In the rapturous looks of Alice De Ruiz Mrs. Lawson recognized again a kindred soul. She knew that the appreciation and enjoyment of nature is still a privilege of the elect—of the filii, as Ruskin calls them.

With a glance of mutual understanding they seated themselves on the grass. Alice De Ruiz took the hands of her companion and said dreamingly:—"Now to my story, where shall I begin? —my life as a child I do not think is especially interesting and is hardly different from that of any other girl of wealthy family.

I would like to speak to you of my parents; you knew them; you must have known how kind and generous was the disposition of my father and mother and not only towards me their only child," she said quickly as if in reply to some remark.

"I remember your father very well Miss De Ruiz, but I myself was yet too young and inexperienced to even think of judging character; but you are his daughter, you have his features, and I am pleased to think that in your case the saying holds good—"The apple does not fall far from the tree."

"Now didn't I hear someone say only a short while ago that we ought not to say complimentary things to one another, and that somebody as mentor I think ought to abide by her own advice."

"Who is playing now the role of mentor," said the elder with an amused smile as her hand softly stole around the waist of the younger. "Let us not argue on that point," she then remarked as Miss De Ruiz started to reply,—"let us continue with your story."

"Where was I—Oh yes, I was speaking of my father—Life was smooth when he lived; my remembrance of those days is dim and evaporates as I try to clothe my recollections with words. The death of my father was the first great event in my life;" she continued after a pause, "I was then eight years old. How vivid is still the picture of that event!—I see the sick chamber—I see my mother, how with tear-stained face she led me to my father's sick bed. In my mind I see the eye of my father looking sadly into mine, and I can hear

these last words, his last to me—'Be a good child and always mind your mama.' Do you believe in premonition?" she then said abruptly, as if carried away by her own thoughts.

"I certainly do and sometime will tell you some of my experiences.

"I well remember," then continued Miss De Ruiz, "the cloud which hung over my childish mind for week's after my father's death. I was still too young to grieve deeply or realize the full extent of my loss. It was not that—it was a feeling that dreadful things were before me in consequence of my father's death. After a time, of course, my youthful spirit exerted itself. I still had my mama and I think through the death of my father the bond of mutual attachment between us became closer than before. Several years passed by of which there is nothing of especial importance to relate until I met a man named Stanhope who was to become the husband of my mother. I well remember the day of our first meeting. It was on a winter evening (we lived then in the house of 78 th Street) when mama sent for me to come to the parlor. She showed me a tall distinguished looking man with a blond beard and said in a grave, yet caressing voice—'This is my little daughter, Alice.' The man seemed well pleased to make my acquaintance; he patronizingly patted me on the head; but somehow I shrank from his touch—a dark shadow seemed to stand beside him, making signs of warning. I spoke before of a foreboding of evil after the death of my father, now the same feeling came over me again only much stronger. That night I slept but little. In a

vivid dream I saw the figure of Mr. Stanhope standing over me in a threatening attitude. When my mother asked me the following morning how I liked Mr. Stanhope I cried, and she had quite a time to quiet my mind. 'You are a foolish child,' she then said with her arm caressingly around my shoulders. 'You need not be afraid of Mr. Stanhope; he is a good man and was a dear friend of your father.' I found out since that he made mama believe that and that papa never really cared to have much dealings with him. But upon me it made a strong impression, and, child as I was, I resolved to be nice to Mr. Stanhope. I do not know how far I succeeded, I do not think I did very well. The dark, warning shadow again and again stood by his side when he tried to caress me; but mama took occasion to tell me repeatedly that Mr. Stanhope was a good man so that gradually I could endure his presence. But when she told me that I would soon have to call him father I wept so bitterly that I think my mother became frightened. She asked what I had against him. I could not say anything definitely—I was afraid to speak of the black shadow for I felt that others, even mama, would consider me ridiculous, so I said, 'Nothing particular, but I can't like him. I tried to, because you said he was a nice man and a friend of my father, but I cannot overcome my feelings.' Mama kissed me affectionately and said, 'I think you are a little prejudiced but you will soon overcome that.'

"Some months after this incident the wedding took place; I remember well the day, I felt deeply depressed in my childish heart and

as soon as I could I stole to my own room and tried to sleep, but that night, as on my father's funeral, I slept but little. I was but a child, but I was always strongly sensitive and my whole being responds quickly to the feeling of joy or sorrow.

"After the wedding we went to Europe; but I remember but little of that trip, the different countries and cities seemed all the same to me. The Alps and the Rhine are the only scenes that I can recall distinctly. The Alps had something imposing—they seemed to speak to me of God.

"When I recall now that time to my mind I think I am right in saying that my mother did not find her expected happiness in her new marriage. The relations between me and Mr. Stanhope, now my stepfather, were outwardly friendly, but the feeling of a conscious antipathy, I think, was mutual. When I reflect now upon my situation I cannot help thinking that the repression of feeling—this forced hypocrisy—was very prejudicial to my mental and spiritual growth. Such things spoil the freshness and innocence of childhood."

"You are quite a philosopher for one so young," remarked Mrs. Lawson.

"I do not know much about theories in philosophy, but solitary hours in enforced seclusion open many vistas to the soul."

"I found that out myself, my dear Miss De Ruiz."

"I must try to finish my story. The balmy air engenders musings of all kinds that prevent the mind from proceeding on a straight line."

"Take your time, my dear; if your story is

not finished today, why, we have tomorrows and many tomorrows."

"No, I will finish the essential points, and you will see that from now on I will adhere to my narrative."

"After about a year's travel in Europe, we returned home. I was glad to get back to my old playmates and the familiar faces and the English language. I think we never really appreciate things until after we miss them for a time. After I arrived home in New York my life floated on smoothly in the old channel. I went back to the old school and continued my special music and elocution lessons. Six years passed by without any incident that would be of special interest. I have since learned that during that time Mr. Stanhope had ventured on some risky speculations on the stock exchange and that his and mama's fortunes were greatly reduced. Whether this was the main reason or only a contributory factor to my mother's failing health I do not know. As I recall now that time I see her before me with what seemed to me then a very troubled face and often felt her eyes resting upon me with what seemed to me a very troubled and anxious expression, as if she had a foreboding of my future ills. The weakness of my mother continued to increase. The best doctors were consulted but the diagnoses of not any two were alike, in fact their opinion and advice were often diametrically opposed. Our medical profession seems to have a good deal to learn yet. Then there came about two weeks when mother was confined to her room and finally to her bed. She sometimes sent for me and

kept me near her but never spoke to me of serious things or plans for the future. 'Trust in God,' was her frequent exhortation; 'His ways sometimes seem strange but they are just.' And then came the end—let us pass over that period.

"After a few months the spirit of youth asserted itself and I could continue my school work. At seventeen I left school and was introduced into society. You know society life yourself, the fascination it exercises at first and the satiety which it engenders. Men's flatteries soon wearied and disgusted me. Mr. Stanhope, who after my mother's death had become very attentive and showed great interest and solicitude for all my wants, often cautioned me that men were after my fortune, and I became very suspicious of every new suitor. Then came a change." For a few minutes the fair speaker seemed enwrapped in thoughts; then she continued: "It is now about three and one half years ago—I remember well the day when I first met a man named William Norris. It was at an entertainment given by Mrs. G. I had heard people speak of him several times, for although quite young he was the author of several books. Celebrity puts a halo upon men's brows to which most women, especially young girls, succumb. They seemed attracted by it like moths by fire and often encounter a similar fate.

"It would be impossible to define my first impression of Mr. Norris. There was a mysterious attraction coupled with a strange repulsion from the very start; but try what I might I could not banish his picture from my

mind. I read his books; they seemed strange and wild, containing many criticisms of society and of government which I understood but little. But I do not know myself how it came, when we met at social functions we were a good deal together; my eyes seemed to meet his whenever I looked around. One day when I was driving in Central Park I saw him lying in the grass, a book by his side. I drove by him several times before he recognized me. When he saluted I stopped the carriage and invited him to take a seat, but he asked in a tone such as only he could use: 'You come out please, the grass is so soft and fresh and a little exercise will do you good.' I hesitated but yielded to his eyes.

"Now you might guess the rest." She paused for a few minutes immersed in her thoughts and then continued. "The next morning I informed Mr. Stanhope that I had promised to become the wife of William Norris. He seemed amazed.

"'What, that anarchist! that free thinker! that agitator!' he exclaimed with seeming indignation. 'You must have been the victim of a strange delusion to take such a step—what would your mother say?'

"'I am sure Mr. Norris is neither an agitator nor an anarchist. He has my word and I am his betrothed.'

"'I only want your happiness; I promised your mother to watch over you and I can only warn and beseech,' replied my stepfather. 'Reflect carefully—did you read his latest book and the articles in the Arena?'

"'I have read his books, I admit, but I do not

fully understand him; I have not read the articles of which you speak, but I feel sure that Mr. Norris is a good man and I shall keep my promise—my promise to be his wife—if need be I can wait until I become of age.'

"'Read his latest articles—ask him if he believes in God and the Christian religion.'

"I left him and went to my own room. My stepfather's objection did not make much of an impression upon my mind; on the contrary I felt myself quite a heroine. I had a chance to show my loyalty and steadfastness to William. Later in the evening my maid brought me some copies of the Arena sent by Mr. Stanhope. I looked for the article by Mr. Norris and found one headed, 'The Religion of the Future.' I fail to grasp even now the full significance of the things I found in that article. I became greatly agitated when I had finished. There were many expressions such as the superstitions of religions, of priestcraft, of man-made dogmas and such things—words of highest esteem were given to Christ but the established and recognized religions were denounced in violent terms. I felt greatly troubled—Could William have written such things? he always had spoken with such sympathy of everybody and had an excuse for people's weaknesses and shortcomings. The next morning when he came to take me out for a drive to the park he recognized that something was not quite right, and in answer to his questions I spoke to him of Mr. Stanhope's remarks, and told him that I had read the article 'The Religion of the Future.' He tried to explain; he declared that he was neither an an-

archist nor an atheist, but that his God was not a mere strong human figure as he was pictured in the Bible—that God was all the universe and that all the Universe was God—that only in His creatures can we love and reverence Him. 'God as such,' and I distinctly remember those words, 'is a mere abstraction.'

"'You are really not a Christian then,' I said with a troubled heart.

"'Not a demoninational one; I love and admire Christ as one of the greatest and best men, but I do not believe Him to be God or equal with God, if by the word God we mean the Absolute.'

"My heart sank within me. He tried to convince me of his views; he assured me of undying love and that he would show me that one could be religious without going to church. I failed to become convinced; my mind was troubled, my soul was sad. Especially the words—'God is an abstraction'—seemed to have sunk deeply into my soul.'

"As soon as I returned Mr. Stanhope met me.

"'Well, was I not right,' was his query, and I think I saw a triumphant expression in his eyes when he recognized, as he must have, the disturbed state of my mind.

"That night I slept poorly, and the next morning I was in a high fever. For weeks I lay in a critical condition. I have been told that at one time the doctor had given me up, but I recovered. Mr. Norris, so I was informed later, had been a daily caller, and I was asked whether he could now be admitted. I refused to see him that day. I pondered deep-

ly what to do. Then a strange thought struck me: I asked for paper and pencil and in a note I wrote these words—'Do you love God more than me? If you can say conscientiously yes then come and see me; if not, we are parted forever.' The next day when he called I sent him the note and after more than three hours of weary and anxious waiting I received the message—'I cannot say yes, but please let me explain—I will send a letter; read carefully; do not destroy your happiness and mine.' I suppose the agitation caused by this incident brought on a relapse which nearly proved fatal, but again I rallied and slowly regained my strength. I felt sad, very sad, life seemed to have lost all attractions. I never received the letter promised by William in his last note. Mr. Stanhope and Dr. R. advised a stay in the mountains in Dr. H's sanitarium. I did not care where I went; any place was the same to me, and I accepted their advice. After about a month I wanted to leave and I thought of taking a trip abroad. But I found that I was in a prison from which all escape seemed cut off. When I realized my position I really became nearly insane."

"Enough," replied Mrs. Lawson in a voice full of sympathy, "I can imagine what you went through; I suffered the same myself, only the time of my suffering was weeks while yours was over a year."

The sun was now sending its last rays over the mountains, a bright red glow illumined the

horizon as the two ladies linked in each other's arms slowly came down from the mountains and took a car back to Boston.

CHAPTER IX.

A LETTER AND AN ANSWER

The next morning when reading the newspaper Mrs. Lawson saw a notice of the election of John Morgan to the office of District Attorney of San Francisco. She felt deeply gratified and decided to send him a letter of congratulations with an account of her last month's work. The letter ran as follows:

> When I saw in this morning's paper your election to the office of district attorney my first impulse was to send you a letter of congratulation, but my second thought made it appear doubtful whether my address of congratulation would not be more properly directed to the city of Frisco; let us compromise; and I hereby send my congratulations to both. You have now an opportunity which seldom falls to the lot of mortal man; you can show by your example what a wise administrator of law and justice can accomplish. Human nature is the same everywhere, and conditions in California, especially as far as public institutions are concerned, will in my opinion, not differ materially from those in Massachusetts, into which I tried in vain to penetrate with an official searchlight. Kindly keep me informed of proceedings and results.

Strange, very strange things, have happened since I sent you my last letter. I feel myself every day more and more an instrument in the hands of Providence. Your prognosis of the attitude of the public authorities of Massachusetts towards palpable abuses in public institutions was only too correct. All my efforts in that direction were completely fruitless, outside of the punishment inflicted upon a few minor officials who in my opinion were the necessary results of a brutish system. But why do I write to you of fruitless efforts when I can tell you of one attended with such a glorious result? Do you remember your remark in one of our conversations, that there is not likely another victim of a conspiracy similar to my case in this or any other country? This remark shows that even a very wise man can sometimes be mistaken. I found a case that resembled my own in nearly every particular.

A highly intelligent and beautiful girl was kept captive at a sanitarium kept by Dr. Flaherty in N.

The name of my heroine is Alice De Ruiz. From the very first, information obtained looked suspicious to an eye sharpened by personal experience.

Alice De Ruiz is an heiress to several millions of dollars. Her mother was dead and her stepfather was her guardian. Her father had been Alfred De Ruiz of whom you might have heard. Her mother after his death ventured upon a second marri-

age with a man named Stanhope, which proved to be a very unhappy union, and Mrs. De Ruiz died a few years after the marriage. The relations between Alice and her stepfather had never been friendly, but after her mother's death he professed the greatest solicitude in his stepdaughter's welfare. Alice De Ruiz was not deceived, yet she was looking for things to go smoothly until reaching her maturity. A few years ago she fell in love and became engaged to a man named William Norris. I understand that although still young he has written some remarkable books. I have not yet had time to read them, but shall do so at the earliest opportunity. On account of religious scruples which I do not yet fully understand Alice broke off the engagement. A dangerous sickness was the result, which left her in a distressed and apathetic condition. Her stepfather with the assistance of unscrupulous doctors availed himself of this condition to inveigle her into a sanitarium from which if they had their will she was never to emerge to breathe the air of freedom. Imagine a young and beautiful girl highly sensitive, accustomed to have every wish gratified, placed behind the walls of an insane asylum from which repeated efforts to regain her freedom had proved abortive and aggravated her condition. But I actually believe Providence sets a special watch over the victims of such perfidy, for otherwise Alice De Ruiz would have succumbed to the wiles of these

fiends.—Having been in such a place myself, my mind can now hardly bear the thought of the various dangers to which I was exposed. Alice De Ruiz spent over a year under such conditions and she was so much younger. Well she is free now; we are staying together at the hotel. We feel ourselves as sisters. Common suffering establishes a bond that unites more closely than natural relationship. I expect to introduce her to you at some future period. I intended to write to you of my many other things—of the poverty, misery and degradation existing in our large cities alongside of luxury and wealth and ask your opinion as to the cause and cure, but my letter is already too long and your new office will make great demand upon your time so I will close in the hope of an early answer and wise counsel.

She kept a copy of the letter, thinking of showing at some future time the correspondence to her new friend.

In reply to Mrs. Lawson's letter, Morgan wrote as follows:

Many thanks for the kind congratulations. I only wish they were better deserved. You are very fortunate and congratulations from me to you would be more appropriate, for you stand before a completed achievement, the result of noble thought and high endeavor. I am only too familiar with the temptations of money upon the average mind but the history of Alice De Ruiz and your own

show me that even I underestimated money's invidious power to deaden and stifle the silent voice of a God given conscience. I had heard of Alfred De Ruiz in connection with some financial undertaking but never knew him or his wife personally but know William Norris and am proud to claim him as one of my best friends. I know his books and I commend to you and your friend their careful reading. It is incomprehensible to me how any intelligent girl can have any objection to Norris on account of religious scruples. Why, a more deeply religious nature I never knew and these sentiments are reflected everywhere in his books. Of course his religion is not one of an ignorant peasant whose God is only an all powerful man endowed with human passions, with love and hate, giving reward and vengeance, and from your description of your friend I should have considered her superior to such childish views of religion. All great thinkers for thousands and thousands of years have proclaimed to the world the thoughts and ideals of William Norris. Their strongest representatives were Plato and Spinoza, Swedenborg and Boehme, but thus far mankind has not yet reached the level when their thoughts can become the property of the masses of humanity. The exclamation of Demosthenes, "The people have no sense," often reverberates in my ears.

When I reflect upon the religion and political aspect of society of our so much

boasted twentieth century, I can understand how the ideas and ideals of William Norris can be misconstrued by self appointed guardians of religion, but how a pure and intellectual girl can have religious scruples in connection with William Norris I fail to understand.

Is your Alice really so highly intellectual as your enthusiasm makes her appear? Has not bigotry distorted her vision on religion? I hope my friendship for William Norris does not make me unjust toward your newly found friend. Does your Alice know French? If so, have her read the reply of Victor Hugo to a bishop who had accused him of atheism. The sentiments given in the reply of Hugo are nothing new; they are and have been held by every thinker in the past and in the present. In former turbulent and intolerant times, danger to life and liberty made a light veil in expressing them expedient, but the genius of Hugo adds a special charm; if she can sympathize with the religion of Victor Hugo she has found the one held by Norris or by me, but when I come to think of what I have written just now, I nearly deem it an injustice to my friend Norris to advise the reading of Victor Hugo's poem, no matter how beautiful, as an explanation of the writings of Willam Norris. Norris is lucid enough for even an ordinary mind, and I can only sympathize with your friend for her lack of appreciation. As I said before, I hope I have not been harsh

in my criticism and reflections: believe me, they are not intentional and must be reckoned on the score of friendship.

But let me now come to personal affairs. Oh, how I wish to make myself worthy of your high opinion by noble deeds and action, but I am afraid your expectations of me and my power are too great. Any man, no matter how high his position and how great his nominal power, is only a wheel in a carefully planned and regulated system. You want me to open up an investigation of public institutions in California and give to other cities and their district attorneys a shining example. I fear greatly the result of such an experiment would be a warning to other officials not to walk in my footsteps.

Behind the recognized powers of authority selected by the people there are others not seen by them. There is the press, the eye of the public which must be taken into account. This press is owned and controlled by the powers of high finance. The writers are miserable unfortunates and sometimes unwilling tools. They must present to the people the views of their masters and most of them are so accustomed to this that they have no longer a thought of their own, so that a Republican paper bought by a Democratic politician or vice versa, need make no change in the editorial staff; the same persons who have been writing for one side, just as willingly write now for the other. When a paper, or rather its owner, transfers his

allegiance to an opposing party or candidate the idea never enters the owner's mind that his editors might object to a transference of their supposed partisanship. My assertions may seem to you strange but I will support them by facts familiar to all. Mr. Kearst last year did not have to discharge a single writer, when he reversed his attitude towards Bryan and the Democratic party and I am sure that the New York *Staats Zeitung,* the most influential paper among the Germans, made no changes in its staff when it became from a bitter opponent a most enthusiastic supporter of W. J. Bryan. The owners of these papers would have smiled at such a possibility as one of their editors having political views of his own. Why the public is not aware of these things seems a mystery, they half know them, but seem to be unable to draw the logical conclusions. I could tell many stories of the power of the press exercised occasionally for good but often for evil, but space and time forbid.

I intend to feel my way concerning the advisability and expediency of a public investigation, and keep you informed. But there is one point to which I would like to call your attention. Supposing I should succeed in focusing the searchlight of an official investigation (using your own beautiful expression) on the public institutions of California, and inflict the penalty of the law upon some officials and attendants, would existing abuses and cor-

ruption thereby be abolished? Would I rather not have plucked a few leaves to make room for some others? There was, in the state in which you are today, such an investigation carried on by a governor enthusiastic for human rights and equal justice. Kindly inform yourself concerning its final results and investigate the fate and fortunes of Ben Butler. Did you ever hear of John Altgeld, a former governor of Illinois, as good and noble and fearless a man as the world has ever seen? He died practically a pauper, of a broken heart, forsaken and betrayed like Ben Butler by those whom he tried to benefit. Call to your mind the story of the Christ, the reformer of Galilee and the quick change of sentiment in the dear public. How quickly was the cry hosannah! hosannah! changed to crucify! crucify! Did you ever hear of the Gracchi, the noble Romans and their fate? Well I do not wish to multiply examples still further.

Might I recommend to you the reading of another book from which a great lesson can be learned: "Don Quixote" by Cervantes? I was tempted to mention this book to you before this, but I did not wish to dampen your ardor in a noble cause. I do not think its reading would have deflected your course which, if the liberation of your friend, Alice De Ruiz should be the only fruit, was crowned with such success, but I expect that other fruits have been reaped by many others. Margie Harbeson, I feel sure, dried many a tear and

caused joy in many a poor household since her departure from California.

You ask for my opinion on political economy, for your inquiry as to the cause of poverty and wealth amounts to this. Well, I must acknowledge, I have not arrived at any definite conclusion on this much discussed subject. As a science it is very intricate and an abstract dissertation would hardly be to your taste. Examine with your own eyes. Did you ever hear anything of John Ruskin, William Norris, Edward Bellamy? You told me you read some books of Jack London. All these names are beacon lights on the subject of political economy, which is the science of wealth and poverty, their cause and effect. Why not attend some Socialistic lectures in Boston, the home of Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Emerson, Theodore Parker, all good names in the history of human progress? Did you ever hear of the Concord Brook Farm Colony formed nearly 100 years ago? But be careful when visiting the socialists; most of them have keen minds and strong intellects and are no lovers of ceremonies nor fond of etiquette and social distinctions.

When we look today at life in general and at the condition of man in particular and especially at government it is not easy to subscribe to the philosophical dictum of good, but maybe there is in the destiny of man underlying thread so fine as to escape the eye of the ordinary mortal, which thread might furnish an explana-

tion or even justification of seeming wrongs and injustices; but as I have said before, I have not arrived at any definite conclusions on these points. There are in Boston various schools of thought who claim to be in possession of such a thread. Why not make an investigation and allow me to share in the result?

If I have had the honor to be mentioned to your friend, Miss De Ruiz, kindly give her my best regard. I hope to hear from you soon.

Mrs. Lawson read this letter several times and pondered deeply over its contents. Should she show her correspondence with Morgan to Alice? After a short reflection she decided the question in the affirmative, and true to her custom to act after a decision had been reached, she went to the room of Miss De Ruiz with Morgan's letter and a copy of her own.

Swedenborg lays great stress upon the existence of a law of harmony or affinity which he claims to exist between two persons occupying the same plane of mental and spiritual development, by which law they understand and communicate to each other sometimes their ideas as it were by a kind of mental telepathy. Such a law must have been operative between Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz, for as soon as Mrs. Lawson entered the room her friend, Miss De Ruiz recognized that she had a special communication, and as they were seated in front of each other Miss De Ruiz without saying a word looked at her visitor with expectant eyes. In reply to the look Mrs. Lawson remarked, "You act as if you expect-

ed some special news, and you might be right but I never knew that my face was such an open book or are you especially gifted in mind-reading?"

Miss De Ruiz laughed. "Not that I know of, but without my being able to tell I somehow got the impression just now that you were the bearer of some remarkable and even good news."

"I am not so sure about this, Miss De Ruiz; I hope it will turn out to be useful news, and before I can give you this news I want to discuss something else. Our formal address for one another is hardly in accord with our familiarity and I might say intimate relations. There is a beautiful custom in Europe especially in Germany that a bond of friendship between two persons is sealed by their calling each other by their Christian names and using the second person in their address. Our language today does not admit the latter part of that custom but I think Margie and Alice would sound really nice."

"I am sure that Alice will, but I have been accustomed to look up to you as my benefactoress so that to call you Margie will sound a little strange to me; but I thank you very much."

"But now to my news—to be frank with you, I had hesitated a few minutes before resolving to give it to you, fearing to have infringed upon what you might consider your private and personal affairs, but you are somewhat responsible for it yourself. Your wish to make the acquaintance of Mr. Morgan influenced my action. I have here two letters, one from me

to Morgan and the other his answer. I want you to read them carefully and reflect over them, and then if you wish we can discuss and deliberate."

When Alice De Ruiz had read the letters she sat thinking for a long time. In her mind she went once more over the period of her acquaintance with William Norris and their courtship. His upright character, his manliness and moral honesty she had never doubted in her darkest moments. Many times of late, some misgivings about the correctness of her own attitude had again and again knocked at first humbly and then more and more boldly at at the door of her own conscience. Now Morgan's remarks and strong declarations of admiration and friendship for his friend Mr. Norris had touched her deeply. But for a long time her thoughts refused to take a definite shape that would lead to a precise resolution. Finally she arose and in a half abstracted manner went to the room of her friend.

Mrs. Lawson had awaited her coming not altogether free from anxiety, but a look at Alice set her fears at rest. A quiet and serene countenance and eyes full of hope and confidence met her inquiring look.

"I first wish to thank you, Margie," said Alice, "for your confidence, and please when you write again to Mr. Morgan send him my best wishes. And when I think of it," she continued as if a certain thought had struck her, "why not follow the advice of Mr. Morgan and seek the mental treasures deposited in Boston?"

"Thus far, my dear Alice, I have seen so

little of that much boasted Boston culture that I am inclined to doubt its very existence, but I am perfectly willing to go in search of it in your company. The question is where to look for this treasure. I think I will ask Mr. Berwin."

She called Mr. Berwin to the 'phone and asked him, if disengaged, to come to the hotel. In less than an hour this gentleman made his appearance and Mrs. Lawson in a half jocular manner asked his advice about the wells of Boston culture. "Thus far," she remarked, "I have not seen the slightest trace of such a thing."

Mr. Berwin at first seemed surprised, then a slight understanding smile came to his lips and he said slowly, "So you have not found the slightest trace of the springs of Boston culture? I can readily explain that. Your eyes, Mrs. Lawson, were turned in the opposite direction. There are two Bostons, the same as there are two Londons, two Paris, and two Berlins, and one part in each of these cities knows but little of the other. I think sometimes the extremes are even greater in Boston than in any other American city. The one extreme is sometimes called the working class; at another time the ignorant class; at election times, the designation is 'the people.' The other extreme is usually called the educated, the leisure class or simply 'society.' It seems to me the so called lower or working classes of Boston are more brutal and more vicious than those of any other American city. Statistics give Boston the greatest number of deaths from alcoholism. My explanation is this. Our work-

ing classes recruit themselves chiefly from the latest emigrants and their descendants. Boston is today practically an Irish city. About one-half of the population is of that nationality. Religion, the great uplifting force, is absent in their cases. You look at me in surprise, and I frankly admit most people would feel as you do, but when I speak of religion I mean the real not nominal or exterior religion. Of the latter the Irish and even their descendants have more than their full share. The population of Boston is Catholic, and this church has confined the emphasis of its teaching to outward conformity to its dictates and its dogmas. As long as a member of this faith hears Mass on Sunday, contributes his share to parish expenses, abstains from meat on Friday, he passes and considers himself a model son of the church. Morals, duties of man to man or of citizenship never enter into the sermon of the average priest. From his Mass on Sunday a good churchgoer may go on a debauch, and find himself on his awakening in a prison cell, but his religious conscience will be at perfect ease. I again see from the expression in your face that you think I exaggerate. I could give you several illustrations, but will confine myself to two of which I have documentary evidence. In a recent raid in a so-called house of ill-fame, the inmates asked leave to go to their rooms and take with them some of their belongings. The instrument with which every one was equipped for a possible lengthy stay in prison, was a rosary.

"A man, recently my client, a conductor on the elevated, about five years ago, married a

woman of 'the street.' He was then and is still a very devout Catholic. But, while he insisted that his mate should become a member of his own faith, he had no objection to her continuing to make money in her trade or even more illegally. The woman was in court the other day for abstracting seventy dollars out of a man's pocket, and the fact was brought out during the trial that she had given half of that sum to her husband. When I asked the man, how he could reconcile such actions with his religion, he said quite surprised, 'What has that to do with my religion?' This man would not miss Mass on Sunday or eat meat on Friday for a kingdom. It is a common sight to see a drunken man lift his hat when passing a Catholic Church. Over 75% of the inmates of the women-prison in Sherborn are Catholics and most of them deeply religious,—that is in their own eyes. The sight in the working class districts on Saturday night and Sunday beggars description. But the strangest thing to me is, how in the face of these things, attested by observation and government statistics, the rulers of the Catholic Church dare to speak of the beneficial effect of their religion upon morality, and yet stranger is the aquiescence to such a claim by thinking people. I think I have proved my case when I speak of the absence of religion in the lower strata of Boston's population. Religion in my opinion might be divided into two parts: our duties to God and our duties to man. The first part is useless without the second. It means either hypocrisy or ignorance. This fact is emphasised nowhere more strongly than in the words of the Christ,

and we read them in the Bible. His teachings consist nearly exclusively in instructions concerning our duties to our neighbor. In fact He clearly shows that we can only serve God through our neighbor.

"I do not doubt that there is a good deal of truth in what you say, yet I think your coloring is too strong," remarked Mrs. Lawson. "You are not doing justice to the Catholic Church; she has exercised a strong influence, and not always for the bad, on Christian civilization. She has given us such men as St. Francis and Thomas Moore, and such women as St. Catherine, St. Theresa and Joan of Arc. You cannot altogether blame the church for the shortcomings of her members; a religion for the faults of its devotees."

"'By their fruits you shall know them,' we read in the good book," replied Mr. Berwin. "Exceptions only prove the rule. You will find examples of individual greatness and benevolence even among savages. Goodness might exist in man in spite of his religion. We might continue the discusson of this subject at some future time. Let us now look at a more pleasant picture, especially as this is the object of your search and consequently the cause of my visit. There is another Boston, and that other Boston has well earned its reputation for culture and idealistic endeavor, and not from students at Harvard either," continued Berwin. "The centre of Boston culture is not found in Cambridge." He stopped, seemed lost in thought as if to increase the curiosity of his fair listeners.

"Well," said Mrs. Lawson, half incredulous

and somewhat impatient, "I hope this centre is not a secret place to which only the sesame of a special key procures admission."

"No, no indeed," replied the lawyer laughingly. "The place itself is not a secret, but the thing itself, the springs of culture will not be so apparent at first sight, neither can they be seen or recognized by every eye."

"Just tell us of this place, Mr. Berwin, minor difficulties or a first obscurity will not frighten or discourage us."

"There are many centers of culture," Berwin answered thoughtfully. "I will indicate a few places where a visitor may see some of their sparks. You know Copley Square where the library is situated; at the opposite side there is a building called Huntington Chambers. You will find there many new, strange and interesting things; and then, the Kensington, (whose owner is spoken of as the meanest landlord in Boston) has of late also become quite a headquarters for some intellectual currents for which Boston has become famous. From these two buildings you would be able to trace many ramifications that will lead in various directions. You will find charlatans and fakirs, the sophist is nowhere absent, and many pseudoprophets and prophetesses are strongly in evidence; but if you will look carefully enough you will find precious pearls."

"All right," remarked Mrs. Lawson thoughtfully, "we thank you very much for your kind information, and I think I can say for me and my friend that it will not be our fault if we do

not find some intellectual gems at your 'hyperborean' spring of Boston, the home of new isms."

CHAPTER X.

IN SEARCH OF BOSTON CULTURE

The next Sunday Mrs. Lawson and Alice De Ruiz went to Huntington Chambers, and there they saw indeed a new world, as it were, a resurrected Babylon. On several bulletin boards lectures of all kinds were announced. There were to be addresses on "New Thought," on "Hinduism," on "Theosophy," on "Astrology," on "The Kabbala," on the "New Fellowship," on "Swedenborgism," on "Spiritualism," on "Socialism," and on "Anarchy." A Babylon of isms had opened its gates.

When they entered the portals of the building the soft strains of solemn music were wafted to their ears. Following the direction of the music they soon found themselves in a beautifully decorated hall filled with a fashionable audience, and listened to the words accompanying the hymn, "I cloth myself safely around with Heavenly love and wisdom." The very atmosphere of the place seemed pleasing, predisposing the mind to calm contemplation and meditation. (When will the western world learn from the Greeks the importance of human thought, when will they recognize that our thoughts permeate the atmosphere and exercise an influence for good or evil?) Our two ladies made a critical survey of the congregation, and were struck with the expression of

joyful serenity on nearly every face. Dress and bearing indicated the fashionable world, but the features bore evidence of an intellectual life seldom found in the ordinary circles of what is called society. The address or sermon was given by a gentleman whose garb was that of the ordinary preacher, but whose attitude and demeanor differed widely from that of the common pilot to the Heavenly regions. Still more different was his address or sermon. The names of Christ, of Laotze and Krishna were combined in one sentence as bearers of divine light to the human race and with a voice that spoke of deep conviction and sincerity he pointed out that the kingdom of God is within, that we ourselves make our own Heaven or Hell of our own thoughts and deeds in the past and in the present. Our two ladies listened carefully, and they were not always sure of the preacher's meaning, nor were they willing to endorse the views proclaimed, but they were charmed by his earnestness, by the simplicity of the service, and the solemn reverence of the audience.

The meeting came to an end at about twelve o'clock. They then gave another look at the bulletin boards and saw that the meetings advertised would not commence until three o'clock; so they returned to their hotel and on their way back they discussed the meeting. Alice objected strenuously to the putting of Laotze and Krishna on a level with Christ. "I did not feel it so strongly," she said, "when I was listening to the sermon, but, when I think of it now, to put Christ on a level with heathen

gods or idols, why it is a sacrilege and blasphemy."

"I am not sure of that, Alice," replied the elder musingly; "I suppose the followers of Laotze or Krishna might feel the same way if some one would put Christ on a level with their divinity."

"But there can only be one true religion!" exclaimed Alice, her voice indicating the agitation of her mind.

"I am not so sure of that either, Alice. Consider the resemblance of the two words Krishna and Christ, does not this seem odd and give room to various speculations?"

Alice looked at her friend and seemed bewildered.

"We had better not go too deep into this subject just now," said the elder woman after a few moments of silence. "Life is a strange mystery, and the strangest thing and the most incomprehensible is our own self and our own existence; and I am becoming more and more impressed with the fact that different things seem and are different to different people; but I think as long as we listen to the voice of our conscience we can do no wrong."

In the afternoon they returned to Huntington Chambers; they listened for a few minutes to an exponent of astrology, but failed to get interested. Alice especially seemed bored. They left and entered into the next room where a Kabbalist held forth his wares. Strange figures and outlandish words seemed very mysterious; but the mystery seemed deepened instead of solved by the explanations given, and they left there also and wandered around the corridor

for a few minutes; then their attention was attracted by a strong voice coming from the floor below. They descended and entered the room of the strong voiced lecturer. At first they had great difficulties here also to get the message of this apostle. The words capitalism, revolution, strike, were mixed with such as marriage and divorce; they had come to a meeting of anarchists. The lecture was on marriage, and the speaker was not too choice in his words in which he poured forth his invectives against the government, against religion, against bourgeoisie, and against marriage. Alice looked at Mrs. Lawson; her face was flushed and bore evidence of indignation and grief.

"Let us go," she whispered.

"All right."

Many eyes were directed towards them as their elegant figures slowly went down the aisle to the door. In some eyes Mrs. Lawson thought she saw expressions of hate and resentment, but no audible remarks were made.

"You are a little too sensitive, yet, Alice; try to be able to look at the ugly side of life; things are not as bad as they seem; nor are men always as wicked as they speak."

"I wish I were like you," replied Alice; "mud seems unable to reach you. I suppose I am built of less strong material; I have less powers of resistance."

"I think you are wrong again, Alice; the whiter the dress the more noticeable the stain but let us not get into a controversy over our respected merits or demerits. In due time you will become less sensitive, when you will have

seen a little more of life. Here I see a lecture on 'New Thought' advertised from five to six. Shall we wait? And here is a lecture on 'Reincarnation' at a Theosophical lodge at 8 P. M. Shall we take in both or one?"

"Let us take some fresh air, Margie," said Alice, pleadingly, "and then take in the lecture on Reincarnation. Did you ever hear anything of that Theosophical Society before?"

"I have heard some of my acquaintances in California speak of it sometimes," said Mrs. Lawson. "There is a certain Mrs. Tingley who established a kind of colony in Point Loma; some called her an adventuress; others spoke of her in terms of the highest praise. As far I can remember the sect or society was founded by a Russian woman named Blavatsky, a low adventuress according to some, and a God inspired prophetess according to others. A man named Olcott, a rich lawyer and politician, became one of her main associates, or dupes, as some put it; I am really curious about these people and their thoughts."

"The term Theosophy," replied Alice De Ruiz, "is quite a pretentious one. Theos, I remember, is the Greek word for God, and Sophia stands for knowledge, so Theosophy I take it must mean knowledge of God. I have a hard job to understand myself, and shall these people understand God?"

At eight o'clock they returned to Huntington Chambers to listen to the address on Reincarnation.

Before introducing the speaker of the evening the chairman made some remarks about the Theosophical Society. He stated that the main

object and the only obligatory tenet for membership was a recognition of the brotherhood of man. The other two objects were the study of unexplained laws of nature, and the comparative study of the religions of the world. Then came the speaker of the evening. She was a very modest and diffident looking young lady. Very inexpensively dressed, small of stature and with the face of a child. Her demeanor and appearance was the very opposite of what Alice had expected of an exponent of Theosophy, the science of God. Her introductory remarks were still more remarkable. She took pains to impress her audience with the fact that her address contained no original matter, that she only had gathered together some of the teachings of the world's greatest thinkers. She then proceeded to explain that reincarnation meant the successive wanderings of the soul through many bodies until Godhood was reached. "We all have been here many times, maybe thousands of times before," she declared, "and most likely will have to return many thousands of times more." She maintained further that we were on earth to get experience which was to be digested in the heaven world called Devachan. She laid stress on the difference between the words metempsychosis and reincarnation; explained that the first term signified possible retrogression, a return to the animal kingdom, whereas the latter word precluded such a possibility. She then asserted that one-half of the world today believed in reincarnation; that it had been held by ancient Greeks and their philosophers; that Christ taught it and she mentioned as evidence

of her last assertion the story of the man born blind and the answer given; the question of Jesus to his apostles; "who do men say that I am," and the proclamation of John as Elias come again. She then quoted modern writers and poets such as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Emerson, Ruskin and Whitman, Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing, Victor Hugo and Honore De Balzac, as exponents of and believers in the doctrine of reincarnation. Most of us, she declared, for our own good do not remember our previous life, but more highly evolved souls sometimes do. She claimed that Pythagoras remembered nine of his previous incarnations; that Goethe remembered his previous existence as a Roman and gave us as the period of his former life the time of Emperor Hadrian; that Ruskin recognized himself as St. Chrisostom. The speaker intimated that if we lead a good and noble life on earth we will reap the benefits not only in the heaven world but also on our next return to this planet; that the conditions under which we would be reborn were being determined by the actions of our present life.

This little, timid speaker spoke with such gravity, such a deep conviction lay in her words that any doubt as to her sincerity was excluded. She descended from the rostrum looking as timid and diffident as when she had ascended. She seemed not in the slightest conscious of having done anything out of the ordinary. Nor did the audience manifest any particular signs of admiration or approbation. Such a thing as applause seemed banished from Theosophical assemblies; only an elder-

ly lady, as the speaker returned to her seat, stepped out and kissed the speaker on the forehead as a mother would kiss a beloved daughter. The meeting closed with the singing of a hymn; and our two friends were surprised and deeply moved when they heard the soft solemn strain and the accompanying words, — "I clothe myself safely around with infinite love and wisdom."

After the meeting the people began to greet and chat with one another. Mrs. Lawson and Alice De Ruiz tried to approach the little speaker and express some words of appreciation.

"Ask her to come to the hotel," whispered Alice.

When Mrs. Lawson had succeeded in getting the ear of the little speaker she introduced herself and Alice as two strangers who had heard today their first exposition of Theosophy, and she continued, "I and my friend would like to hear more of it; could you not come to see us some day and give us some further information on that subject?"

"Oh, there are many much better qualified for that than I am, and then I have to work in the daytime."

"I would gladly compensate you for your time," suggested Mrs. Lawson.

"Oh no, I would never accept a material reward for giving anyone what little I know of Theosophy."

"Could you come some evening, or if you prefer we might come to see you."

"I have only a very small room, hardly suitable to receive guests," answered the little lec-

turer, and her eyes glided over the elegant apparel of her two interrogators.

"What evening could you come? It would really be a great favor."

"Well, I could come next Tuesday."

Mrs. Lawson gave her card on which was also written the name of her hotel. The little speaker took out of her pocket-book two plain cards of the cheapest material on which was written, Miss Alma Lenz.

On their way home they exchanged their impressions. Alice especially was deeply thoughtful.

"I think," she remarked, "our Shakespeare was again proved to be right today when he says, 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' These people," she continued, as if following her own thoughts, "are undoubtedly sincere and mean well. They seem to possess more than ordinary intelligence, and yet they come to such strange and seemingly absurd conclusions."

"Life is a strange riddle indeed."

"What comes next on our program?" There was a lecture on Socialism advertised on the bulletin board. "I think a little investigation of that subject might prove opportune. Did you ever hear anything of Socialism, Alice?"

"I have heard the word, but never looked into the subject, but I think its investigation will be necessary for the completion of our education."

"The more I examine things, Alice," Mrs. Lawson continued, "the more I become impressed with the fact that things are reflected

differently from different minds and a comparison of view points will always be instructive. The difficulty is that most people are so moored to their own little world, they move around such a narrow circle that they cannot or will not, see the great world beyond; they refuse to listen to or reflect upon the opinion of others."

"'The hardest thing in the world is to think,' Emerson writes somewhere," Alice De Ruiz said thoughtfully. "I wondered at that sentence when I read it. The Concord Sage might have been right, yet I think Emerson would have been more precise had he said, 'to think rightly,' that is, to understand. You see I was thinking then a little differently from what I do now. We usually think, or anyhow, think we think. You see we cannot get away from thinking; the difficulty is to understand."

"I think you will yet turn out a philosopher, Alice," replied Mrs. Lawson laughing. "You analyze well, and the law of thinking, that is, logic, once mastered, the rest is easy."

"Maybe under your guidance, my dear Margie. Your information that logic is the law of thinking is again a valuable adjunct to my knowledge."

True to her promise Miss Alma Lenz made her appearance on the evening agreed upon. She was dressed neatly, but very simply. An experienced eye recognized her apparel to be of durable but very inexpensive material. Her whole appearance was modesty itself, yet she seemed to be completely free from embarrassment.

They had ordered some light refreshment

and they invited Miss Lenz to be their guest. But she declined gracefully saying that she had eaten supper only a short while ago.

"Well just take a cup of coffee," remarked Mrs. Lawson.

"I do not drink coffee."

The positive manner in which the words were spoken indicated a moral objection to that innocent beverage.

"Do you think it wrong to drink coffee?"

"Not for all, but for some."

Then seeing the wondering faces of her hosts she continued, "Our teachers say, when the desire for any material thing threatens to submerge the freedom of your will, then the higher Self is called upon to assert its independence and superiority. The greatest temptation I had to overcome was my desire for coffee; I did not succeed at once in getting the mastery, and this experience has taught me to sympathize with others sometimes struggling in vain to overcome their appetites."

"I never would have thought that coffee could be considered morally harmful. I have heard it often called the intellectual drink," said Mrs. Lawson.

"You are perfectly correct in your assumption, Madam. The great Swedenborg indulged even what might be considered immoderately in that beverage. People in different stages of evolution require different things. I have a friend who often quotes the Latin phrase, '*Quod prodest jovi non prodest bovi*—What might be proper for the savage might be very improper for the sage.'"

"Do you mean then that less evolved beings drunk coffee and higher ones not?"

A pained expression passed for a moment over the serene features of Alma Lenz.

"Not at all" she replied. "The sage may even indulge sometimes his appetite in a way, that would greatly injure his weaker brother. As I said, Swedenborg drank coffee to what people would think excess, Madame Blavatsky smoked cigarettes nearly continuously. Ordinarily of course, the higher the mental and spiritual evolution, the less a soul cares for material enjoyment."

"Your objection to coffee then has nothing to do with Theosophy?"

"No, not directly."

"Let us now come to Theosophy."

"I heard people speak of your society in California. There is, I think a kind of a colony in Point Loma."

"Oh, that is not my society, that is a different branch."

"Are there then two Theosophical Societies?"

"Well there are two divisions," answered Miss Lenz hesitatingly.

"Do they hold different views?"

"No, their essential principles are the same. Both claim Madame Blavatsky as their founder."

"Did Madame Blavatsky originate the teachings which you hold?"

"No, Madam, she only was, and never claimed to be anything else than an instrument of higher powers."

"How did it come that there are two Theo-

sophical Societies, or divisions, as you call them?"

An embarrassed look came into the eyes of Miss Lenz; she hesitated to answer and finally said: "It is quite a long story, and then I suppose I could give only the viewpoint of our side, and then to be understood a good deal of the Society's history would have to be explained first."

"We'll leave that for another time. What struck me most forcibly," continued Mrs. Lawson, "was that you claim nearly every Western thinker as a believer in reincarnation. I am willing to accept your declaration that this belief is held in China or Japan or in India, or that the ancient Greeks had such ideas, but somehow I did not, and do not see how you can ascribe such beliefs to the men mentioned in your address."

"I came prepared, and to be frank, I have waited for this statement," answered Miss Lenz.

She took from a little green bag which she had with her a little book and said smiling, "This book has furnished the material for three-fourths of my address given last Sunday. It contains the statements and their places of the authors mentioned."

She opened the book and showed the passages from Wordsworth and Coleridge and the others she had given as in favor of reincarnaiton. Some of the pasages seemed vague to Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz and they ventured to say that poets sometimes needed figures that would not allow a literal interpretation, but had to admit that some expressions,

especially those of Wordsworth, Coleridge or Emerson hardly admitted a different interpretation.

"But where do you find that Goethe actually remembered his previous life?"

"Here," and Miss Lenz extracted another book from her little bag. "This book was written by Prof. Heynacher under the auspices of the German Philosophical Society. Can you read German?" she then asked.

"Some," answered Miss De Ruiz.

Miss Lenz then pointed to the statements of Goethe where he speaks of his reminiscences under Emperor Hadrian, and his expectation to meet again his friend Wieland who had recently died; both, that is, he Goethe and Wieland, ensouling some planet or comet.

"Do you believe then, that planets or comets have souls?" asked Miss De Ruiz.

"Why not? Compare our own planet the earth to the genus homo. Might not an ocean perform the functions of the heart; the river that of our arteries, and the atmosphere that of our lungs?"

"Is this idea a part of the idea of the teachings of Theosophy?"

"We have no dogmas, and our views on life are left to individual members. Of course reincarnation and karma are such an integral part of our philosophy that without this belief a member would find him or herself isolated in the Society."

"And where do you find that Ruskin remembered his previous life?"

"For some reasons best known to himself, he did not express himself openly as Goethe,

but if you will investigate, you will find that he signed himself, Christostum to a few of his intimate friends, and especially to the woman whom he recognized as his mother in his former life."

"That certainly is news to me. Where do you find those things?"

"Some in his 'Praeterita,' others in a biography of him. Any student of Ruskin must see that his mind was saturated with Greek thoughts and ideals. At seven years of age he was familiar, as I would say, *again*, with that language. He actually attempted to write at that tender age an epic to which he gave the presumptuous title 'Eudaios.'"

"I think I also heard you quote Christ in support of reincarnation," remarked Miss De Ruiz.

"I do not see how the passage I quoted could be given another interpretation; besides we find many similar statements in the writing of the early church fathers. We have, what seems to me, and is in fact taught in our literature, an esoteric as well as an exoteric side to Christianity. The exoteric side was given to the multitude. The writings of Origen clearly established that fact. Christ's statement: 'To you it is given to know the Kingdom of Heaven; to them I speak in parables' would likewise indicate that the Apostles received more than what could be given to the general public."

"Would not this multitude need enlightenment even more than the select few?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"Knowledge which is above a person's

understanding is worse than useless, even laws and regulations of conduct must be different for different people. To the Jews, just coming out of slavery the Commandment 'Love your enemies' would have seemed absurd indeed. The highest they were capable of accepting was: 'Love your friends.' Fifteen hundred years later they were fit to hear 'Do good to them that hate you'. Plato in his Timaeus, Goethe in the second part of Faust, spoke only to what Ruskin calls, 'The Filii'. The latter tells us again and again 'We cannot stoop down to you, you must raise yourself up to us.'"

"Do you believe in Christ?" suddenly asked Miss De Ruiz.

"I believe in His teaching," was the unhesitating reply.

"Do you believe He was God?" again asked Alice De Ruiz.

"Yes, but only in the sense that we all are," was the startling reply. "I came prepared for that question also," she then continued with a smile, and she took out of her green bag a small Bible and pointed to the verses thirty-three to thirty-five in the tenth chapter of St. John where Christ, accused of blasphemy for calling himself the Son of God, said these words: 'Is it not written in your law, ye are Gods?' "A friend of mine," she continued "recently told me that in an old Greek Bible we find these words: 'Ye are Gods' written in italics, thus indicating that a special significance was attached to that statement of Jesus. If Jesus had wanted to claim for himself a special divinity; if he had wanted to make man's salvation depend upon the acceptance of

a belief in His divinity, right here and then he should have proclaimed this divinity of Himself, without even a possibility of being misunderstood, but how shall we interpret His answer: 'Ye are likewise Gods.' Now I, or rather Theosophy, does not consider Christ an ordinary human being. We believe He had reached a degree of perfection far above, but not beyond the reach of other mortals. We believe that he is still in the heaven world, and influencing for good the whole world, and especially the Christian churches. We even believe that he will return, that is, will again assume flesh, in other words will reincarnate and will complete his work, but the idea of making Him co-equal with God the Absolute, this very idea to us is unthinkable, and seems absurd to a philosophically trained mind."

"Do you not consider Him the greatest and best teacher of Humanity?"

"Things are relative," was the answer given in a thoughtful voice. "The smaller cannot fully apprehend or appreciate the greater. Christ is rather too far above me, for myself to express or measure His greatness. I only know this, that besides Him there were other great teachers, and I would never presume to pass judgment upon the respective merits of such Masters of Wisdom as Krishna, Zarathustra, Buddha, LaoTze or Christ."

Mrs. Lawson and Alice De Ruiz listened more and more amazed to the bold and precise declarations of their innocent and youthful looking visitor. A careful scrutiny had convinced Mrs. Lawson that Miss Lenz must be older than she looked. Had that little

Theosophist discovered that long sought elixir of youth? A new thought struck her. Why not engage her as a companion? "If you don't mind changing the subject, might I ask you the nature of your present occupation?"

"Well I have been engaged as a nurse and have changed or tried to change to a stenographer, but have not yet succeeded in securing a permanent or suitable position."

"Are you employed at present?"

"Only partially."

"Would you be willing to accept a position as my private secretary?"

"If you think that I can meet your requirements."

"I hardly doubt that."

"Well, since we are thus far why not come to a definite agreement?"

"What salary would you demand?"

"Well, I would be willing to begin with $50 a month.

Mrs. Lawson and Alice De Ruiz exchanged a look of surprise.

"The position of private secretary is one of great importance to me. I would gladly pay $100 a month for the service, and in spare time you can initiate us further into the secrets of Theosophical lore."

"It is difficult for me to express my appreciation of your generous offer and flattering confidence. I can only hope that you will not be disappointed in your expectations."

"I have no doubts in that respect. I think you are an exception to the rule that people think too much of their talents and not enough of themselves. When can you enter your, I

do not like to say service, nor does the word duty appeal to me especially in this connection. Can you help me out with a word, Miss Lenz?"

"I see no objecion to either word, to service or duty, provided the reciprocity of the relation is recognized. If people in general would only realize their mutual interdependence and obligation, this world would be a nicer place to live in."

"All right, since we have agreed upon the propriety of the question what is your answer?"

"Well, as I have said before. I have at present no permanent position, and I can commence tomorrow evening, or this evening if there is something special to do. Your promised remuneration is so much beyond my most sanguine expectation that late hours have no terrors for me."

"You need not fear such a thing as late hours in your work for me. If the remuneration seems high to you it is only due to your modesty. Your services I am sure will be worth more than mere money. If you can commence tomorrow I will be pleased."

"What time shall or may I come?"

"I like neither your words shall or may. Our relations, Miss Lenz, I hope will be on the footing of friends. The difference in worldly position ought not to be a barrier to friendship in equals of mind and spirit."

CHAPTER XI.

GLIMPSES OF BOSTON CULTURE

Mrs. Lawson to Morgan:

What do you think of reincarnation? In my mind's eye I can see a slight relaxation of the usually so stern features of my esteemed friend John who I suppose has clothed himself both outside and inside with new vestments of dignity, in keeping with his recently acquired powers and responsibility. I will try to answer the question which I think I see coming to your lips;—How does she come to ask me about reincarnation?

In obedience to your advice to go in search of Boston culture I called on Mr. Berwin for information, and in the consultation he informed me that it was entirely owing to my looking in the wrong direction that thus far I had found no trace of the intellectual life pulsating in the Athens of the new world.

He explained to me that there are two sides to Boston, that heretofore I had only seen one, the seamy side, which was the one so much below the one in most cities as the other, the bright and shining side, was above. In answer to my question where I could find that other side, that is, the bright and shining one, he referred me to two buildings from which the ramification of Boston culture could be traced, and I must admit that a subsequent

visit to these places more than justified Berwin's assertion. I doubt whether there can be found anywhere another such centre of human activity. A short letter will not suffice to give an adequate description of the life pulsating in these places or to do justice to the efforts, at least in ideal endeavor, made on behalf of human progress and welfare. I only wish you were here to help us out with your practical experience. I say us, for Alice De Ruiz and myself have become so nearly one in thought and sympathy that what affects the one is shared with and communicated to the other.

Alice is doing some very serious thinking about your mutual friend Norris and his religious opinions. Without any specific communication on that subject she knows that I am conversant with the state of her mind, and we will very soon have a very confidential chat of which you might learn the conclusion, but on account of being a man, and therefore an outsider, not the details. Now I look up and methinks I can hear you murmur between your teeth "just like a woman, she can never stick to a subject, from reincarnation to a dissertation on Boston culture and then to a love affair." Well I'll get back to the beginning, what do you think of reincarnation? Of the many thought currents flowing from Huntington Chambers, the most famous headquarters for Boston culture, the one that has taken strongest hold upon my imagination represents the claim that reincarnation is our chief means for mental and spiritual evolution and the key to life of the universe. Did you ever hear of the Theosophical Society, of Madame Blavat-

sky, of Annie Besant? What do you think of the people and their ideas? Now do not think I have drifted into a new or different channel of activity and that I have given up my resolution to devote my superfluous time and energy to the redress of wrongs and injustices. On the contrary I am interested in philosophical and spiritual questions more from practical purposes than for the mere satisfaction in solving abstruse questions. I want to understand life in all its aspects as far as my limited faculties permit, in order to work intelligently and get the best results from my labor, both for myself and others. Miss De Ruiz sends you her love and highest respects. I have given her as good a description of you, as lay in my power of delineation, but I fear that personal predilection made me partial, for my friend Alice is altogether too enthusiastic about John and looks forward with too much anticipation to a personal acquaintance.

P. S. I have engaged a secretary, the young lady who gave an address on reincarnation for the Theosophical Society, the first evening we visited Huntington Chambers. She is a delightful person and a most valuable companion to myself and Miss De Ruiz.

"There is to be a lecture this evening at the Metaphysical Club, Alice; do you think we should go?"

"I think it would be interesting, what do you say, Miss Lenz?"

"I was a member of the Club once, but dropped out for financial reasons. I know well the speaker of the evening, Miss Winslow. She

is well read in metaphysics and you will meet a refined and cultured audience."

"What do you think of the Metaphysical Club in general?"

"Its members are very good people, who, I think, do what they think is right acording to their light."

A certain hesitation in the voice of Miss Lenz indicated that there was in her mind a something of which she semed not sure enough herself to clothe it into words.

"According to their light, but their light is not yours," remarked Mrs. Lawson.

"No madam, I see some things differently."

"What do you think is the main difference?"

"Well, their philosophy has not enough of practical application, they do not take enough interest, it seems to me, in the welfare of others; of humanity as a whole."

"Does the Theosophical Society do that?" asked Mrs. Lawson somewhat surprised.

"It endeavors to do so," was the response, "but of course for the short comings of individual members the Society is not to blame."

"Can you tell me the particular application of your Society's solicitude for the welfare of humanity?"

"Well our teachings of the Brotherhood of Man and that the fate of every human being is forever linked with that of the whole of humanity, should make the relation between man and man more friendly and unselfish."

"But is not this a good deal of simple theory?" remarked Mrs. Lawson. "Is there an organized effort made by your Society to do

away with the wrongs and injustices of which this world is full?"

It would be difficult to describe in words the exression of surprise upon the fair and innocent looking face of Miss Lenz. She seemed bewildered and at a loss what to say, and finally declared: "Why, Madam, you talk just like a socialist. There are a few socialists in the Theosophical Society, who are always preaching that Brotherhood in theory does not suffice. They want everybody to join their organization which they claim has for its object the establishment of conditions that would raise Brotherhood from theory into practice."

"And what do you think of that?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"Well, if I were a man, I think I might join the organization," answered Miss Lenz, "but their aim is political and I have no taste and little understanding of politics."

"Have the socialists no women in their organization?" again asked Mrs. Lawson.

"I think they have, in fact they must have, for I remember Mr. Heine asked me several times to become a member."

"Who is this Mr. Heine?"

"He is a member of the T. S. and also of the Socialist party."

"I would like to meet him," declared Mrs. Lawson. "Uniting in one person a Socialist and Theosophist indicates at least a wide and liberal horizon."

"I am sure," declared Miss Lenz, "Mr. Heine will be more than pleased to meet you, for he is always on the lookout to make converts to his views."

The lecture at the Metaphysical Club proved to be quite interesting. The audience bore the stamp of fashion and of culture. The speaker of the evening was fully conversant with the nomenclature of metaphysics and psychology. The joy and satisfaction derived from the development of the mind was painted in the brightest colors, the intellectual heights to which man should aspire and the individual superiority when attained, were pictured most graphically to an attentive audience, but there were no words of duty or obligations of man to man.

After the speaker had finished the audience showed their appreciation by a very liberal volume of applause. The audience then broke up in groups of people, exchanging words of greeting and of recognition. Several persons remembered Miss Lenz and seemed very much pleased to see her again in their midst. "Oh, we missed you so much" was a frequent exclamanation. "Where have you been?"

"You said you knew the speaker, Miss Lenz. Will you give us an introduction?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"She is talking now to a Mrs. Ellis, but I will make her a sign." This sign seemed to to have its effect, for Miss Winslow met our party half way. The conventional phrases attending an introduction having been exchanged, Mrs. Lawson remarked: "I would like to talk metaphysics with you. Could you spare us an evening?"

Miss Winslow looked up surprised. "Would not this be carrying both owls to Athens and coals to Newcastle? You seem to be a friend

of Miss Lenz and I know that she is at least as well qualified as myself to discuss that subject, and then we have a very voluminous literature," and she pointed to a table covered with books.

Mrs. Lawson seemed for a moment at a loss what to say, then she declared: "It is not in simple metaphysics that I am interested, but in the aim of your Society and its ethical workings."

Miss Winslow again looked at Miss Lenz as much as to say, why do you want me when you have her?

"Well" said Mrs. Lawson in reply to this look. "Miss Lenz is a Theosophist and she sees things from that standpoint, I and my friend Miss Ruiz would like to look at the world through the eyes of a metaphysician."

"I think I understand now. It will be a pleasure to me to comply to your wishes. You can let me know about time and place through Miss Lenz."

When they left the building a certain thought struck Miss Lenz and caused her to smile. "How would it be to invite Mr. Heine and Miss Winslow for the same evening? A discussion, or rather debate, for that is what it will amount to, between them, would be instructive and interesting."

"Your idea is a fine one," replied Mrs. Lawson. "We might have a kind of a symposium, in imitation of one of Plato's banquets. What might be done in the line of refreshments, Miss Lenz?"

"Mr. Heine,I know does not agree with Mrs. Besant in her condemnation of wine, but I

hardly think he would expect such a thing at a meeting with Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz."

"Nor with Miss Lenz either," remarked Mrs. Lawson smiling.

"Oh, he knows that I would not mind or object if he would indulge. He knows my views. In some respects they are the same as his, for it is he from whom I have the phrase, *quod prodest jovi, non prodest bovi.*"

"The suitability of things, I suppose depends upon the degree of the soul's development," remarked Mrs. Lawson with a slight touch of raillery.

"To some extent, yes, but not altogether," replied Miss Lenz.

She was about to continue, but Mrs. Lawson interposed, saying: "We had better not now indulge in a discussion of the soul. I admit I know but little about it, and for that reason you see I am making all these efforts to find out more."

Alice De Ruiz had given but half an ear to the dialogue of her companion. A strange preoccupation seemed to have taken possession of her. The world of things into which she caught glimpses was so far different from the one to which she had always been accustomed that it left her bewildered and perplexed, unwilling to take sides or express her views, but as she had been one of the most attentive listeners at the lecture so she was now too much engaged in her own thoughts to heed the dialogue of her companions.

Her thoughts began to take shape but she wanted to be sure of her ground before forming definite conclusions.

"I met Mr. Heine at the meeting of the Theosophical Society last night and he says that he will be at your disposal any evening you designate," said Miss Lenz after Mrs. Lawson had finished dictating her answers to the morning's mail. "And," she continued with a slight shade of embarrassment and a little hesitating in her voice, "I think Mr. Heine is fighting a hard uphill battle in his line of work and a financial compensation for his time would not mean anything to you, but might a good deal to him."

"Did he give any hint as to the amount?"

"Oh no, and I don't think he expects anything."

"What is his profession?"

"He teaches languages and writes for papers and magazines, but I heard him complain some time ago that progresive papers and magazines are too short of funds to pay contributors and that other publications would force the writer to prostitute his intellect."

"I will leave this matter with you. I am willing to be generous and leave the degree of generosity to yourself."

"Thank you, I will discuss it with Mr. Heine. We understand each other, and neither would hesitate to encroach upon what the world calls personal affairs."

"Oh, I nearly forgot," she then continued, "Mr. Heine told me that there will be a debate between a man named Hugo, the president of the Employers' Association of Massachusetts and a Mr. Carey, the socialist State secretary.

Mr. Heine thought the affair might interest you."

"Where and when will the debate take place?"

"Tomorrow evening at Fanueil Hall."

"All right, you get the tickets."

"I think admission will be free, but of course they will take up a collection of some kind. The Socialists' treasury, that much I know of their Society, is in a chronic state of consumption."

CHAPTER XII.

THE DEBATE AT FANEUIL HALL

Fanueil Hall. The word seemed familiar both to Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz, and after some efforts to refresh their minds, Miss De Ruiz remembered having seen the word in one of her school books on American History, and to her mind came the phrase "Cradle of Liberty," which the patriotic author had bestowed upon its historic walls.

About half past seven the three ladies emerged from the portals of their hotel.

"Miss Lenz," remarked Mrs. Lawson "you must be the leader and take us to our destination."

"I am not sure myself. I was there but once and forgot its exact location, but I know it is somewhere just off Washington Street. We can ask the conductor on the car."

When Miss Lenz thought they had gone about far enough she asked the conductor at what street they should get off to get to Faneuil Hall. "Faneuil Hall," the conductor looked puzzled. A fellow passenger here volunteered the information that the nearest place to get off was Adams Square.

"Well," said her informant in a low voice, "any man born in Boston would, but the elevated prefers to employ men from the coun-

try. They are more easily managed and work cheaper."

"Another lesson in political economy," remarked Mrs. Lawson to Alice De Ruiz.

The sight of Faneuil Hall building was quite a disappointment, the structure seemed dilapidated, its surroundings were wretched, and a disagreeable odor permeated the air.

"Not a very inviting place," remarked Alice De Ruiz.

"This square is a market place, as is likewise the lower part of Faneuil Hall," explained Miss Lenz.

"How the mighty have fallen! The famous cradle of liberty has sunk down to a place for fish mongers to sell their wares," mused Mrs. Lawson.

"The inside is not bad," remarked Miss Lenz. "The city owns the building."

Although Mrs. Lawson and Alice De Ruiz had endeavored to make their street attire as little conspicuous as possible, yet the appearance of the three ladies created quite a stir. A certain indefinable and unconscious aristocracy could not help cause a surprise in the socialistic assembly.

The debate proved quite interesting. The presiding officer, a man named Coleman, opened the meeting with some pleasant remarks and then introduced the first speaker, Mr. Hugo. This gentleman, in the thirty minutes allotted to him, said many things, the meaning of which seemed obscure, but he emphasized particularly four points: that he was an individualist, that he acknowledged no master, except the law, and that the red devil of socialism

only recognized the value of physical labor and left out of consideration the value of intelligence furnished by capital, and that this intelligence furnished to such an extent the productivity of labor that manual labor received more than its rightful share and capital less. His third point was that the labor unions, who he claimed were "the kite to the socialist dragon" were lawless, vicious and tyranical and a continuous threat to industrial activity and the American ideal of liberty. His fourth point was: that he believed in the Brotherhood of Man and that Socialism was a menace to the realization of this, his ideal.

James F. Carey, the socialist champion, was then given the floor. He claimed that his antagonist had indulged in mere idle phraseology and had utterly failed even to assail the socialist position.

Mr. Hugo incidentally had referred to "fifty-seven" different varieties of socialism, and it was this remark into which Mr. Carey fastened his teeth as the first point. He declared that while socialists may be different on tactics and on minor questions, upon one point, and that the only essential one, they were in perfect accord: the abolition of wage slavery, which meant the abolition of capitalism. He denied that labor unions were a kite to the dragon of socialism; he declared that Gompers the President of the American Federation of labor had in this very hall assailed socialism even more bitterly than Mr. Hugo. He further denied the socialists' responsibility for the acts of the American Labor Unions, but nevertheless, he entered a strong plea on behalf of these

unions, claiming that any unlawful acts by them were done in self defense and that without the activity of labor unions the condition of the laborer would be even worse than it is at present. He then depicted in vivid colors the dependence and enslavement of the worker by the capitalist through the latter's possession of the tools of production. He claimed that capitalists had obtained possession of the country's wealth not through any intrinsic merit, but often through force, cunning and fraud and sometimes through the corrupt manipulation of our legislative machinery. He asserted that the working class, under the present system is denied that individuality and freedom so ardently desired by Mr. Hugo. He then gave a vivid picture of the misery of the unemployed, and further maintained that the reward of labor was not based upon the degree of productivity, but upon the intensity of the struggle for jobs. He denied that capital furnished the intelligence necessary to carry on production and ridiculed the claim that the capitalist's remuneration is based upon his degree of intelligence. He asked the audience to make a comparison between the brain of Rockefeller with his sixty million dollars' income and the brain of Mr. Hugo, with about five thousand or ten thousand dollars' income. He then cited Rockfeller's own statement that he had absolutely nothing to do with the management of the Standard Oil for over ten years.

Mr. Hugo in his next turn returned to his adversary's compliment of having indulged in mere idle phraseology. He claimed that Mr. Carey had given nothing but words and failed

to reply to the points made in his argument, that he had only dealt in glittering generalities familiar to every child. He claimed that instead of laborers being enslaved by the capitalist the very opposite was true, that the capitalist was lorded over by the labor union and touching upon the socialist commiseration of the unemployed he asked why if labor created everything it did not create work for itself. He then dilated once more upon the sins of labor unions during strikes and tried to make the socialists responsible for them. He asked his adversary how socialism was to provide work and suitable reward, he maintained that children of capitalists had a perfect right to the inheritance of shops, mills, and railroads because the family was the natural unit of the state.

He then recited a long list of twenty problems for socialists to solve and his adversary to explain.

The socialist champion then rose once more and again claimed that his predecessor had given him no task to perform as he had utterly failed to furnish any material for rebuttal. He declared that the twenty problems recited by Hugo would have to be solved when the time for solution had arrived, that no one could have ordained a hundred years ago how questions of today were to be settled or arranged in our legislative halls. He claimed that confiscation was perfectly just under certain circumstances and he cited the abolition of property in slaves as a note-worthy example. He declared that a champion of capitalism should show first that under its regime conditions were just before he started to attack socialism for the kind

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of justice it might inaugurate. He dwelt upon the right of eminent domain; a weapon of capitalistic government, when it suited its convenience, and he declared that with this weapon confiscation of property could be affected in a perfectly legal manner.

Mr. Hugo in his closing remarks charged his opponent with having dodged his questions on account of inability to answer them. He declared that only such men were socialists who despaired of success under capitalism, and that capitalists would never peaceably submit to any kind of scheme of confiscation.

On their way out of the building Miss Lenz called her companions' attention to a man engaged in what seemed a very animated discussion with a group of men that surrounded him. "Here is Mr. Heine, shall I make him a sign to follow?"

The answer was in the affirmative, and Miss Lenz did not seem to have any difficulty in establishing an ocular means of communication, for when they reached Washington Street Mr. Heine stood at the corner waiting for the ladies.

After Miss Lenz had introduced her friends, Mrs. Lawson suggested their hiring an auto and asked Mr. Heine to accompany them to the hotel. "We can talk better there," she remarked. "I hope, Mr. Heine," she then continued, "you do not object to this aristocratic method of locomotion."

"Not at all," replied Mr. Heine smilingly. "My own objection is the limitation of this excellent method to a few favored individuals."

When they were seated in their comfortable automobile, Mrs. Lawson asked Mr. Heine

how he enjoyed the debate. To her surprise that gentleman was not satisfied. She had gained the impression that the socialist champion had had by far the best of the argument.

"Carey failed to corner his man, he should have hanged Mr. Hugo with his own ropes. He should have shown up better present liberty and individualism under capitalism, and he should have demonstrated that Mr. Hugo's professed aim, the promotion of brotherhood and freedom, could only be realized under the regime of socialism."

"Do you think you could have better done it than Mr. Carey?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"No, Madam," answered Mr. Heine. "My Irish brogue would have been too strong a handicap."

"Irish brogue," exclaimed Mrs. Lawson, giving him a surprised look.

"Mr. Heine is fooling," interposed here Miss Lenz. "He says Irish brogue when he means German accent."

"Changing the subject," remarked Mrs. Lawson, "Miss Lenz informed me that you were willing to give us an evening for a discussion on Socialism, Theosophy and Metaphysics."

"Why not enlarge the circle for our symposium still further," remarked Mr. Heine. "Miss Lenz spoke to me of Miss Winslow as the chosen champion for Metaphysics and for me to take Theosophy and Socialism. Why not have a representative of Capitalism and Anarchism also present? This might require more than one evening, but our symposium would be more complete and conclusive."

"Will you asume the task of supplying the respective champions?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"I would be willing," replied Mr. Heine complacently. "I think Mr. Hugo, the champion of capitalism this evening, would be a suitable candidate and would accept an invitation. I like the fellow for his pluck, and I think he is personally honest and a gentleman."

"But what about the champion for anarchism?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"I know a good one," declared Heine with a smile.

"Please don't take one too rabid and vulgar," interposed Miss De Ruiz.

Mr. Heine gave this young lady a quick and searching glance. A look of surprise came into his eyes as if he had seen something out of the ordinary that puzzled this shrewd and quick observer.

"Oh do not fear, I will bring one whose words and manner will not be offensive," he declared.

After reaching the hotel Mrs. Lawson invited Mr. Heine to participate in some refreshments in their room, but this gentleman declined, saying that he had promised to meet some friends in the Turnhall.

"A Theosophist drinking beer!" remarked Miss Lenz not without a slight tinge of reproach.

"It is not use, but abuse in which the wrong exists."

"Quod prodest jovi non prodest bovi," here put in Miss De Ruiz looking with a mischievous eye at Mr. Heine and then at Miss Lenz.

It would be difficult to describe the expres-

sion on the face of Mr. Heine when he heard this familiar phrase from the lips of the beautiful stranger who looked at him with half mocking, yet kindly eyes. He looked at Miss Lenz who had become slightly flushed; but her features soon assumed their usual serenity. A flash of intelligence then came into the thoughtful and penetrating eye of Mr. Heine; a smile nearly of contentment came to his lips and with a deferential bow he took his departure.

The final arrangements for the symposium were made by Mr. Heine in conjunction with Miss Lenz, to whom Mrs. Lawson had given plenipotentiary powers. Mr. Hugo had accepted the defense of capitalism. Mr. Swift, a recognized leader of anarchy, was to champion that faith. Miss Winslow was to represent Metaphysics and Mr. Heine Theosophical Socialism.

The four champions and Miss Ruiz held a meeting to arrange the program or method of procedure. Mr. Heine made the proposition that they ought to start from a definite standpoint upon which they were in accord, and then defend their respective positions. "I was particularly struck," he declared "by Mr. Hugo's emphasis in his debate with Carey upon his predilection for liberty and brotherhood. Now I suppose all of us here agree with this position. The desirability of these two things is deeply impressed upon every heart in which is not yet dead the spark which cometh from above. The difference among us here is only concerning the best road that would lead us most quickly to the goal. I propose therefore,

that the champions of the various systems endeavor to establish their claim to the possession of the best road; the scope of our symposium may be enlarged later."

All eyes were turned towards Mr. Hugo. The anarchist smiled and sent a nod of approval to Mr. Heine, as much as to say, "You have caught him in a trap," but this gentleman gave them a surprise. "You all look at me," he remarked, "as if you were expecting from me some opposition to this proposition of our friend Heine. I wish to declare, here and now, that I am not only willing to accept this proposition as the basis of our symposium, but if you will succeed in showing that capitalism is incompatible with liberty and brotherhood, or if you can demonstrate that you have a shorter or better road towards this goal, I most willingly will change my route and will feel grateful towards my teachers."

"I am more than pleased with Mr. Hugo's declaration," remarked Mr. Heine, "and I had expected it. I think Mr. Hugo is a living argument in favor of my contention with my friend Swift that a sincere and intelligent man might be a defender of capitalism. I wish to add this to my proposition, that we spend the first evening in a discussion of the thesis: Is capitalism compatible with liberty and brotherhood, and I would advise that the two principal disputants be Mr. Hugo in the affirmative and Mr. Swift in the negative."

This idea seemed a good one to all and was accepted. Somebody then moved to adjourn, but Miss Lenz asked for the floor. "I just wish to say a few words," she remarked, "which

might seem unnecessary, but which I think ought to be said. I want to make an appeal to the respective champions to guard themselves against indulgence in personalities or the use of too strong language. This symposium will take place in the presence of two ladies, one of whom is very young and sensitive. They are both millionairesses and are seeking light for their guidance in life. I believe if you can show that individual possession of millions is an injury to human progress they would divest themselves of their riches, or they would use their millions to advance the causes that best promote human welfare. Let us fight for principles and let your conduct in this debate be a measure of our appreciation of brotherhood and liberty."

"Oh I see," remarked the champion of anarchy, "Miss Lenz thinks that the ears of the millionaire ladies need some special precaution."

"I fear nothing," answered this astute young lady, "but I wish to make this symposium a means of instruction and a scene of pleasant remembrances."

"Your wish is shared by all of us," here replied Mr. Swift, in a tone more conciliatory than was his habit, "and the hope held out that the millions of our patronesses might possibly be used to advance the cause of anarchy will act as a special spur to be *lenior oratione et firmior rebus.*"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST EVENING OF THE SYMPOSIUM

An elegantly furnished parlor of the most fashionable hotel in Boston served as the arena for a symposium such as was never before held, in this or any other city. Choice refreshments were within easy reach. The hostess had shown her power of discrimination in the selection of a few bottles of wine supplied by the estabishment of Mr. Hugo, who besides being the president of the Employers' Association of Massachusetts, was also the owner of a wholesale liquor establishment; while fancy ices and cakes proved a successful temptation to the immaterial mind of Alma Lenz.

After a cordial greeting the champions took their seats and Mr. Hugo was given thirty minutes for the demonstration that capitalists offered the best basis for brotherhood and liberty. Mr. Hugo spoke as follows:

"The subject for this evening's discussion is: Is Capitalism compatible with Brotherhood and Liberty?

"The proposition to open our symposium with this thesis came from Mr. Heine and I have an idea that he, together with others, thinks that he has placd me in the weakest fort of capitalism, and that my opponent this evening will gain an easy victory. But I differ from

Mr. Heine, or anyone else, about the strength of this fort, and I will reiterate what I said before, that with the fall of this citadel I will surrender the fortress and the city (of capitalism) and unite my forces with those of the enemy.

"I will try to show this evening not only that capitalism is compatible with Brotherhood and Liberty, but that it offers the only means for the realization of these ideals. It must be borne in mind, however, that I claim for capital the possession of the road that will lead to the goal and not that this goal has already been reached, or that absolute Brotherhood and Liberty prevails today. I am aware as much as anyone can possiby be of the many evils with which society is afflicted today and I yield precedence to none in the regret for these evils, nor in zeal to apply the remedy.

"For the sake of argument I will admit that capitalism rules today, although I maintain that its rule is far from absolute and that through this lack of complete control and not on account of the control actually secured exist the evils from which we suffer at present. I wish to repeat what I have said: No one deplores more the evils which will be pointed out by those who will follow in this symposium, but these evils which I and fellow capitalists do our utmost to mitigate exist not on account of capitalism but in spite of it. They spring from a still undeveloped nature of humanity and will disappear with the progress of the race. Some people only see the unfavorable side of things and allow their minds to dwell perpetually on seeming flaws and shortcomings, and

have no eye for the magnificent scenes, for the most inspiring achievements.

"How far back is the proclaimed rule of capitalism supposed to extend? Some socialistic writers, I know, claim the French Revolution as the beginning of its reign. Let us accept their claim, then we have about one hundred years' reign of the new regime. Now look what has been achieved in these one hundred years. Open your eyes and examine the world as it was at the close of the nineteenth century. What do you see? Occasional famines that destroyed sometimes one half of a country's population and the perpetual danger of famine that caused life to be spent in fear and apprehension. You occasionally hear the word famine in our days, but only in such countries as India or Russia. And why, is it not because capitalism has not yet obtained mastery in India, or has had not sufficient time to establish itself in Russia? Look at man's life one hundred years ago! Behold the serf, his wife and children, leaving their hut at sunrise equipped with a sickle or scythe, and returning at sunset weary and exhausted. The background from Millet's famous picture was only possible before capitalism has showered its blessings upon humanity. Look at the shoemaker, the tailor bent over his bench, or crouching on the floor, in tedious work that barely supplied the necessities of life. Look at the stage coach slowly wending its way through the valley and still more slowly over the mountains. Look at the sailing vessel tossed by the sea in a sixty day voyage across the Atlantic. Look at the intellectual status of humanity. Not ten per

cent of the human family able to read or write, the struggle for the necessities of life not leaving any time to develop the mind. There are many other pictures, such as the baron and the serf, the torture and the rack to which I might call your attention, but I will not weary your eyes with any more unpleasant scenes.

"Now look at another scene, the scene furnished, yes created, by capitalism, or rather the genius of the capitalist, for capital is an inanimate thing, it is dead and it requires the intellect, the soul of man to make it produce its wonders just as the paint and the brush are valueless without the artist.

"Behold the farmer, a strong or weak man, or if need be, a woman, with a machine drawn with horses or operated with steam, accomplishing single-handed, without exertion, much more than the serf's entire family could have done a hundred years ago with the most intense and exhausting labor. Look at the shoemaker or the tailor working at his machine and doing in hours what in times of yore took days. Look at our floating palaces crossing the Atlantic in four days, while the passengers spend the voyage in gay festivities and comfort. Look at the Pullman cars drawn by steam or electricity speeding over valley and mountain through the forest and desert. Look at the tiny wires that gird the planet and bring the news of the antipodes in the fraction of a second. Look at the spark freed from the wire bringing aid to a vessel in danger of shipwreck, guiding the general and his soldiers, or bringing information, valuable for commercial transactions. Look at the abundance of everything gladden-

ing the hearts of men. Can you or anyone even imagine in our time the possibility of a famine such as only sixty years ago reduced the population of Ireland from eight to four million in the space of a few years. Look at our schools, our universities, at our hospitals, our charitable institutions; at the progress made by science in all fields of human endeavor.

"But my opponent will say that suffering still exists, that even want and fear of want for the individual is not yet abolished. I admit this, but I claim this is not the fault of capitalism which supplies abundance, but the fault of individuals who are unwilling or incapable to take advantage of their opportunities. I declare that the number of these individuals is being constantly reduced, as the blessings of capitalism widen their circle; that through education and culture fostered by capitalism men will recognize more and more their mutual obligation and interdependence, and thus there will be developed that spirit of good will that will bring us nearer and nearer to true Liberty and Brotherhood, if only the agitators, the fault finders, such as labor agitators, walking delegates, socialists and anarchists, would cease to create strife and discord and thus hamper capitalism in its beneficent work.

"Capitalism furnishes to every man the largest field for the exercise of his genius in every field of endeavor, and only through such a liberty was it possible to develop the genius of a Stevenson, of an Edison, of a Marconi, and without this liberty steam and electricity, the wireless, the air ship and the aeroplane

could never have been put into the service of man. This last century has been truly called the wonderful century. The progress made under capitalism in the last hundred years has been far greater than what was done in the four thousand years preceding under any other regime or method of production. It is a known fact that up to a hundred years ago the activities of man were confined to the same narrow limits as at the time of the Pharaohs. Could you suggest, could you even imagine anything that could have produced such results as we see today, and if these things have been accomplished in the past what cannot be expected in the future with the steady advance of science under the direction of the chosen champions of the race, the capitalists; and I close as I have begun: Liberty and Brotherhood have no better supporters or safer guides than those who have carried the banner of progress in the hundred years that have expired."

Our small audience had been listening with close attention to the eloquent plea of the champion of capitalism. All were deeply impressed by his sincerity and his belief in the justice of his cause.

Mr. Swift the champion of anarchy now arose, armed with copious notes taken from the speech of Hugo. His usually so impassive face was slightly flushed; as he stood there this leader of the unemployed, former chief lieutenant in Cox's famous, or as some would have it infamous army, and at present the recognized leader of the unemployed in Boston, this champion of anarchy, dressed in the cheapest material, presented by no means an imposing

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figure and hardly would cause anyone to suspect the scholar, the graduate of European Universities; to a careful observer and judge of human nature, there were visible a few soft lines indicating vacillation in critical moments, a lack of endurance, coupled with the love of the limelight; and to a phrenologist the forehead indicated a slight deficiency for logical deduction and the supremacy of the heart over the head. The speech of the champion of anarchy may be summarized as follows:

"Before I begin with my own line of argument I wish to say a few words in appreciation of the able exposition in defense of capitalism by Mr. Hugo, and I suppose he will be surprised to hear that I agree with the greater part of what he has said. The glorious achievements of humanity under capitalism in material, or rather mechanical progress, will forever entitle capitalism to the gratitude of future generations. But I stand here not to sing its praises but to point out the shortcomings of capitalism. In a conversation which I had some time ago with my friend Heine, the champion of socialism, I maintained that it was impossible for an intelligent and sincere man to espouse the cause of capitalism against the cause of anarchy, but I think I have to revise my judgment; I had underestimated man's ingenuity with which he adjusts his conscience to his interest.

"When I say that I am in accord with most of the statements made by Mr. Hugo I wish to say that the champion of capitalism has presented to us a beautiful picture, whose main outlines are true, but that he has shown us only

one side of the picture, and as Mr. Hugo has asked us to open our eyes to look at that side of the picture presented by him, I in turn make the same demand upon him, and ask you to contemplate the other side.

"In the beginning of his discourse Mr. Hugo greatly deplored the fact that some people only see one side of things, the unfavorable one, and I have a similar or rather an opposite complaint to make, that some men only see the favorable side of things, the side which seems to accord with their wishes and their interests; for I think I will convince even him that there is another side of this capitalism which has been presented to us today in such glowing colors. Mr. Hugo told us that through capitalism recurrent famine has been abolished. But, Mr. Hugo, open your eyes, do you not see in every large city many thousands in hopeless search of work, consequently unable to find food and shelter for themselves and their families. You have shown us the miserable serf going to the field with sickle and scythe and alongside of that picture given us the happy farmer of today with his mower or his harvester. Open your eyes, Mr. Hugo. You see the wheat fields stacked with wheat and corn, but do you not also see the countless thousands marching on foot on the slippery railroad track back to the city of the east from the cornfields of the west? These are the same men that have operated your machines and reaped the harvest for you and others; they are hirelings, often more miserable and wretched than the serf of a hundred years ago. The serf had some rights to the soil which he tilled; he owned the

tools with which he worked, but the wage-slave of today has no claim whatsoever upon the bounties of this earth. From the wheat-fields of the west he returns to the city's slum, to seek sometimes in vain from the winter's cold a shelter in the cellar of the police station or the barracks of the Salvation Army.

"Mr. Hugo has told us to look at the tailor of a hundred years ago crouching on the floor, or at the shoemaker with his clumsy last. Open your eyes, Mr. Hugo; look at the tailor of today in shabby clothes applying for work at the clothing factory and going away with a look of despair after being told that the factory was not in need of men to make clothes, but in need of people who would buy. Listen well, Mr. Hugo, not to wear. Look at the shoemaker with worn out shoes sharing the fate of the tailor.

"Mr. Hugo, you have neglected to show us in your picture the unfortunate woman offering for sale her honor for food and shelter. Mr. Hugo brought to your plane of vision a floating palace crossing the Atlantic in four days. He asked you to behold a joyful set of humanity, fair maidens and strong men, seeing heaven in each other's eyes, parading the upper deck. He was willing to have you likewise see bottles of choice wines on the banquet tables in the saloons furnished with most exquisite taste and refined luxury. Saturate your eyes, Mr. Hugo, with these gorgeous spectacles."

Mr. Swift paused for a few seconds as if to give his audience time to take in the spectacle, his words had so vividly brought before their mental eyes. "Now come with me Mr.

Hugo," then continued Mr. Swift," come with me to the steerage. What do you see? Do you see those miserable cots, hundreds of them so close together? Do you see those iron plates? Now watch those hundreds of people form a line, each of them equipped with one of these vessels and waiting for their turn to get a little soup, mostly water, a little salt meat and a half a loaf of stale bread. Watch their faces; no gaiety there. Wretched as their condition is at present, their mind is filled with fear and distrust of the future. Go a little deeper yet, what do you see? A large number of huge furnaces that remind you of Dante's description of the Inferno. What else? Do you see the hundreds of naked men shovelling coal into the hungry mouths of these furnaces? Look at the faces of these men. It would take the pen of a Dante, combined with the brush of a Millet to do justice to this scene. And now I ask the question: Whose lot is preferable, that of Millet's farmer of a hundred years ago before the advent of capitalism or that of a stoker on one of our modern ocean vessels?

"Let us combine the details of the picture just drawn. Five hundred so-called hands to manage the vessel, two thousand steerage passengers, three hundred stokers. Place in opposition two hundred cabin passengers, drinking wine and making love, feasting their soul on the majesty of the ocean or satisfying their aesthetic eyes with the harmony of color that surrounds them on all sides. It is easy enough for the first two hundred persons to sing the hymn I heard last Sunday from a hall in Huntington Chambers: 'I clothe myself safe-

ly around with heavenly Love and Wisdom,' but it behooves Anarchists to look at the other two thousand, eight hundred beings, their hardships and degradations.

"Mr. Hugo has pointed out our superior facilities for education, but he has neglected to tell you that our colleges and universities are closed to the great masses of people on account of their poverty.

"Mr. Hugo has failed to put into his picture the capitalists' newspaper and magazine writer often forced to prostitute his mind and stultify his intellect. He has failed to point out to you the woman immortalized by Hood in his famous "Song of the Shirt" as she sews in her poverty, hunger and dirt and then look into the windows of the department stores at the gorgeous robes the product of her toil, exposed for sale, but to others.

"Open your eyes, Mr. Hugo, feast them with the superabundance provided by capital. Look at the shipload of fish or of bananas, or even of the most luscious strawberries sunk near Boston Harbor when your wireless flashed the news that the market is over-stocked, but please do not close them now, Mr. Hugo, when I point to hungry children in the streets of Boston and New York.

"Gladden your eyes, Mr. Hugo, at the sight of ten thousand persons sitting at the Salvation Army's banquet table on Thanksgiving Day. Look how ravenously they devour their food. Watch how some stealthily are trying to fill their pockets for "a rainy day", but please do not keep these men from your vision the other 364 days of the year.

"Summing things up, we come to this, that Mr. Hugo has given us a fine picture of the most glorious achievement of capitalism, but that he has not told us that its benefits are within the reach of only a few, a small and privileged minority. The work of capitalism has been to furnish the world with the means to supply abundance, and this task has been ably done, although I maintain, not without inflicting unnecessary suffering and hardship. Anarchy claims that the task of capitalism is now done and the time for anarchy has arrived and that its task is to make the abundance furnished by capitalism accessible to humanity.

"Now something about individual merits of capitalists. Here also I claim that the previous speaker greatly exaggerated. Merit has played a part, but a still greater part was played by cunning, fraud and force, by special privileges often secured by bribing the legislators, the guardians of the people's rights. Capitalists undoubtedly contributed something to the development of industries, but their usefulness is now practically exhausted, hired agents carry on their work today, and the capitalists' share is confined to the taking of dividends, of interest, of rent and profit, thus practically appropriating the result of other people's labor with out contributing anything at all to the activity of the race.

"In closing I want to say a few words about government. Its function has always been that of oppression, and I maintain unnecessary oppression. Its result has been the slave of the Athenian, the helot of the Spartan, the plebeian of the Roman, the serf of the feudal lord

and the wage-slave of the modern captain of industry.

"Take off from men's hands and feet the shackles fastened by government and you will develop a free manhood, each and every human being the peer and equal of his fellow, each one seeking and finding his happiness in that sphere of activity for which nature has best fitted him and you will have realized that Liberty and Brotherhood of which poets have sung and saints have dreamed."

Mr. Swift made a gracious bow to his audience, expressed his thanks for their attention and quietly took his seat.

The clock had just struck twelve. For a few minutes there was a deep, nearly oppressive silence.

"We have had some very instructive hours indeed," then remarked Mrs. Lawson, "and after the mind has received its share the body must not be neglected. I have ordered some refreshments. Let us adjoin to another room and decide further arangements."

When they had taken their seats at the table laden with delicacies of all kinds, Miss Lenz and Miss Winslow took a somewhat shy look at the wine and beer bottles supplied from the establishment of Mr. Hugo. Miss Lenz's eyes met those of Mr. Heine with a half imploring look but this gentleman shook his head. She understood the look; his eyes reflected his often quoted phrase "quod prodest jovi non prodest bovi."

Mrs. Lawson asked the opinion of her guests concerning the continuance of the symposium. Mr. Heine suggested that at the next meeting

Miss Winslow would plead the cause of Metaphysics, Miss Lenz that of Theosophy and himself that of Socialism.

A pleased expression came into the eyes of Mrs. Lawson when she heard that Miss Lenz was to be one of the champions of the symposium.

"So you have decided to step into the arena yourself, Miss Lenz?" she remarked with an approving smile.

"It was decided for me at our last meeting by Mr. Heine, who all at once maintained that the double task of upholding Theosophy and Socialism was too much for him."

"Not too well expressed, Miss Lenz," replied Mr. Heine, not without some show of self complacency. "You ought to know that I have too high an opinion of my mental prowess to consider any intellectual feat too much for me, but it was in order to give a separate, and therefore more impressive picture of these subjects, that I pleaded for your gracious condescension to wield the sword of Arjuna in defense of your own ideal."

"I am very well pleased with this arrangement," here interposed Mrs. Lawson, "not that I want to disparage in any way the prowess of the champion of Socialism or doubt his ability to take under his protecting wings the fate of Theosophy, but it seemed to me at the outset that a combination of Socialism and Theosophy, from what little I know of these subjects, was somewhat incongruous. We might have gotten a vivid picture of the Socialism and Theosophy of Mr. Heine, but possibly not

one recognized by the followers and defenders of these two creeds."

"Will one evening suffice for three discourses?" she then continued.

"I think yes," replied Mr. Heine. "Mr. Hugo and Mr. Swift not only have covered their own field, but have encroached considerably upon the preserves of Socialism and Theosophy and thus lessened our labor."

CHAPTER XIV.

SECOND EVENING OF THE SYMPOSIUM

Miss Winslow, dressed in an elegant costume, stood before our little assembly of earnest souls, ready to consider the claim of Metaphysics for the possession of the best and shortest road that would lead to the land of Liberty and Brotherhood.

Miss Winslow, conscious of her often tested oratorial powers spoke without notes. With mind and heart saturated with her ideas, she was not in need of adjuncts.

The gist of her speech was as follows:

"Mr. Hugo in his address a few days ago gladdened our hearts with a beautiful picture, full of light and sunshine, and representing the glorious results of what we call capitalism. Mr. Swift then followed with what he claimed was the opposite and completing side of Mr. Hugo's magnificent tableau. We shrank from contemplating the dark lines and dismal shadows brought before our mental eye by the eloquent plea of anarchy's dexterous champion. The two speakers reminded me of the story of the two wayfarers, disputing from opposite sides about the color of the guidepost, which was blue on one side and red on the other. These two wayfarers finally came to blows. Had they but for one moment exchanged places

MISS WINSLOW

they might have become agreeable companions for the rest of their journey. If our symposium will serve for such an exchange of places, a great deal will have been accomplished for each one of us.

"The story of the two wanderers and the guidepost illustrates the often quoted statement, that there are two sides to most questions. But that two sides are insufficient and inadequate is shown in this very symposium, for Mr. Hugo gave one side of the question, Mr. Swift another, and I am to give a third, and there is no doubt but that Miss Lenz and Mr. Heine will show us many more shades and hues not before seen on the memorable guidepost.

"At the outset of my discourse I wish to declare that I am more in sympathy with the side of the picture given us by Mr. Hugo than with that by Mr. Swift. Not that I endorse fully the attitude of the former gentleman. He dwelt too much upon the achievements and possession of material things; he fails to see that these material things should be considered and utilized only as a means for mental and spiritual unfoldment. He fails to see that the possession of exterior things are as nothing compared with the bliss enjoyed by the soul from the mountain peaks reached through higher philosophy and metaphysics. How insignificant and nearly degrading the sordid striving after worldly pleasures seems to a soul that has entered the path leading to higher unfoldment, to human progression towards Godhood. Let our industrial lord be made to see life from a philosophical viewpoint, let us teach him that

we all live and have our being in the one God, and I firmly believe that, when he once has a clear view of the Fatherhood of God, he will also recognize the Brotherhood of man and he will find his happiness in constituting himself the guardian of the needy and the weak and then we will find the realization of the dream dreamed by Plato over two thousand years ago. I am willing to admit that Mr. Hugo dwelt too much upon the sunlight and disregarded the shadows, but I think Mr. Swift has gone even farther in the opposite extreme. I would like to quote against him the statement of an ancient philosopher, recognized as true by the thinker of today, 'Quidquid est bonum est'. Mr. Swift, you have drawn your shadows too dark and too long.

"The champion of anarchy seemed utterly ignorant of the fact that things are to us as seen or felt by us. What is dark and gloomy to our eyes, may be to eyes differently constituted full of light and sunshine. Night is day to the owl. The men whose life Mr. Swift pictures in such dismal colors are often perfectly happy in their surroundings and satisfied with their conditions, in fact would often be most wretched and miserable in any other. If Mr. Swift would read something of Swedenborg's 'Law of Harmony' he would learn a useful lesson and procure for himself valuable information. Let him offer to some people now living in the slums of Boston beautiful cottages situated in Nahant or Newton for the same rent, including cost of transportation, and he will quickly find out that Nahant or Newton possesses no attraction for these

people. Or let him place an elegantly furnished liquor saloon along side of one filthy and dirty, such a one as you see today, only too many in our slums, both places charging equal prices and he will soon see that the elegantly furnished liquor saloon does not impair the patronage of the other. Open your eyes, Mr. Swift. Do you see these four dirty unkempt and beastly looking men in that filthy saloon yonder, do you see the greasy deck of cards in their unwashed hands; do you hear the oaths of the one and the curses of the other accompanying the varying fortunes of their game of cards? It is a sight from which even a champion of anarchy might shrink. Now, invite these people to come to a place like this; they will refuse. If you should bring them here by force they would be wretchedly unhappy. The pig wants dirt, it spurns your carpet. Our lower classes still need the leash of the law, not only for the safety of others, but still more for their protection; they need the guiding hand of a strong superior and an intelligent and kind employer will be the person best fitted for such a task.

"The members of the working class shrink from assuming any kind of responsibility or leadership. It is a most significant thing to the conscientious thinker that Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, the chosen leader of the most advanced group of the working class, which according to Mr. Swift is writhing in agony in the most frightful abyss, is one of the keenest and ablest opponents of that change which, according to the champion of anarchy, would bring every bless-

ing to those whose interest he is supposed to defend. No, with all due honor to the heart and head of Mr. Swift, I maintain with Mr. Hugo that the laboring class needs the employer class, not only for the safety and welfare of others but still more for its own progress and wellbeing. If the employer lacks today the kindness needed to best fulfill its mission, let us widen his mental horizon by leading him to the intellectual and spiritual heights reached through higher philosophy and metaphysics, and you will then have the dawn of a new era of Liberty and Brotherhood."

Miss Winslow resumed her seat under a spell of nearly painful silence. Mr. Hugo extended his hand as a mark of silent approbation. A faint smile passed over the lips of Mrs. Lawson as she recognized the harmony between the champion of capitalism and that of metaphysics.

And now all eyes were turned towards Miss Lenz. An unusual fire seemed to have been ignited in the usually so calm blue eyes of the champion of Thesophy. As she arose and stood before her audience, the sweet and kindly expression on her face contrastd strangely with the stern and rigid features of the previous speaker. Miss Lenz also spoke without notes and seemed completely free from any kind of embarrassment or doubts in her ability to do justice to the cause entrusted to her care. She spoke as follows:

"The previous speaker, my friend Miss Winslow, in the beginning of her address voiced the preference of Metaphysics for the claims of capitalism as opposed to that of An-

archy. Strange as this may seem to some I do not think that the principles enunciated by Theosophy would allow me to follow her example. On the contrary, I hold that the side represented by Mr. Swift is in some respects entitled to first consideration.

"The glorious achievements of the twentieth century were most eloquently presented by Mr. Hugo. Mr. Swift in his turn has pointed out to us that the benefits from these achievements are enjoyed by a small minority and has told us of many dismal features attending our present civilization. I would like to ask here this question. Has the progress of the twentieth century brought to mankind a corresponding, preceptible advance on the path to a higher and noble life? I agree with Mr. Swift when he says that the abundance in the supply of material things has gone hand in hand with an increased difficulty for many people to obtain them. It is today often more difficult to obtain the necessities of life for a large number of people in these United States, a country upon which nature has showered all her blessings, than it is in the desert, in the land of Eskimos or in Iceland."

As she finished the last word a strange and nearly embarrassed expression came into the eyes of Miss Lenz and she remarked half apologetically, "I hope I am not encroaching upon your domain, Mr. Heine. I am conscious of having borrowed one of your appeals in behalf of your doctrine of life."

"Do not be uneasy, Miss Lenz," answered the champion of Socialism, not without some show of self-satisfaction. "Take as many arrows

from my quiver as you wish; its supply is overbundant."

"Your kindness is duly appreciated, but Theosophy has no need of the arrows of Socialism.

"What I started to say," she then resumed, "was this: I agree with Mr. Hugo in his praise for capitalism for supplying abundance to humanity. I do not agree with him when he says that capitalism, unhindered and given full sway would cease to be selfish and become altruistic. I agree with Mr. Swift that there is a dark and gloomy side in society as at present constituted, and that the improvement of this side should receive our first consideration and the consideration of government, and I widely differ from Mr. Swift when he tells us that the people of today would live in peace and harmony if all restraints and fear of the law were taken away. I hold, on the contrary, that chaos and bloodshed would soon follow such an attempt and that civilization would receive a set-back from which it would take centuries to recover. I agree with Miss Winslow, our champion of Metaphysics, when she prefers to dwell on the beautiful and sunny side of life, but I find fault with her placid acceptance of the naturalness of the other, the dark and gloomy side. How anyone can wish to feast in light and sunshine while his fellow men are suffering from gloom and darkness is beyond the reach of my understanding. Might not a blame, a responsibility rest with those above for the low scale of evolution in which are found some of those below? Should it not be considered the first duty of the more advanced brother of the

race to help along those in the rear instead of thinking of his own further advancement and consequently make still wider the separation from the rest? In this connection I wish to recite the poem by Edwin Markham, inspired by Millet's Angelus, to which reference has been made by a previous speaker:

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages on his face;
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grives not and that never hoped,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox,
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw,
Whose was the hand that slanted back his brow
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain,
Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave,
To have dominion over sea and land,
To trace the stars, and search the heavens for power
To feel the passion for Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep,
Down the stretch of Hell to its last gulf;
There is no deep more terrible than this,
More tongued with censure of the world's blind creeds.
More filled with signs and portents of the soul,
More fraught with menace to the universe,
What gulfs between him and the seraphim.
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,

The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose.
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop.
Through this dread shape, humanity, betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the churches of the world—
A protest that is also prophecy.
O Masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God?
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul quenched,
How will you ever straighten up this shape?
Touch it again with immortality.
Give back the upward looking and the light,
Rebuild in it the music and the dream,
Make right the immemorial, infamous,
Perfidious wrong, immedicable woes;
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with Kings?
With those who shaped him to the thing he is
When this dumb terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?"

As with the prophet's eyes and sweet ringing voice the champion of Theosophy recited this famous poem by Edwin Markham she seemed carried along with her own emotion. The audience likewise became deeply moved. Mr. Hugo and Miss Winslow, at the beginning of the poem, showed signs of uneasiness, which gradually changed into a kind of stupor, and when Miss Lenz had finished there came a strange light into the eyes of Mr. Hugo.

Markham's poem finished, Miss Lenz paused a few seconds to master her emotions and collect her thoughts and take up again the trend of her argument. She then continued:

"I do not wish the audience to understand that I, or rather Theosophy, agrees entirely with the sentiments expressed by Edwin Markham. I think he grossly exaggerates. He fails to see the underlying causes of the picture which he presents so graphically to our minds. I agree with Miss Winslow that there are souls in different stages of development, some not yet ready for a higher mental and spiritual development, but I want to lay greater stress than she upon the fact that we ourselves have also passed through these stages of evolution and that there is more progress made by any individual in trying to help another, one step on the road to higher life (which by the way is the same road that must lead to Liberty and Brotherhood) than in trying to make two steps alone, regardless of his fellow.

"The echo which Markham's poem elicited from all the corners of the world showed that Markham struck a chord vibrating in the heart of the good and wise, in harmony with at least some of the sentiments expressed. Am I my brother's keeper? was asked many thousand years ago and all religions of the world answered this question in the affirmative. Concerning the view enjoyed from the mental and intellectual heights of higher philosophy, so vividly put before our eyes by Miss Winslow, I am in accord, but I maintain that these heights are cold, as cold as the Alpine Mountain peaks and that the warmth of applied reli-

gion is needed to make the vision enjoyed really serviceable for our own progress and that of our fellow man. And by religion it should be borne in mind, I do not mean creed or dogma, but the recognition of our dependence upon a supreme power, and of the fact that we are all children of one father, and therefore brothers and sisters with mutual obligations. Intelligent religion consists in fulfilling our duties towards ourselves and towards our fellowmen. God the Absolute must moreover remain a mere abstraction of the finite mind and can only be reached through His creatures. What are the injunctions of Christ, of Zarathustra or even of Mohammed? What are we taught in the parable of the Good Samaritan? Do we not read in the vision of judgment, if you have fed or clothed any hungry or naked being, you have fed and clothed Me? Let us look at life as it is reflected in the teachings of God's Messengers and we will find that even selfishness, enlightened regard for our own advancement necessitates that we first help our weaker brother. Even the Catholic Church has a glimpse of that truth when she teaches that offering a prayer for a soul in purgatory is more efficacious for the supplicant than a prayer for a personal favor, but of course we must take care that we do not merely pretend to pray for others while we think of self.

"I maintain once more the first thing essential is the teaching that all men are brothers, that our own real advance is strongly linked to that of the entire race and that those who want to rush ahead, regardless of others, retard their own progress and the progress of the race.

"But Theosophy not only teaches us the duties to ourselves, to our fellow men and to God; it also explains them satisfactorily to our reason. It reveals to our mind the reign of justice and harmony where injustice and chaos seemed to exist before. The underlying basis of Theosophy, Reincarnation, with its corollary Karma, expands and adds to the materialistic view of evolution. It shows an involution of mind accompanying the evolution of matter. Theosophy tells us that every thought and every act has it corresponding effect and bears its proper fruit not only to be reaped in the heaven world but right here on earth. It teaches us that in one life we build the foundation and prepare the condition for the life in our next sojourn upon this planet.

"But from the statement that in the present life we lay the foundation for the condition into which we will be born in our next incarnation, some may draw the facile and flattering conclusion that their favorite and privileged position has been earned by previous merit and good conduct. Such a conclusion might not be altogther unfounded, but there are many invisible threads in the Law of Karma; there is the reflection that many souls spending their present life amidst the most pleasurable surroundings in ease and comfort and enjoying the magnificent vistas from the metaphysical mountain peaks, might not have the strength that would make a life of sorrow and hardship serviceable to their progress. The statement of the Master, 'Him whom God loveth He chastiseth' points to hidden principles in the Law of

Karma, to threads invisible upon the physical plane.

"It might be borne in mind here that Epictetus was a slave, that Jacob Boehme was the child of poor and ignorant peasants and made his living as a shoemaker; that William Blake all his life had to struggle against abject poverty; that the great Whitman was living in the most unfavorable conditions, and that Jesus Himself was a carpenter's son. But that justice, the most rigid and absolute, tempered with mercy, reigns in the universe, the Law of Karma guarantees.

"One of the previous speakers mentioned the seer Swedenborg and his Law of Harmony. Swedenborg was one of the world's great teachers. Some of his visions may have come to us distorted by the interpretation of a mind saturated with a narrow theology, but we might safely accept his teaching that man is good to the extent that he is unselfish and bad to the degree that he is selfish. Swedenborg's visions taught him, and through him teach us, that we are upon this earth to learn, to progress, that after what we call death we enter another world in that state of development in which we leave this one. Swedenborg teaches, and we ourselves know from our own experience, that suffering teaches man sympathy, thus advancing us upon the line of goodness. We may rest assured that economic suffering, the hardships so vividly pictured by the champion of Anarchy, have a just cause and serve a beneficent purpose in the evolution of the cosmos, in the progress of the human race. Providence some-

times needs a whip to direct humanity on the road that leads to perfection.

"Even our moral lapses, our falls from grace, may prove blessings in disguise needed to make us sympathize with the falls of others. Before my mind often stands the sentence of the sage, 'It is a consolation for us to think that even our errors, our shortcomings, yea our sins are only an education for our future immortality'. We might also get food for reflection from the sentence of a very highly developed soul, Goethe, according to some, the greatest genius the German race has produced: 'There is no deed, good or bad, which I myself might not have committed.'

"Theosophy teaches us our at-oneness, not only with God and with the saint, but also with the sinner. It makes the only obligation for membership in the Society the recognition of the Brotherhood of Man. Theosophy brings to the magnificent, but cold, intellectual heights of the Metaphysician the genial and inspiring warmth of religion. It brings the spark that cometh from above into unison with the mortal mind and this union will serve as the best, the shortest and most pleasant vehicle or road that will lead mankind to true Liberty and Brotherhood."

As Miss Lenz pronounced the last two words with a somewhat emphatic intonation she made a little bow and resumed her seat as unconscious of having done anything above the ordinary as on the evening when she gave her address on reincarnation at the Theosophical Society. A smile of approval greeted her from Mrs. Lawson. Alice De Ruiz slowly arose

and, with a tear glistening in her soft blue eyes, imprinted a kiss on the pure forehead of Miss Lenz and said in a tremulous voice, "You have opened my eyes to strange things this evening."

Mr. Hugo and Miss Winslow exchanged a look, whose significance it would be difficult to describe, but in that look there was a question. Mr. Heine then broke the spell, he extended his hand to Miss Lenz who he seemed to consider in the light of a confederate and said in a loud and joyful voice, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

"Now your turn has come," remarked Mrs. Lawson, looking at Mr. Heine. This gentleman hesitated. "I did not think that the two preceding speakers would have so much to say," he said thoughtfully. "I do not wish to say this in a sense of reproach, for I think we all have benefited by this evening's discourse, but the time is already advanced and I would like to reflect upon some of the ideas presented to us this evening before illuminating them further through the prism of Socialism. Why not appoint another evening for this task?"

Mrs. Lawson looked around, and seeing no objection, she remarked, "The idea seems approved; let us adjourn to the dining room."

CHAPTER XV.

A THEOSOPHICAL CHAT

The next morning, while Mrs. Lawson was dictating some letters to Miss Lenz, Alice De Ruiz entered the room, and after making a short apology for her intrusion, she asked Miss Lenz to come to her room for a chat as soon as she would be at leisure. "I want to discuss a few things with you," she said, "which nearly kept me from sleeping last night."

"I shall come as soon as Mrs. Lawson can dispense with my services," declared Miss Lenz.

"Your services are forthwith dispensed with," was the quick remark made by Mrs. Lawson.

A startled look came into the eyes of Miss Lenz as Mrs. Lawson said these words in what seemed to be an abrupt manner.

"I of course meant, with your permission," then declared Miss Lenz.

"Now, Miss Lenz," remarked Mrs. Lawson then smiling, "I am surprised, you seem to think you have given offense. I think it is I who should be offended, that you should think that I would take offense where none was intended. Besides, since you seem to insist upon looking at our relations from what Mr. Swift would call a capitalistic viewpoint, I will inform you that Miss De Ruiz and myself are in partnership

and consequently she has as much right upon your time as I have."

"I know I did not mean to give any offense," declared Miss Lenz, "but, as Mr. Heine says, and I have found him correct in this respect from personal experience, employers are uncertain quantities, and then I have such a good position now that the chance of losing it makes me a little nervous."

"You must have had some strange experiences, and not at all flattering to capitalists or employers."

"I suppose, all those who have to work for a living get those experiences sometimes and more strange ones than you have an idea of." A sad look came into her eyes as she seemed to remember some of these experiences. "But life is a school and we are here to learn," she then concluded.

A look of admiration came into the eyes of Mrs. Lawson as she looked at the sweet innocent face of her secretary, who seemed to have passed unscathed through these experiences so vaguely hinted at.

"Well what shall I do now," remarked Miss Lenz as she looked half uncertain from Mrs. Lawson to Miss De Ruiz.

"Your position is not so simple after all, for as you see, instead of having to please one you have to please two employers," remarked Miss De Ruiz playfully, as her arm softly stole around the waist of Miss Lenz, whom she overtopped by nearly a head.

"Can your letters wait?" she then said looking at Mrs. Lawson.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then Miss Lenz is mine for a while," declared Miss De Ruiz.

"But is it necessary that I am an outsider?" asked Mrs. Lawson. "Why not let me, as said Dion the tyrant, be the third one in your league."

"What do you say, Miss Lenz?" remarked Alice De Ruiz playfully.

"You had not better leave too much to Miss Lenz, at least not until she has become a little better acquainted with her two latest employers."

"All right," said Alice De Ruiz, with a little bow, "I will decide the question. You will be very welcome in this trio."

When they were seated comfortably in the apartment of Miss De Ruiz, the latter turned to Miss Lenz and in a voice which differed strangely from the light tone of a few minutes ago, she said thoughtfully:

"There was one remark in your discourse yesterday which impressed me especially, for a similar remark made by somebody else was the cause of a great deal of sorrow. You said, as near as I can remember, that God is an abstraction. Do you mean to say that God is not real?"

"Not at all. On the contrary, the only thing real is God; every thing else is only appearance, mere manifestations and illusions in time. We ourselves are only as far as we are parts of God, but to the minds of even the most highly developed, manifestations, such as human beings, God the Absolute, the Cause of all things, in Whom St. Paul says, we live and have our being, will necessarily remain a mem-

tal abstraction, which we can but dimly apprehend with our intellect. The thinkers of the world from hoary antiquity to Plato, and from Plato to Spencer and Franz von Hartman have been satisfied to employ the term Unknowable when speaking of God the Absolute."

"But if He cannot be known, how can we speak about Him. How can we know that He exists?"

"Philosophy shows that He, She, or It, (Use whatever pronoun you wish, for God can either be feminine, masculine or neuter, or a'l three; since in fact He is everything, the crystal, the flower, the bee, and the genus Homo; the slayer and the slain, as is written in the Bhagavad Gita) is necessary for our own existence and the existence of the world. Theosophy," continued Miss Lenz, "not only shows that God, the Unknowable, exists, but that It is the only thing that necessarily exists, for upon Its existence everything depends."

When speaking on Theosophical subjects the self-confident demeanor of Miss Lenz contrasted so strangely with her attitude when performing her functions as stenographer or secretary, that Miss De Ruiz and Mrs. Lawson could not help wondering at the metamorphosis, and their eyes met with a common thought.

When Miss Lenz ceased speaking Alice De Ruiz sat silent for a few seconds and then said in a thoughtful manner:

"I understand the words, but I think I fail to see their exact bearings. I can't see how a religion can be built upon such a philosophy or theology."

"Theosophy, the religion of Brotherhood,"

replied Miss Lenz, "teaches us that while God as the Absolute we cannot apprehend, even with the mind, we can do our duty towards Him by serving our fellow man, and everything else which exists, for even the higher animals have a special claim upon our fostering care, as in the next Manvantara they will occupy the human plane. It is our duty to cooperate with the forces of nature in her evolution or unfoldment."

"Do you mean to say that animals can become human beings?" asked Miss De Ruiz, amazed.

"Not at once," was the placid rejoinder, "maybe in a million of years, after this earth the sun and stars have ceased to exist, as we understand existence."

"The theory of evolution is today accepted by all the schools," continued Miss Lenz as she recognized the look of amazement in the eyes of her two listeners, "and if that theory is true, the forms of all human beings must have evolved from the animal kingdom, but materialistic science sees but one side of evolution, that of matter. It disregards, as I pointed out yesterday, the spiritual evolution, or rather involution of mind. It fails to bridge the gulf between the mortal and immortal life, and that is done by Theosophy, by its interpretation of evolution. Bergson's 'Creative Evolution' is a striking interpretation of the Theosophical view of evolution. Mæterlinck's allegory, 'The Blue Bird,' is another picture of life in complete harmony with our teachings. His figures of Cat, Dog, Light and Night, standing for senses, reason, intuition and matter, res-

pectively, accord also with our position. In 'Our Eternity,' Mæterlinck regrets our inadequate proofs of the law of Reincarnation and Karma. But I think when Mæterlinck studies our literature a little more deeply his regrets will vanish."

Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz were amazed indeed.

"Where do you find all these wonderful things?" finally asked Mrs. Lawson, not without a half sceptical intonation in her voice.

"Our literature is very voluminous," was the rejoinder. "If you wish I will select one or two books. What I would recommend, especially to Miss De Ruiz, would be 'Esoteric Christianity' by Annie Besant. A proper understanding of Christianity will serve as a good foundation for the study of Theosophy. The essays of Emerson and the sermons of Theodore Parker are in perfect harmony with our teachings. Oh," she exclaimed then, as if suddenly she had an illuminating thought, "did you read anything of Walt Whitman or of Edward Carpenter or Maurice Bucke or of William Norris who seemed to have drunk deeply at the fount of Walt Whitman?"

A crimson flush passed over the face of Alice De Ruiz when the name of William Norris fell from the lips of Miss Lenz.

"Why do you mention the names of these authors?" she then asked.

"Because these writers, although not belonging to our Society, yet expressing thoughts so completely in harmony with our teachings, might have with you more weight.

"Strange as it may seem to you, the great-

est thinkers were in absolute accord with the mental world reflected through the Theosophical Society—Laotze, Pythagoras, Plato, Bacon, Ruskin, William Blake; Goethe, Boehme, Novalis; Pascal, Balzac, Hugo,—these men not only accepted the idea of reincarnation, as I stated before, but the entire philosophy which necessarily goes with that idea."

"What book of William Norris would you recommend?" asked Alice De Ruiz.

"His article, 'The Coming Religion', published recently in 'Progress,' I think is very well written," declared Miss Lenz, "but before reading anything else I think Annie Besant's 'Esoteric Christianity' should first be studied. By the way," resumed Miss Lenz, "did you read the declaration or rather profession of faith, made by Dr. Eliot, President of Harvard, recently published in all the papers? The essential features of this declaration are in complete accord with Theosophical teaching."

Noticing a look of surprise, as much as to say, You claim everything, Miss Lenz continued: "Not that I want to say that Eliot's presentation includes all of our Theosophy, or even an integral part, but that his main point is included in Theosophical teaching, such as, God unfolding Himself in nature through higher and higher forms, and man's growth and unfoldment from within; the expansion of the Spirit, these are Theosophical views and also President Eliot's views."

"Things seem strange, very strange indeed," remarked Miss De Ruiz musingly; "what I thought stood so firm seems to shake, and ideas which would have seemed absurd a fortnight

ago now seem strangely reasonable. I suppose it is true, life is a school and we are here to learn."

"It is the mind," Miss Lenz resumed, "the Manas which links us to the other world and in which our likeness and kinship with God consists, and with that mind we are told by St. Paul, probe everything, examine everything, hold fast that which is good."

"When can you get for us 'Esoteric Christianity'?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"I have one copy in my room."

"We had better have two," remarked Mrs. Lawson, "one for myself and one for Miss De Ruiz."

"All of Mrs. Besant's books are in the library," remarked Miss Lenz, "but I can buy them at the Theosophical Book Concern in the Kensington Building."

"Can you get there all the other books of which you spoke so highly?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"I suppose some of them," was the rejoinder.

"Let us give Miss Lenz one thousand dollars and give her carte blanche for the completion of our library," suggested Miss De Ruiz.

"One thousand dollars," exclaimed Miss Lenz. "My repertory of books will hardly suffice for such a collection."

"I think you are wrong there, my dear," interposed Mrs. Lawson smilingly. "I feel sure that the one thousand dollars will be exhausted before your repertory. Things soon count up. Good books well bound and printed cost money. I know that from experience. You had

better get for us 'Esoteric Christianity' today and tomorrow take a day off for the purchase of books."

"Would you object to my taking Mr. Heine along with me?" asked Miss Lenz. "His range in the realm of literature is so much wider than mine."

"He may need his time to prepare his discourse on socialism," thought Mrs. Lawson.

"Little preparation he will need," was the answer given quite emphatically.

Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz exchanged a look of understanding at these words of admiration for Mr. Heine.

"As it seems best to you; you have carte blanche and you can pay for Mr. Heine's time out of the alloted sum, but remember while I make no special pretenses to philanthrophy I do not wish to be considered parsimonious by Mr. Heine."

Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz again exchanged a significant look which this time was observed by Miss Lenz. An embarrassed look came into her eyes. Had she given away a secret which she thought locked so deeply in her innermost heart, and which she hardly dared to avow, even to herself? But she quickly recovered her self-possession and her features assumed their usual serenity, as she said: "I will go and get 'Esoteric Christianity'."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SOCIALISTIC SIDE

At the appointed time the six members of the symposium found themselves again assembled in a parlor of Boston's most fashionable hotel. Their faces wore a serious expression, a careful observer could easily tell that they had come not for pastime to spend a few pleasant hours. Their aim was serious. They wanted light to guide them through life and do the best for themselves and their fellow men.

When Mr. Heine arose to address his audience he seemed impressed with the importance of his mission, and yet he was free from embarrassment, from that self-consciousness so characteristic in a novice on the public platform. The eyes of Miss Lenz were fixed on him with an eager expectation completely free from any doubt as to the ability of the speaker to acquit himself honorably of the task assumed. Mr. Heine spoke without notes as follows:

"I think we all have listened with interest and derived a good deal of benefit from the discourses already delivered. What struck me as most peculiar was the fact that the statements of a previous speaker were never impugned by him or her who followed. Each speaker completed the picture of his predeces-

sor. To the glaring sunshine on the boulevard, exhibited by Mr. Hugo, Mr. Swift added the dismal shadows of the slums. To the snow covered peaks of higher philosophy and metaphysics Miss Lenz brought the warm rays of the sun to melt the snow and ice which makes the ascent to these peaks accessible only to a few daring and privileged souls. Each speaker contributed a part to a picture that represents a panorama of the life of our present civilization. I have taken as my task to combine the parts and make the proper deductions. In making them I would like you to keep in mind that the principles upon which we are all in accord are the securing of Liberty and Brotherhood for the human race. I intend first of all to elaborate and complete the picture given by Hugo. No one disputes with that gentleman the glorious achievements of the race under capitalism, especially in things material and mechanical, but socialism differs with Mr. Hugo in his contention that capitalism furnishes the best basis for brotherhood and liberty. In its very essence capitalism stands for competition; for the struggle of man with man; for superiority and for power. Now Mr. Hugo maintains that competition is being more and more eliminated. This is true, but only as far as it concerns the capitalist. There we see huge combinations called corporations, syndicates and trusts, but among the great mass of the people the struggle for existence, often for the mere possibilities and comforts of life, is daily becoming more intense and bitter. If Mr. Hugo differs from me I will tell him that the degree of unemployment is my barometer of

this struggle. I could illustrate this point from my own personal experiences in connection with the competition among teachers, but I will refrain. I will call attention to a strange phenomenon on this subject of competition. While Mr. Hugo points out with pride the lessening of competition he uses such bitter words towards labor unions whose chief aim is to do for their members what Mr. Hugo glorifies in the capitalists; that the very nature of capitalistic production precludes the possibility of the toilers accomplishing their object should not detract from the merit of the endeavor. The reserve army of unemployed is as essential for production under capitalism as the army of the workers themselves. If every man could get work when he wanted how long would the capitalist remain the absolute sovereign in shop and factory? The lash of hunger alone holds the toiler to his task even under a despised and hated master. Competition among the laborers for jobs is essential to the domain of capital and capitalists; and this is the main reason even if not acknowledged or understood why the Employer's Association, with Mr. Hugo as President, fights the labor unions.

"Now Mr. Hugo himself admits that competition is an obstacle to Brotherhood. Socialism showing that capitalism is built upon this obstacle proves that capitalism is inimical to Brotherhood. The case of capitalism vs. socialism as a basis for Brotherhood might rest right here, but I will illumine still further the capitalistic picture. I would like to raise the question: Is Brotherhood possible between a master and his servant? One of the world's greatest think-

ers declared that friendship is only possible among equals. But why indulge in idle fancies or mental speculations when everyday life furnishes us with indisputable facts. Let me ask Mr. Hugo if there exists, I will not say Brotherhood, I will not even say friendship, I will only say social intercourse between himself and his employees. I know he will say, 'Of course not; employees themselves would not want to meet me outside of business hours.' I dare say he is right; I even think they will be pleased when he is absent from his office during business hours. They might perform their functions just as conscientiously in his absence, but man is so constituted that as a rule he does not like the eye of a master, of a superior to rest upon him too long or too often.

"Do I hear Mr. Hugo say that the relation of master and servant is not the only, not even the main reason for lack of Brotherhood or friendship, or social intercourse between himself and his employees; that the difference in their mental development, their difference in tastes and aspirations preclude mutual enjoyment and therefore the desire for such an intercourse? This is correct, and I will return to this side of the question when I approach the metaphysical mountain peaks. But I think Mr. Hugo forgets another important factor of separation, and that is, the difference of interest between employer and employee. The employer's interest demands small wages and long hours while the employee asks for big wages and short hours; but I hold that it is not only the distance from their respective habitations, not the difference in material environment or social

standing nor the difference between mental and spiritual development nor even the difference of interest that constitutes a barrier to friendship and Brotherhood and even social intercourse, but that the very relation of employer and employee is inimical to the establishment of harmonious relations. I could substantiate this assertion by many personal observations, but I will only cite one case, that of a personal friend of mine, the son of one of America's best architects, a scholar himself, who, when after financial reverses he asked a friend, the head of a big establishment for employment, was told that his services would undoubtedly prove very valuable to the firm as an employee but that on the day of entering the establishment social relations between themselves and their families would have to cease. But here again I might ask, why try to demonstrate what lies so plainly before our eyes? Capitalism must be given the credit of having abolished national boundaries, commercially, and socially, but only for the upper strata; a small very small group of society. There is today more intercourse between Fifth Avenue of New York and Bois de Boulogne of Paris than between Fifth Avenue and Houston Street or between Commonwealth Avenue of Boston, and Unter den Linden of Berlin, than between the Back Bay and South Boston. Now, Mr. Hugo while admitting the actual undesirable condition, will contend that there is a gradual improvement, that the separation between man and man is growing less wide. He declared in his address among other things, that the circle of blessings showered by capitalism upon humanity is widening. Let me

say here that upon this pivot hinges the main issue between Socialism and Capitalism. Let us examine his statement. Does he mean that economic opportunities are improving for the individual, that it is easier for an employee to become an employer or a capitalist? Does he mean that the difference in the possession of wealth by individuals is getting less, or does he mean that the masses participate more and more in the glorious achievement of capitalism? Mr. Hugo cannot mean the first contingency, for statistics, governmental statistics, both here and in Europe show most conclusively that it is getting increasingly difficult for small establishments to hold their own, that the number of independent business men is annually decreasing and that more and more capital is required for any independent business undertaking. That under such conditions the chances of a wage-earner to become a capitalist or empoyer are growing less, needs no mathematical demonstration.

"Let us consider now the supposition that the difference between rich and poor is getting less. To show the error of this hypothesis we might have recourse to a method of demonstration used in geometry and called the reductio ad absurdum, or I might quote from official statistics, our annual increase of millionaires and their relative share in the country's wealth and prove that the appearance of every new millionaire has as its necessary corollary the creation of hundreds or thousands of proletarians; but I will not trouble you with abstract mathematics nor do I think I need mention the fact that one tenth of the population

in the U. S. own and control three-fourths of the country's wealth, or give the information that over one half of our people are without property of any kind, that in our large cities not one family in ten owns his own home.

"In this connection I want to point out only one picture, make only one comparison. Let us look at the condition of this our own country about one hundred years ago. What was the difference between rich and poor then? was it easier or more difficult to make a living? Were there more or fewer opportunities for individual enterprise or initiative? To put the question is to answer it. When the assertion is made, that capitalism brings closer together the members of society it ought to provoke a smile. To prove the contrary, I do not wish to make a comparison between the United States, capitalistically the most developed country and a half or semi-civilized nation, I would be willing to allow a comparison between this country and India, capitalistically the most backward, with its much decried caste system that presents an insurmountable obstacle to social intercourse. I declare from personal observation, and you will find my assertion affirmed by other travellers, that the separation in this country, the gulf between rich and poor, between millionaire and pauper is greater than between Brahmin and Pariah.

"The blessings of capitalism cost money, the average earnings of a wage-worker in the United States is ten dollars a week. How many blessings can a man procure with that sum for himself and family. But wages are rising! But the cost of living is rising in even a greater

ratio, even a high Catholic Church dignitary recently deplored and protested against the rise of prices as disproportioned to the rise in wages. No, Mr. Hugo, the circle of the blessings showered by capitalism upon humanity is not only not widening but is even contracting like the famous peau de chargin of Honore de Balzac.

"Let us examine now briefly the contention that capitalism furnishes the best basis for liberty. Is it not a mockery and self-deception to apply the word liberty to the life of a modern wage-earner, of a man dependent upon another man's good will for making a living, for life itself? And the proportion of dependents, of wage-earners' statistics show is continually increasing, must increase of necessity, as capitalism develops and extends its rule. But have we not many high salaried employees and officials who share abundantly in the blessings of capitalism? We undoubtedly have, but I maintain that the uncertainties of office and of employment more than offset the benefits of these blessings. Uncertainty of employment, the danger of losing a job or a position means worry and worry is one of the greatest of evils. It is one of the most potent factors in the shortening of man's life. Economic security, insurance companies have found out, is conducive to length of life.

In short, liberty under capitalism depends upon property and as the very nature of capitalism demands, and in fact creates an ever increasing number of proletarians, that is, people without property, capitalism cannot furnish a basis for liberty. You yourself, Mr. Hugo

would scorn the liberty of the modern wage-earner. I would like to ask here a question of the champion of Capitalism." Mr. Heine stopped speaking, looking at Mr. Hugo.

"I will try to answer," remarked that personage.

"All right," remarked Mr. Heine, and then continued. "Whose position would you prefer, that of a farmer in Kansas or Oklahoma owning one hundred acres of land, his nearest neighbor living at a distance of twenty miles, or that of a Boston or New York factory worker working ten hours a day for fifteen dollars a week?

"I would sooner be the farmer, but we can not all have a hundred acres of land."

"No, not at present, under capitalism, but a hundred years ago, before the regime of capitalism, any one could have had one hundred and sixty acres and he could have today, or much more than its equivalent under equitable conditions. But I only asked the question to show the advantage under Capitalism for a wage-earner compared with the most unfavorable conditions before the blessings of Capitalism had descended upon humanity."

"But you put forward the worst condition of today," remarked Mr. Hugo.

"How is that?" replied Mr. Heine. "Fifteen dollars a week is above the average wage, and a hundred acres of land is below what was at the disposal of every citizen of this country. Another question then," continued Mr. Heine. "Whose position would you prefer, that of an Arab in the desert, an Eskimo in Lapland or Alaska, or that of a factory worker or a miner.

You hesitate to answer, Mr. Hugo, and why? Is it not because the degree of personal liberty, of individual opportunity is greater for the Arab and the Eskimo? for the blessings of Capitalism, while microscopic for the factory worker, are absolutely non-existent for Eskimo or Arab."

"May I say something?" interposed here Miss Winslow. "I would not have interupted the line of argument had not Mr. Heine asked some questions of Mr. Hugo. I think there ought to be a supplement to his answer."

"All right, your supplement is welcome indeed," declared Mr. Heine.

"These men, these wage-earners," asserted Miss Winslow, "of whom you speak with so much sympathy, would not exchange places with farmer, Arab or Esquimo. They are fitted for and satisfied with their conditions of life."

"I am very much pleased," continued Mr. Heine, "with your kind interruption, for I think I am through, or ought to be through with Capitalism, and this gives me a chance to reach the metaphysical mountain peaks. The assertion of the champion of Metaphysics amounts to this, that the factory workers or our own common laborers are not fitted for a life of liberty or what she would call the higher life of more advanced souls. I have heard a similar assertion before with the statement that the majority of the people are all stomach. Let me give here the answer to this view-point made by a countryman of Miss Winslow, a comrade of mine: 'You then declare that these people cannot appreciate the poet's thoughts poured out in song, not the work of the paint-

er's genius, not the sweet low note of music that sinks into the heart: You maintain that the beauty of this great world of God and all that in it speaks to what is good and noble is closed to the minds of these people, that they cannot appreciate the rugged grandeur of the mountain cloud cleaving, the quiet calm of the low lying plain and valley, the splendor of the setting sun, the green of the sloping meadows on which the sunbeams play, the purr of the tiny streamlet, the rush of mighty rivers, the dash of ocean billows against the ocean cliff. You are wrong here, O champion of metaphysics. I know people in the humblest walks of life who do enjoy those things. Seldom, only too seldom, it is true, but that is not their fault, but you, together with other supporters of the present system have robbed, and are robbing of these enjoyments, many, only too many.

"And then what would you expect of people toiling and struggling amidst surroundings most degrading, weary and worn out with the never ceasing fight for bread, glad when one day's work slavish and soul-less now is done. What time have they, what care for aught else, but to have their animal wants satisfied, and having that as best they may be content. It is a lucky thing for the millionaire and his advocates that such is the case; for this soul-less life of the man in the abyss and his desire for alcohol constitute the main protection of those who walk on the heights of life and enjoy the grand views from the metaphysical mountain peaks. The answer to your position, O champion of metaphysics, was given by Miss Lenz, or rather by

Edwin Markham in his poem, 'The Man With The Hoe.' I want to add here another poem which was written especially for the benefit of metaphysicians.

" 'He who ascends the mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks wrapped in cloud and snow,
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below;
Though high above the sun of glory glow
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread
Round him are icy rocks and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head
And thus reward the toil to which these summits led.'

"Now just a few words in reply to the champion of Anarchy. You must have seen that Socialism and Anarchy agree in their judgment of Capitalism, but after that they part company. The very word Anarchy means "no law", while Socialism first of all stands for law and order, for system and organization. I agree with Mr. Swift that many laws will become superfluous with the end of the rule of Capitalism. I am in fact pleased to think that as mankind advances in civilization less restrictions and less guidance will be necessary and that when all men will have sufficiently advanced to recognize the fact that to be happy man must be good, then our penal code will have become a useless relic, but that time is far, very far removed, and mankind will have to pass through many intermediate stages before that happy period will be reached. The Anarchist loves to dwell upon nature; he likes to cite in favor of his position his so-called natural laws,

but if the Anarchist will examine this universe with the mind open and free from bias he will find as nature's first principle order and harmony.

"If I had time I would elaborate a little further the picture presented by Anarchy's dextrous champion, but Capitalism, as is its nature, has already appropriated the lion's share, even of a poor speaker's time.

"The time has come to give an answer to the position taken by the eloquent champion of Theosophy, and here I wish to declare on the outset that I myself am a member of the Theosophical society. Individual Socialists might not like the philosophical conceptions of Theosophy. They might object to the theory of Reincarnation and Karma, but so might Republicans or Democrats. As Socialists, they have no quarrel with any system of philosophy or religion. The Theosophical Society makes the only condition for membership the acceptance of the idea of Brotherhood. Socialism, having the same aim, certainly can have no fault to find with that. The fault which I find with individual members of the Society is that they placidly accept the idea of Brotherhood as a theory, but do nothing towards establishing conditions for the realization of that ideal. Socialists might find fault with Theosophists for busying themselves too much about the conditions in the Astral plane or in Devachan at the expense of their knowledge of the physical plane on which we live today. Socialism has no fault to find with Theosophy, it only finds fault with those members who, in contemplating the heavens, forget all about earth.

And I maintain that those who do are not true to the principles proclaimed by their, or as I might say our Masters.

"Gautama Buddah's chief mission in his earthly life was to break down the caste system which he recognized as inimical to progress. Christ's teaching may be summed up in his own words, 'Love one another,' and how he wanted to have that love understood and applied may be seen from the fact that He and His Apostles had a common purse and that the early Christian communities had all their goods in common. Our Catholic Convents and Monasteries of today are a monument and bear witness to the economic teachings of the Christ, even if we fail to consider, or try to explain away the parable of Dives and Lazarus and of the rich young man. The law, or the theory of Karma might be made to perform the same service as the metaphysician's *Quidquid est bonum est,* but just as I say to the latter, there is a melius and an optimum, so I will say to Theosophists, Reincarnation with Karma means progress, means experience in matter for higher and higher unfoldment, and it is man's duty to co-operate in harmony with the laws of nature; to provide mankind with the best basis for that evolution of matter and involution of mind or spirit. Ignorant acceptance of Karma leads to stagnation mental and spiritual, as is seen in China and other Eastern countries, and then I think some Theosophists cling too much to the injunctions of Krishna given in a different age. They seem to forget that changed condtions demand a different application of the Master's words, that the laws

of Moses needed the amendments of Jesus of Nazareth. Annie Besant, in the lecture given in Boston, declared that co-operation will be the basis of a future civilization. Co-operation in my mind is only a different word for Socialism. Socialists love to speak of their ideal Society as the co-operative commonwealth.

"Now just a few words about theoretical Socialism and the aims of Socialists. And I think it is necessary to start with the negative side. Socialism does not mean a great dividing up; it does not mean that everybody should be made equal. It declares that the bounties of nature and the achievements of the race in this and past civilizations shall be common inheritences of all children of man. It wants to provide for every man the best means for his development, for his mental and his spiritual progress. The justice of the Socialists' ideal has been recognized in all the ages and by all the sages. But here the question might be put, 'Why was this ideal never realized?' The answer to this question was given by one of America's best men and one of her greatest thinkers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, when he writes: 'All thinkers of good will to man have endorsed the idea of co-operative labor for all, but there is one objection; nature is so niggardly, our means of production are so crude that if all would have to work the hours of labor for all would be so long that a favored few would not have sufficient time to devote themselves to literary work and thus advance the civilization of the human race. This objection of Emerson held good in all times gone by and it still held good at the period when

Emerson wrote and preached, but what was an objection in Emerson's time against co-operative labor has today become the strongest argument in its favor, for our means of production can no longer be considered crude nor can nature be accused of niggardliness. The productivity of man's labor has increased twelvefold, according to Ernest Crosby, and if all would today contribute their share towards the world's work two or three hours would suffice to provide mankind, not only with all the necessities but with all the comforts of life, and then we would no longer hear the heartrending cry which Gray expressed so eloquently in his 'Elegy.'

" 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

"Or in another place,

'Some mute inglorious Milton here might rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.'

"I maintain that co-operation or Socialism would soon tear down the walls which separate man from man, nation from nation and race from race, that with its inauguration strife and discord, hate and war would come to an end and peace and harmony would prevail upon earth."

Mr. Heine paused, he seemed to think of something when his eyes met those of Miss Lenz, he then continued.

"As I looked just now at the champion of Theosophy I think I encountered a reproach: you have not given the main, the essential dif-

ference between a Theosophist and a Socialist. I plead guilty. I must be short and state this essential difference in as few words as possible. Theosophists want to reform the world from above and Socialists from below. Theosophists want to appeal to the conscience, to the spirit of goodness in man, to rulers, to politicians and captains of industry. Theosophy builds great hopes upon the acceptance of the theory of Reincarnation and Karma. Socialism says: Love's labor lost. It points to the lessons of history which shows that the privileged classes have never yet voluntarily surrendered their advantages. They point out that reform had always to be secured through the demand and uprising of the oppressed. The relations between patrician and plebeian offered the most striking example in this respect. They gave mankind the first example of successful strikes and boycots. The French revolution furnishes another arrow to the Socialist quiver. How tenaciously did king, noble and clergyman cling to their privileges to personal and class interest. The principle of force rules supreme. The unquestioned acceptance of Reincarnation and Karma did not prevent the establishment of a caste system which even the great Gautama failed to overthrow. Socialism makes its appeal to the masses to those suffering and oppressed by existing conditions. It appeals especially to the working class and cries aloud: arise, get up from your knees, proclaim yourself the equal of your felow and assert your right. I as a member of the Socialist party join in the cry to the worker to proclaim his manhood and as a member of the

Theosophical Society I join in the appeal to the conscience, to the moral sense of the rulers of the earth to fulfil their duties towards the race."

When Mr. Heine resumed his seat with a graceful bow, a smile of approbation greeted him from Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz. Miss Lenz extended her hand as a sign of satisfaction with the feat of the champion of Socialism. As Mr. Heine took that little hand and felt its soft pressure a strange light came into his eyes and a happy glow illumined his usually so pensive and melancholy features. Mr. Heine and Miss Lenz were true altruists; considerations for the welfare of the race received their first attention, yet as their embrace of the eyes occurred and revealed the kinship of their souls, the whole world seemed forgotten.

Plato over two thousand years ago placed the rights of the state or society above individual considerations; but as man was then and is today he will find his happiness and a basis for intellectual ascent in the union with a soul that will complete his own. The individual peculiarities, rights and duties, are not yet fully recognized and appreciated by Socialists and other reformers.

The mutual recognition of Mr. Heine and Miss Lenz had lasted but a moment and was only recognized by Miss De Ruiz to whom it gave a feeling of contentment, reminding her of a time, on which she began to dwell with a yearning that was the stronger because she thought it hopeless.

Mr. Swift broke the thoughtful spell with the declaration that Mr. Heine had had a great

advantage over all others in having been the last speaker.

"And took an unfair advantage of Metaphysicians, for our standpoint was not only unfairly, but what seemed to me maliciously criticised and interpreted," declared Miss Winslow.

"Not maliciously," answered Mr. Heine in a tone of deep sincerity. "I might have stretched a point in the heat of the argument, but my only endeavor was, and still is, the recognition of the right and best road for the progress of the race. And this gives me a suggestion. I feel sure that this syposium has furnished food for thought for all of us, and I think has contributed to a better understanding of each other's standpoint. But there are many things that cannot be said in a short address, nor fully understood in a few hours or even days. Why not continue along the present line of procedure?"

He paused, and Mrs. Lawson voiced the question in the eyes of the others by saying "What do you mean, Mr. Heine?"

"Well," answered this gentleman, "I do not believe in sudden conversions or quick changes of mind. We have to grow into and out of a certain line of thought. Why not have each of the champions select two books that would best set forth their creed for the others to read and consider, then the respective ideas could be reflected upon in full leisure and deliberation, and we might meet again after one, two or three months to exchange results."

"Plato, thou reasonest well," here remarked Mr. Swift with a slight touch of sarcasm.

"The idea seems a fair one," declared Mrs. Lawson, looking first at her guests and then at Miss De Ruiz. The latter nodded approvingly.

"This gives Metaphysics a much needed opportunity for rehabilitation," declared Miss Winslow.

"To the need of it I fully agree," put in Mr. Swift, with a slightly malicious smile.

"I don't think that Anarchy has fared any too well in this symposium," replied Miss Winslow.

"Anarchy can wait; to it belongs the future, for even the champion of Socialism predicted that Anarchy's reign would come when mankind would be more highly evolved," answered Mr. Swift in a half serious and half mocking tone of voice.

"This statement of yours needs to be qualified," interposed Mr. Heine. "I might say here, *'distinquo'* or rather *'nego factum'*."

"No Latin, no Greek, gentlemen," interposed Mrs. Lawson, "English is difficult enough sometimes. Let us decide upon the suggestion made by Mr. Heine concerning the selection of books."

"I move then," spoke up Mr. Heine, with quite a parliamentary tone of voice and attitude, "that each champion select two standard books of his or her faith for the others to read and that another meeting be held three months from today."

"But will all of us be in Boston at that time?" asked Mr. Hugo.

"If not, we might agree later upon a convenient date and meeting place," remarked Mr. Swift.

"Question then," here put in Mr. Heine.

"Who is your chairman of the meeting?" smilingly asked Mr. Hugo, looking at Mr. Heine. Mr. Heine seemed puzzled.

"I will help you out," here declared Mr. Hugo. "The question before the house is: Who is in favor of selecting two books on each subject discussed and another meeting to be held three months from date. All in favor say aye." There was a fair response. "Those opposd, no." There was no sound. "Carried unanimously, then," declared Mr. Hugo. "Now remains the books to be chosen."

"Let us follow the order of speakers at symposium in the selection of books," remarked Mr. Heine.

"Do you make this a motion?" asked Mr. Hugo.

"Parlimentary forms take too much time," interposed Mr. Swift.

"True to principle, anti-parlimentairian to the end," said Mr. Heine, laughing.

"I think some of the champions ought to be called to order," declared Miss Winslow. "They are delaying the meeting with unnecessary banterings."

"Miss Winslow's point is well taken," replied Mrs. Lawson. "The waiters in the other room are waiting. Let us be attentive and serious as the cause at stake demands. You were first speaker, Mr. Hugo, you select your books first."

"I would rather be last this time. Why not reverse the order of symposium in accordance with the dictum that the last shall be first and the first shall be last; the last in our case, contrary to general usage, has a slight advantage over the others."

"The idea seems just," remarked Mrs. Lawson. "Turn about is fair play," and she looked at Mr. Heine.

"I am satisfied," said the latter, "and give as my two books, 'Looking Backward' and 'Equality' by Edward Bellamy."

"Poor Carl Marx," murmured Mr. Swift half aloud to Mr. Heine.

"We are in America and not in Germany," answered the latter gentleman.

"You are next, Miss Lenz," said Mrs. Lawson.

Miss Lenz reflected for a few seconds and then gave as her choice "Ancient Wisdom" by Annie Besant and "The Growth of the Soul" by A. P. Sinnett.

Miss Winslow gave "Psychology" by William James, and "The Unity of Good" by Mary Baker Eddy.

Mr. Swift selected "God and the State" by Bakunin and "Anarchy" by Kropotkin.

Mr. Hugo chose "Socialism" and "Studies of Contemporary Superstition" by Mallock.

An adjournment to the banquet table was then in order.

CHAPTER XVII.

THEOSOPHICAL CHRISTIANITY

"Esoteric Christianity" proved quite a revelation to Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz. The scientific and yet sympathetic presentation of Christianity and of the development of its theology opened avenues of thought which especially Miss De Ruiz hesitated to enter. She could not yet become reconciled to the idea of placing what she had considered Heathen Divinities or rather idols on a foot of equality with the Christian God. Had she not read in her school books that Hindus, Chinese and Japanese or the old Egyptians and Assyrians were Pagans? How often had she not been moved by the pleadings of her minister for a liberal contribution to the Missionary fund, in order to bring the light of Christianity into the utter darkness of a degraded heathen world. And now to be told that these heathen religions had an origin similar to that of Christianity.

Mrs. Lawson took a more friendly attitude. "I had a conversation with Miss Lenz on the subject," she remarked to her friend, "and from a certain viewpoint these deductions of Annie Besant seem reasonable enough. The argument which struck me most forcibly, was:

that an intelligent conception of justice would preclude God's favoritism, such as the selection of any one people, as we are told in the Bible concerning the Jews. We must look for a deeper explanation of many statements made in that book, and I agree with Miss Lenz when she says that we find an explanation of the chosen people in the statement of Christ, 'Who is my mother and who are my brothers, but those who do the will of my father who is in Heaven.' All men are equally God's children but those are nearer whose spiritual evolution is sufficiently advanced to recognize their kinship with God. Would it be just for God to give Light and guidance to some of His children and withhold it from others, or, what would be worse, punish them for the lack of His guidance? Calvin's teaching and its acceptance was only possible in a dark age and is repugnant to the modern mind."

"All these things seem true enough," answered Miss De Ruiz, "yet somehow it is hard to relinquish ideas which have been held and cherished from childhood. And then what do you think of Mrs. Besant's distinctions between so-called exoteric and esoteric forms of religion?"

"The arguments advanced seem plausible. I discussed that subject also with Miss Lenz but she is very reticent on that point. It seemed to me that she could not tell all she knew on that subject."

"I spoke to her also on that subject and I received the same impression. Let us ask her once more. I will go and call her."

A few minutes later she returned to the room in company with Miss Lenz. When the two were seated Mrs. Lawson remarked in a thoughtful voice, "Miss De Ruiz and myself have been considering 'Esoteric Christianity.' We find ourselves somewhat puzzled at the distinctions of exoteric and esoteric religion, and we came to the conclusion that as a member of the Theosophical Society you must know more on that subject. And when we exchanged ideas just now on that point we agreed that you knew more than you were willing to communicate."

Miss Lenz for a few minutes seemed to be thinking deeply, then she said slowly: "Miss De Ruiz is familiar with the Greek language, she must know that the word exoteric means, open, outward, public; and esoteric, inner, hidden, occult. The latter word indicates, and Annie Besant shows clearly, the existence of something hidden in religion, that must be sought and may be obtained, but that cannot be simply revealed and given to everybody."

"If I understand you rightly," answered Mrs. Lawson, "there is an esoteric teaching connected with the Theosophical Society."

"The existence of such knowledge is not to be discussed with those outside of the Society, and not even with all those inside. There are grades to which all can aspire."

"Could you indicate the Portal to that temple or those heights?" asked Mrs. Lawson somewhat lightly and amused at the embarrassment and hesitating manner of her friend and secretary.

The latter seemed undecided, and finally declared in a solemn and emphatic voice: "This subject is serious, more serious and of greater importance to every human being than you can possibly imagine and I wish to say this: the Theosophical Society is the gateway to very high spiritual knowledge."

"Let us join the Theosophical Society and find out," remarked Miss De Ruiz.

"The Theosophical Society should not be joined simply to find out," declared Miss Lenz with a strong emphasis.

"What do you require besides?" asked Miss De Ruiz.

"An earnest search after Truth," was the rejoinder.

"And do you doubt us, or rather me, in this respect, Miss Lenz?"

"No I do not, it was only the light words used which caused my remarks."

"Are there no conditions at all for membership?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"None other than the acceptance of the Brotherhood of Man."

"I am willing to make such an endorsement, and I ask of you the favor to propose me as a member of your Society."

"I too would like to become a member of the Society," said Miss De Ruiz.

"Nothing can give me greater pleasure than to propose your names to become members of the Theosophical Society, and I will add this: The Theosophical Society represents the first Portal to a temple that leads to heights, for whose description words are inadequate, if such could be used, but every step towards and

in that temple must be taken with circumspection and precaution. One of the best things Mr. Heine said in his address was the statement that we grow into and out of our mental conceptions. Sudden conversions or transitions on the material or mental plane are not conducive to healthy growth; nor would a sudden change of environment of material conditions lie in the interest of the race. Mr. Heine has been brought to recognize this through the teachings of Theosophy. Some years ago I heard him repeatedly express the wish to end his life on the barricades, fighting for human freedom and economic emancipation, but he has changed his position. His own people furnish an illustration of the truth that sudden transitions are injurious to a healthy mental and spiritual growth. Transferred from barbarous and tyranical Russia to the comparative freedom of the United States they have lost their balance. The rising generation, ashamed of the ways and religion of their fathers and not yet ready for anything higher, love to call themselves materialists and atheists and have become extremely selfish and unscrupulous. Of course there are exceptions," she continued with a slight blush, as if some sudden reminiscences had come into her mind.

"I think I know one of these exceptions," remarked Miss De Ruiz with a kindly smile.

The delicate blush deepened on the soft and transparent features of Miss Lenz but her eyes did not flinch as she answered: "I believe you do, and I am willing to admit that my knowledge of the Jewish race comes from Mr. Heine."

CHAPTER XVIII.

HEINE'S OPPORTUNITY

A sudden thought seemed to strike Miss De Ruiz and she said pensively, "Mr. Heine is a Jew, then, and his people have quite a reputation as men of business. Some letters received in this morning's mail make it painfully clear to me that I need a steward conversant with business affairs and methods. Would Mr. Heine accept such a stewardship, Miss Lenz?"

"Mr. Heine is not what is usually called a business man. He is a writer or journalist, at present engaged in writing a philosophical novel."

"Is striving for fame and fortune compatible with the teachings of Theosophy?"

"Our sphere of usefulness is extended through the recognition of worth and merit," answered Miss Lenz in a very decided and unhesitating tone of voice, which showed that this theme had been the subject of a previous discussion. "But returning to the question of stewardship," then continued Miss Lenz, "Mr. Heine knows men and affairs as do but few. I had proofs of this. He belongs to a business family and is a master in the science of political economy and I would never doubt his administrative business capacity."

"But would he accept the position? Would it not interfere with his literary work?"

"Hardly more than is the case at present. He has to devote the greater part of his time to thankless writings for papers on subjects with which he has no sympathy."

"All right, I would like to speak about this matter to Mr. Heine, if you will kindly ask him to come and see me."

"I think it would be very helpful to have the benefit of Mr. Heine's erudition on some of the subjects which we are considering."

"Returning to the subject of religion," then continued Mrs. Lawson, "do you maintain, Miss Lenz, that there is an absolute standard of religion?"

"There is, but as religion deals with the relations of the finite to the infinite, our mental conceptions, having their source in the finite, must necessarily be limited, relative and inadequate. Whatever changes, cannot be perfect; conceptions and forms of religion change with the advance of the civilization of a nation and with the mental growth of the individual. What a difference between the Christianity of Apostolic times and the middle ages; and again between the middle ages and the twentieth century! Even racial temperament and climate is a factor in religious unfoldment, or rather a development of religious forms. It is no mere accident that Celt, Slav and Roman is mainly Catholic and the Teuton nations mainly Protestant. Men of equal intellectual development may inherit and preserve different forms of worship, but their religious conceptions are the same. Between the religion of

Rabbi Fleischer and the Rev. Van Ness there is no essential difference. Lessing, the great German poet illustrated this fact in his wonderful drama 'Nathan the Sage'; and in his booklet, 'The Education of the Human Race' he corroborates the main tenets of Theosophy."

Miss Lenz said her little peroration in a tone of deep conviction and a nearly didactic manner. The subject of religion seemed to open up springs of knowledge and awaken an enthusiasm and a positiveness which was in striking contrast with her usually so modest attitude. Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz had listened with growing admiration to the extemporaneous effusion that would have done credit to priest or professor.

"I only wonder sometimes where you get all your knowledge from, Miss Lenz."

"Whatever knowledge of religious subjects I have, has been acquired in the last five years, since I joined the Theosophical Society. I think my range of thought would be wider if I had had more time, but having to work for my living I have been fully occupied during the day."

"I hope that the Theosophical Society will do as much for us as it has done for you."

Alice De Ruiz was sitting in her little study looking over the pages of "Socialism" by Mallock. The first part of the book contained a good deal of abstract theory on capital and labor and their inter-relations, too abstruse to be easily understood. In the second part Mallock's theories were practically applied. The virtues of the master class, the capitalists and

their benefits bestowed on the working class were demonstrated with figures and arguments. The science of logic and of mathematics was combined in a marvelous manner to prove that modern civilization was entirely due to the genius and directive ability of the capitalist. Miss De Ruiz was in the midst of the chapter on directive ability when the servant brought in Mr. Heine's card. He had come in response to a letter from Miss Lenz in regard to the stewardship of the estate of Miss De Ruiz. After a short greeting Miss De Ruiz informed Mr. Heine that several unpleasant incidents in the management of her estate had made her decide to place its administration into the hands of a man versed in business methods, in whose judgment and integrity she could trust, and that her own impression of his ability and, with a slight kindly smile, the high opinion of Miss Lenz had caused her to look upon him as her possible adviser.

"I am very well pleased, and feel myself highly honored by this confidence," replied Mr. Heine in a polite manner. "Most people, and specially philosophers and political economists have a high opinion of their talents and would never hesitate to manage a corporation or rule an empire, and I suppose I am no exception. But I will say this, your confidence in my judgment may be, but that in my integrity will not be disappointed."

"What salary would you expect?" then asked Miss De Ruiz.

"One per cent of the net revenue."

"Do you know how much that would be?"

"About five thousand dollars."

Miss De Ruiz was surprised at the ready answer. She seemed to figure and then remarked: "You seem to have fairly accurate information about the value of my property, or rather its revenue."

"I secured information on that subject."

"All right; when can you assume office?"

"Immediately, give me the power of attorney, as the legal phrase is, and I will go to New York and investigate conditions."

"You provide the legal formula and I will affix my signature."

"I can do so right now," was again the ready response.

Mr. Heine took from his pocket a sheet of paper and a fountain pen and in a few minutes handed Miss De Ruiz the paper for signature. Miss De Ruiz was very favorably impressed with Mr. Heine's prompt decision and his knowledge of legal requirements, which augured well for the future.

As Mr. Heine put the, to him, precious document into his pocket his eye fell upon Mallock's book lying on the table.

"Oh, I see you are reading Mr. Hugo's recommendation," he remarked with an amused smile.

"Yes, what do you think of the book?"

"I am surprised at Mr. Hugo's selection. In my opinion, of all the apologists for Capitalism, this Mallock is the poorest."

"I think he makes out quite a strong case for Capital in his chapter on directive ability."

Mr. Heine looked at Miss De Ruiz in amazement. He laughed aloud. "Wouldn't that jar you," he then said half unconsciously, and

again he looked at this fair new mistress as if something puzzled him greatly. Miss De Ruiz became embarrassed and nearly irritated.

"You seem to be greatly amused," she then said in a slight tone of displeasure. "What do you mean?"

Mr. Heine became serious at once and said in an apologetic tone of voice, "Miss De Ruiz, I have realized something of which I stand much in need, a good yearly salary, that will leave me enough time for my literary work, and I do not wish to risk the advantage gained by giving displeasure, but if you promise not to be offended I will explain."

"I am no child that is easily offended," replied Miss De Ruiz.

"Well," now said Mr. Heine, and his amused smile reappeared, "you speak to me of the directive ability of the Capitalist, to me, whom it makes extremely happy to furnish this directive ability needed in the management of your estate for one per cent of capital's share, leaving ninety-nine per cent for capital after disposing of the directive ability."

The eyes of Miss De Ruiz opened wide and then she laughed heartily. "Oh, now I see the humor of the situation," she exclaimed, "and I innocently gave you an oportunity for a good illustration of your economic standpoint, but not all Capitalists are in the same position as myself," she continued.

"No, not all, but most of them. Rockefeller is today, so is Carnegie; so are the members of the Gould and Vanderbilt family and innumerable others."

"And what about Mallock's argument on machinery?"

"Well, who produces the machine?" asked Mr. Heine smiling, "if not inventor and worker, and they very rarely become Capitalists. Capital," Mr. Heine continued, "takes its share in interest, rent and profit. Now, even Mallock has only apologies for the taking of rent and interest; he puts all his erudition on the justification of profit through the directive ability of the captain of industry. Mr. Mallock must know that in England the great masters of Capital always had their agents or stewards. To be engaged in trade was and is even now, a stigma and constitutes a barrier to the entrance into English social life. Mallock must be aware of these things and in my opinion he cannot be sincere in his arguments. Mr. Hugo makes a better champion of Capitalism and can, and did put up a far better argument in its favor."

"Do you think it morally wrong to take interest, rent and profit?" asked Miss De Ruiz.

"No, not individually, but collectively. The individual has to assume the responsibility of his position in society."

When Miss De Ruiz informed Mrs. Lawson of her selection of Mr. Heine as her agent, and told her of their discussion on the directive ability of Capital, Mrs. Lawson smiled and then said thoughtfully: "I think you have made a good selection, and besides, unless I am very much mistaken, you have smoothed the path for the realization of the fondest hope of Miss Lenz. I hope this will not deprive us of her

companionship and that a way will be found to keep both her and Mr. Heine near us."

They then discussed personal letters and soon drifted to the subject of religion.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEW ASPECTS

"I think 'Esoteric Christianity' is certainly one of the most instructive books I ever read. Many reflections, which in the past had obtruded themselves upon my mind were made clear."

"But what of our Christian Religion, what of Christ?" was the sad rejoinder of Miss De Ruiz.

"Our religion has lost nothing by the demonstration that it is a great and equal part of one stupendous whole; and the 'Man of Sorrows' is brought nearer to ourselves by his example as a man who had succeeded in subduing matter and conquering Heaven," replied Mrs. Lawson.

Miss De Ruiz for some time sat quietly with hands folded and in deep reflection. To her mind came the sayings of William Norris and his pleadings for an unbiased consideration of his views. Seized with an overpowering regret and remorse, she burst out crying. Mrs. Lawson looked upon her friend with deep sympathy and wisely refrained from trying to console her, recognizing that the long hoped for and desired crisis had come. When Miss De Ruiz had regained her self-possession, Mrs. Lawson said in a voice full of gratitude, "God's ways are wonderful indeed," and turning to

her friend, "I think, in fact I know, that I understand your feelings, but there is no cause for regret, only for joy and thanksgiving. The intellectual barriers to your happiness have been removed."

"Do you think he will forgive me?"

"I am sure he never blamed you for anything you did. I think my friend Mr. Morgan has given some hints to Mr. Norris and at a sign from you Mr. Norris will be again at your feet."

Miss De Ruiz looked up quickly, a look of reproach was in her eyes.

"There has been no indiscretion," said Mrs. Lawson in reply to the look. "You have seen all the correspondence between me and Mr. Morgan. Everything will be all right, I feel sure," she continued, "and I expect to be present at the wedding of my friend Alice and Mr. William Norris, and at that of Miss Lenz and Mr. Heine."

And as Miss De Ruiz stole her arm around the waist of her friend, she said, "I expect to be present at the wedding of my friend Marguerite and John Morgan."

A crimson flush passed over the features of Mrs. Lawson as she let herself down in a chair. "What an idea!" she then exclaimed.

"You are not the only one that is an adept at the reading of hearts, my dear Marguerite."

"But I assure you you are not an adept, there never was the slightest intimation of anything approaching love making between me and Mr. Morgan. He is absorbed in other things."

"Our own heart sometimes makes us blind," answered the younger undisturbed in her opin-

ion. "What not yet was, nor is, yet will be."

Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and "Equality" proved instructive and entertaining. Miss De Ruiz especially was charmed with the beautiful picture of the glorious future presented to the reader in "Looking Backward".

Today we find our three ladies, Mrs. Lawson, Miss De Ruiz and Miss Lenz comfortably seated on the soft grass in the Blue Hills speaking of politics and religion and drifting into a discussion of Bellamy's social and economic ideas.

"Bellamy opens very pleasing perspectives. His forecasts on religion in the chapter Eritis Sicut Deus have even as far as I can judge a slightly Theosophical flavor," thought Mrs. Lawson, "but I fear that mankind will have to advance many steps before his ideas, or rather ideals can be realized."

"I am not sure about that," replied Miss De Ruiz musingly, "some of his predictions have already come true. His visions of the telephone and the phonograph have been realized, and I read in this morning's paper that a German corporation sent men to this country to find a suitable landing place for a new airship that is to cross the Atlantic this coming April. Sometimes things move quickly, and we may be in the midst of a revolution without being aware of it, resembling a man in a forest looking for a tree."

"Concerning Mr. Bellamy's books," declared Miss Lenz, "I might say this: I had a long discussion with Mr. Heine about them some time ago; he had some very serious criticisms

to make and found a good deal of fault with Bellamy's view point, so much so, that I was somewhat surprised at his selection. His main objection, as far as I remember, seems to be that Bellamy did not leave enough room for the unfoldment of individual character and initiative; that he made too many provisions and carried too far the principle of government. Such official encroachments on personal liberty Mr. Heine thought furnish a basis for Herbert Spencer's attitude, who called Socialism the coming slavery. He spoke very highly of a socialistic book by William Morris, 'News from Nowhere', which avoided the faults in 'Looking Backward'. But I am inclined to side with Mrs. Lawson, that the time for the realization of the Socialist's dream, or vision, as Mr. Heine would prefer to call it, is still far distant; and that the Socialists' position and especially their methods, require serious modification. Mr. Heine himself admits that now. Theosophy has softened his views as it did those of Annie Besant."

"I would be very willing, and so I think would Miss De Ruiz, to forego our present economic and social advantages," declared Mrs. Lawson.

"Your position is another argument for the Theosophical position that contrary to the so-called scientific, socialistic standpoint, the obstacle to progress does not come so much from above as from below. Things might be different in Europe, in monarchial countries, and especially in those where church, state and school are controlled by king and emperor," remarked Miss Lenz.

"What book are you reading at present?" she then asked after a short pause.

"We have just begun 'The Unity of Good,' by Mary Baker Eddy," answered Miss De Ruiz.

"The book will be a surprise, and I will furnish another," remarked Miss Lenz, in a pensive tone of voice.

"Can you not give us the surprise now?"

"Not very well; it is in connection with the book by Mother Eddy, and to appreciate the surprise you must first read the book."

For the first few minutes the three women sat in silence. The sun was in the last quarter of his journey; the air was soft and balmy; in the trees the birds were singing joyfully and the ear was struck by the rippling sound of a brook flowing slowly at the foot of the hill.

"It is getting late," finally said Mrs. Lawson, "we had better start for home."

"Let us watch the sunset," said Miss Lenz pleadingly. "It is very beautiful from here."

Mrs. Lawson looked at Miss De Ruiz who nodded approvingly, and when soon afterwards the fading light of the Lord of Day illumined the western sky and the beautiful landscape, our three ladies experienced in themselves the truth of the poet's song. "To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language."

Mother Eddy's book "The Unity of Good" was a valuable contribution to the religious and philosophical edifice that was shaping itself in the minds of Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz. The statement "The Gods are just and our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge

us," reminded them of Miss Lenz's arguments in favor of her theory on Karma. But what struck them most forcibly was the proclamation of the all inclusive unity of God which left no room for independent and separate existence for any being or creature, material or spiritual. Some of the most startling assertions were these: "God is All, in All, hence He is in Himself only, in His own nature and character, and is perfect Being or Consciousness. He is all the Life and mind there is or can be. Within Himself is every embodiment of life and mind. If He is all He can have no consciousness of anything unlike Himself, because if He is omnipresent there can be nothing outside of Himself."

The book was written in the form of dialogue between the True and the False, or as Mrs. Eddy says, the Good and the Evil.

Says Evil, "But mortal mind and sin really exist, how can they exist unless God has created them. How can He create anything so unlike Himself?" etc. Answer Good, "I am the Infinite All. To believe in many minds is to depart from the supreme sense of harmony. Your assumptions insist that there is more than one mind, more than the one God, but verily I say unto you, God is All in all, and you can never be outside of His oneness."

Mrs. Eddy declares as false and misleading the verse by Browning.

> "Chance and change are busy ever.
> Man decays and ages move,
> But His mercy waneth never;
> God is Wisdom, God is Love."

She asks, "how can it be true that God's mercy never waneth, and that at the same time chance and changes are universal factors, that man decays. The phantasmagoria (of change and decay) according to her is a product of human dream."

Miss De Ruiz asked Miss Lenz what she thought of Mrs. Eddy's book. Miss Lenz smiled. "I might have selected this book as a good representation of Theosophical thought, but there are further explanations necessary which Mrs. Eddy fails to give."

"Do you accept then her view that we only exist in God?"

"Most assuredly. Does not St. Paul also say: 'In Him we live and move and have our being?'"

"And do you also hold that all material relations are simple, idle and false productions of man's fancy, Phantasmagoria, as Mrs. Eddy calls them?"

"To a certain extent. All is Maya, teaches the Hindu sage, but this statement requires further elucidation and explanation, and for whose understanding a few minutes, or a few hours, or perhaps years do not suffice."

"I promised you a surprise in connection with this book by Mrs. Eddy, and this surprise is on your bookshelf in the form of a little pamphlet entitled 'Christian Science versus Pantheism.' This booklet is a strange phenomenon. In it Mrs. Eddy tries to disprove the logical deductions from her own teaching, contained in 'The Unity of Good', and in fact in all her teaching. Spinoza or Buddha himself, could not have been more insistent upon the

all-inclusiveness of the One God, and in this pamphlet called 'Christian Science versus Pantheism' she tries to offset her own arguments. Mr. Heine thinks that she is afraid of Christian Science teaching being charged with Pantheism."

"Pantheism," remarked Miss De Ruiz, "as I remember from my Greek studies, means all is God. In her book, 'The Unity of Good', with the strongest emphasis, Mrs. Eddy not only says that all is God, but also that God is all, and here we have a pamphlet, 'Christian Science versus Pantheism.' Let us read and see."

They interchanged reading the book aloud and their surprise was great indeed. Every once in a while they looked at each other in blank amazement.

"What is the poor woman trying to do," remarked Mrs. Lawson, "she says the same thing in different words, and she seems to imagine that by saying a thing is different it will make it different, as if calling a thorn a rose would make a thorn a rose. I would like to have an interview with Mrs. Eddy on that subject."

"We might go to the Christian Science Church some Sunday and so possibly get into touch with some of the leaders and through them with Mrs. Eddy."

"I don't see Mr. Swift's recommendation, 'God and the State' on the shelf," said Miss De Ruiz to Mrs. Lawson one morning. "I have read the literary selections of the other champions and I think Mr. Swift is entitled to the some consideration. Did Miss Lenz explain to you why the book is not here?"

"She has not, and I wonder myself why this book should be missing."

The noise of the typewriter could be heard from an adjoining room, Miss Lenz's workshop, as she called it. Mrs. Lawson opened the door and asked Miss Lenz to come into the room for a few minutes and then told her that Miss De Ruiz was looking for "God and the State" by Bakunin. A blush and then a slight pallor spread over the serene countenance of Miss Lenz.

"I bought and read the book, and after reading it I begged Mr. Heine to ask Mr. Swift to select another champion of his cause. But Mr. Heine refused and maintains that Morris Swift would never grant such a wish. He says my fears are foolish."

"And what, and why should you fear? Is not fear an admission of weakness?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"Not necessarily, and is not in this case, for I think a mature mind will, after reading Bakunin, be strengthened in his convictions opposite to those held by that author. But the book requires a firm footing, it is dangerous, it gave me the horrors. Bakunin seems to be an incarnation of one of the Titans, of whom we read that they contended with the gods for the rule of the universe. Bakunin fights God with an intelligence and logical reason, never surpassed by any thinker, and what makes him still more dangerous is the fact that he was one of God's noblemen who fought for what he considered right and just, regardless of personal sacrifices and hardships."

"After what you have said, I would read Bakunin even against your and Mr. Swift's advice," declared Miss De Ruiz.

Miss Lenz answered nothing, she left the room and soon reappeared with two cheaply bound volumes which she laid on the table and said quietly, "These are the best I could get."

Their curiosity thus aroused, they commenced the reading of Bakunin's master work "God and the State." Their expectations were not disappointed. The characteristic feature of the book and of its author was revealed in the opening chapter with the assertion "Our first ancestors, our Adams and Eves were, if not gorillas, very near relatives of gorillas, omniverous, intelligent and ferocious beasts, endowed in a higher degree than any other of the animals with two ferocious faculties; *The power to think and the desire to rebel.*" Our ladies soon found that Bakunin was well versed in the mystical and occult teaching upheld by modern Theosophy. He called the esoteric side of religion which his deep insight recognized, as the basis of Christianity a *saltus morale*. His haughty mind failed to understand how something perfect could become or wish to become imperfect, how a God could descend into matter and therefore he declared it absurd, because everything reasonable admits of an explanation.

They were amused at his reversal of Voltaire's saying, that "if God did not exist, it were necessary to invent Him," into the phrase, "if God would exist, it were necessary to abolish Him."

But what struck our readers most forcibly and most strangely was his accord in the inter-

pretation of Christianity with Mother Eddy's views proclaimed in "The Unity of Good", and the similarity of their deductions. The material universe, including man, is nothing, for God alone is real, teaches Mother Eddy in her "Unity of Good". Bakunin accepts his reasoning with this proviso, "if God is." And he reasons logically enough that if there is an all inclusive God, man the human personality can have no separate individual existence.

"I wonder if Mother Eddy plagiarized from Bakunin," remarked Miss De Ruiz to Mrs. Lawson.

"I hardly think so," was the answer. "They are two great minds and saw the same logical sequence and yet differ in their final interpretation," she continued wondering.

"Whose interpretation do you take?" asked Alice De Ruiz.

"Mother Eddy's, without being able to give a logical reason why."

Just then the servant brought in Mr. Heine's card, and when this gentleman entered, he was asked to give his opinion on Bakunin. "The most wonderful thing in the world is the mind of man," was the thoughtful answer. "Bakunin's highest claim," he then continued, "to our recognition, in fact to our love and admiration, is his incessant struggle for human rights and freedom, for which he was thrice condemned to death, and he only escaped the hangman through the rivalry of his enemies for the executorship. Bakunin spent many years in prisons and in the snow fields of Siberia and yet he never hesitated to enter the field of danger

when the cry of the oppressed reached his ears."

"A Socialist and a Theosophist certainly can sing loudly the praises of an Atheist and an Anarchist," remarked Mrs. Lawson, seemingly surprised.

"Bakunin devoted his life to what he thought was the service of humanity, no one can do more," was the placid rejoinder of Mr. Heine, "and," he continued in a solemn voice, "in his next incarnation Bakunin will be one of the first among the bearers of the higher Light."

WILLIAM NORRIS

CHAPTER XX.

MR. MORGAN AND MR. NORRIS

John Morgan was sitting at his desk deeply absorbed in the cares of his office. He looked tired and weary. Quite a change had come over John since his election as District Attorney of San Francisco. Many years ago his ambition had been to surpass all others in the knowledge of law, in eloquence and rhetoric, to show his legal skill in cross examining a stubborn witness and he had succeeded in this ambition and was recognized as the most brilliant lawyer of the State. His office was crowded with clients from all walks of life. The shrewd business man, the cunning criminal, who could pay well for legal services rubbed shoulders with poor wretches who had fallen unwittingly into the meshes of the law, and who besides legal, had to be given financial assistance. From early morn till late at night, John B. Morgan was kept busy. He was one of the fortunate beings who realize in themselves the joy of work.

But John B. Morgan, in his many years practice as a criminal lawyer, saw many defects in the wheels of justice and in youthful enthusiasm he longed to play the role of reformer. For some time the goal of his ambi-

tion had seemed beyond his reach, when a fortuitous chain of circumstances, the cynical disregard of the people's interest, the open bribery in state and city government had made practically unanimous the cry for a political Hercules who would cleanse the augean stable of corruption, and had aroused a wave of enthusiasm upon whose crest he was carried into office. He had now an opportunity to introduce his ideas of reform in practical jurisprudence. But the disillusion soon came and today he was weighing the pro's and con's of a new case when the entrance of his secretary disturbed his reflections. The latter laid upon the table a number of cards and slips of paper with names of persons who asked for a personal interview with the District Attorney. With a tired look Mr. Morgan looked over these names when his eyes fell upon a single card bearing the name of "William Norris". This name seemed to have an electric effect; all traces of weariness vanished as if by a magic spell. He arose quickly, left the office and to the surprise of clerks and assistants, locked his desk as was his habit after the day's work was finished, which seldom happened before 7 P. M., then turning to his secretary he said, "Where did you get this card?"

"From a man in the waiting room," was this gentleman's reply.

Over a dozen persons tried to get the ear of the District Attorney as he entered the so-called waiting room. A promiscuous crowd indeed filled the room. A person familiar with European life would have been amazed indeed and a Prussian conservative would have been

shocked beyond expression by the attitude of this mixed assembly towards a "Staatsanwalt". A couple of reporters said "Hello John". A man in immaculately white gloves and chapeau claque said, "John". An unkempt individual in shabby clothes and diffident looks, likewise said, "Oh, John". But contrary to custom their cordial greetings received no response. Mr. Morgan waved them all aside, when his eye discovered a studious looking person who looked with wondering eye on the life and scene around him. He had followed the example of the others and had risen from his seat when Mr. Morgan entered the room, and as he now took the extended hand of the public prosecutor of San Francisco the eyes of these two men met in a joyful welcome, but the presence of so many other people prevented a free expression and Mr. Morgan said in a low voice, "Wait a minute, I'll make myself free."

"Do not inconvenience yourself on my account, John, I can come at some other time, or call on you at your hotel."

"No, I will go out with you. I feel the need of rest and fresh air."

Mr. Morgan returned to the main office in which his assistants were working, gave a few instructions and quietly informed them that they need not expect him for the rest of the day. He then returned to the waiting room and freed Mr. Norris from the importunities of a "fresh" reporter who was seeking an item for his paper.

"Let us take a ride into the country," suggested Mr. Morgan after they had left the court house.

"I am pleased to see that the pomp of office and insignia of power have not changed your predilection for simple mother nature," answered his friend and when John B. stopped at a street corner evidently waiting for a car, "Neither his democratic way of travelling."

"Somewhat nevertheless, I think I would prefer to walk, and would do so if there were no danger of being troubled by various people with a grievance for or against the goddess of justice, whom I am supposed to represent."

While in the cars, their conversation was confined to passing incidents and not till they had reached a quiet and secluded spot did the expression of indifference change into one of joyful recognition and mutual welcome.

"Where have you been Will, and why have you been hiding so long?" A pensive look came into the eyes of Mr. Norris as he answered, "I can truly say I have been everywhere, and certainly have not been hiding. I have just returned from a trip around the world and in a well bound volume I will soon present to you and other friends the fruits of a two years' pilgrimage."

"And was there none in the United States entitled to your solicitude and the knowledge of your whereabouts?"

"I think I owe you an apology. My only excuse must be the author's pride, or rather vanity, to give to his friends his doings in print."

Mr. Morgan looked at his friend with a deep inquiring look, "and are there no others, or rather no other who had a higher claim to your solicitude?"

A deadly pallor spread over the face of William Norris at these words, for the voice and still more the eyes of Morgan expressed a knowledge of which the other had thought him ignorant.

"What do you know, and how do you know it?" Mr. Norris exclaimed in a voice which indicated surprise and apprehension.

"It is a long story," answered Mr. Morgan, "I hoped to hear some things about yourself first, but I see I have to unload my own stock of information first, but before I begin I wish to say that there is no cause to be uneasy and that I am happy to be the harbinger of what my friend Norris will consider joyful news, not altogether deserved by a two years' absence and silence."

Mr. Norris gave no answer, he threw himself on the grass and looked up to his friend in silent expectation. Mr. Morgan then gave a short account of the story of Mrs. Lawson and how she met and rescued Alice De Ruiz with the details of which the reader is already familiar. "And at present," concluded Mr. Morgan, "Mrs. Lawson and Alice De Ruiz are floating in the thought currents of the Athens of the new world, and I tell you, you will find both of them expert pilots in the realms of Metaphysics. The depths of Psychology, Christian Science, Theosophy, Socialism and Anarchy have been fathomed by them to an extent that will leave little room for further improvement by Wililam Norris."

Mr. Norris had listened as if in a dream without a word of interruption and after Morgan had finished there ensued a period of sil-

ence during which each felt and shared the other's thoughts.

"The ways of providence are strange," came finally from the lips of Mr. Norris, as if thinking aloud.

"The Theosophists call it Karma," said Morgan with a half smile, "and the Christians, destiny."

"There is a kernel of truth in either viewpoint, if rightly understood. I have not yet been able to come to a definite conclusion, but I rather lean to the idea that to a great extent man shapes his own destiny and is himself the author of his joys and woes."

"Well, the Hindu law of Karma claims precisely the same thing. But have Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz merited and caused their imprisonment? And yet, when I come to think of it, it might have been after all for their final best," continued Mr. Morgan as if speaking to himself.

'There might be threads invisible to our eyes on which the destinies of men are unfolding themselves."

"Let us go to Boston. Can you not take a vacation?" asked Mr. Norris after a short pause.

"It is not easy just now," answered his friend. "I am entitled to a rest; since my assumption of office I have labored incessantly, but there are many things at present which demand my personal attention.

"We are too apt to imagine that the world rests on our shoulders and could not possibly get on without us," answered Norris. "With all due respect to the duties of a public pro-

secutor, I think ourselves and our friends are entitled to some consideration also."

"Two years of absence and silence show a full apreciation of the latter," answered Morgan.

The tone of the voice softened the reproach that lay in the words, and Norris replied, "your knowledge of some things ought to give the key to this behavior without further explanation on my part."

"And it does indeed, Will. I meant no reproach."

"Your assistants can follow general directions, and matters of importance can still remain subject to your decision. In the age of the telegraph and telephone distance is no longer a barrier," pleaded Norris.

"I will try and see if I can't get away," answered Morgan.

"So you think the thought currents of Boston have effected a revolution in the minds of Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz," said Mr. Norris to his friend on their way back to the city.

"I not only think so, but I know so. The world by them is seen differently today, in its social, political and religious aspect, and I am sure you will find Miss De Ruiz well inclined to your own views on these subjects. And I think we owe a good deal for this result to two persons whose acquaintance we would make if we should go to Boston. The one is a man named Heine, a Socialist, and the other is a young lady named Miss Alma Lenz, a Theosophist. The former has become practically the administrator of Miss De Ruiz's property,

and the other is secretary and companion to the two ladies."

A few days later John B. Morgan was seated comfortably in his armchair at the hotel Plaza, smoking according to custom, a big black cigar, while William Norris sat by the window which commanded a magnificent view over park and bay.

"When do you think you will be ready to start for Boston?" asked Mr. Norris with a somewhat anxious look.

"Let me see, today is Thursday. I shall be ready by Saturday," answered Mr. Morgan with a satisfied expression. "I sent a despatch to Boston announcing your arrival in Frisco, and here is what I received in reply," handing him the telegram.

Mr. Norris read aloud, "Could not you two come to Boston, (or do you think we ought to go to Frisco)?"

"Here is my reply," answered Morgan, giving Norris another paper, on which were written these words. "Departure for Boston already agreed upon."

After a short pause Norris remarked, "Next to Miss De Ruiz and Mrs. Lawson I have from your description become quite interested in that man Heine, the Socialist, and in Miss Lenz, the Theosophist. I have great sympathy with the aims of Socialists and yet my views differ sufficiently to prevent me from joining their political party, and I am also strongly inclined to the so-called Theosophical interpretation of life. I admire Pythagaros and Plato and Plotinus, who are considered the greatset exponents of such a philosophy, but I have a strong

objection to the Theosophical cult inaugurated by Madame Blavatsky. She seems to me to have been a cunning hypocrite and a shrewd adventuress. How that man Heine, who seems to be from your description a student and a man of affairs, could accept her as his leader and how he can reconcile to himself the theory of Theosophy and of Socialism, I would like him to explain. From what you tell me he is a member of both organizations. These two Societies are not only opposed on general principles, but their theory of life, as far as I can see, is diametrically opposed."

"But was not Annie Besant at one time a Socialist?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"You answer your question by saying was," answered Mr. Norris. "Socialism," he then continued, "that is, the present political organization stands for the most radical kind of democracy, whereas, thesophical tenets, at least in theory, stand and must stand for the rule of the elect. The theory of reincarnation, which puts the most advanced souls into exalted positions as a reward for good deeds in a former life, hardly allows of another standpoint, and a Pythagoras and a Plato with all their philanthrophy and Utopian dreams, were leaders in the ranks of conservatism and aristocracy."

"You will have to ask Mr. Heine for an explanation of his principles, and from what I have heard of him, he will be able to give it."

"And where do you stand today?" then asked Mr. Norris. "I know that nominally you have usually affiliated with what is called the Democratic party."

"I think you will be surprised when I tell you that I have become myself a Socialist, and that on election day my secret ballot was and will be cast for the candidate of that political party. Socialism," continued Morgan, "is in my opinion the basis of a future civilization."

"Agreed, John, but we are not living in the future just yet."

"For that reason I am at present District Attorney of San Francisco, elected chiefly as a Democrat because the People are not yet ripe for Socialism and because all political chances would be sacrificed by an open affiliation with that party and all practical usefulness lost. Some will say that personal ambition had a big share in my attitude and I would not altogether deny such a statement. I like authority, and personal interest, our likes and dislikes, will color the conclusions of the best of us. I might have tried to bribe my conscience by voting secretly for the Socialist ticket and giving anonymously a contribution to their campaign fund."

"Can you do much good at present, and are you satisfied with your present occupation?"

A strange look came into the eyes of Morgan at that query of his friend. For a few minutes he seemed immersed in thought and then with a strong tinge of sadness, "I am not, and were I to keep my position, the years of my life would be few." Seeing the look of surprise in the eyes of his friend he continued, "Your eyes ask for an explanation. The powers of office, even if nominally absolute, are in reality very limited. You have to abide by usage

and respect public opinion. Did you ever read Victor Hugo's Les Miserables?"

"I have," answered Norris.

"It gives," then continued Morgan, "a remarkably strong picture of life in general and of jurisprudence in particular, and yet presents a distorted view point. The Valjeans are very rare in the world, in the world of crimes and criminals. From Hugo's book we might conclude that society is responsible and the criminal absolved from guilt. Altgeld, in a little booklet entitled 'Our Legal Machinery and its Victims' strongly emphasizes the responsibility of society, but strange as it may seem, the criminals themselves never think so. It would never enter their mind that, not they, but society, or as Socialists call it, environment is to blame for their criminal actions. The average criminal is conscious of guilt. When acquitted on a technical point, through his lawyer's shrewdness or through the sympathy of the district attorney or the clemency of the judge criminals simply think they have gotten the better of the law and rejoice at their good fortune. But the idea that they did not commit a crime by their own free will would never enter their head. The suggestion that they were mere puppets propelled by fortune or fate would be resented by them as a personal oinsult. And who will dare to say that nature's voice is entirely wrong."

"Where do you stand?" asked Norris.

" I have not reached terra firma, and that is one more reason why I am really anxious to meet that man Heine, of whose wisdom on all questions of life Mrs. Lawson and Miss De

Ruiz have such a high opinion," answered Mr. Morgan with a smile and a somewhat ironical tone of voice. "It is not easy," he then continued, "to plead for a verdict of guilty, even in the case of a habitual criminal, who was born in the slums of a city, never received any kind of an education, learned what ever he knows of a trade behind prison walls. Those things sometimes cause loss of sleep and of peace of mind in the day, but what can be done? Society must be protected; men with criminal tendencies must be restrained through fear of the law with its punishments. I admit that if society were guilty, society ought to be punished; if responsible it ought to be reformed, but the question is, is society responsible and to what extent?"

"There is only one escape from your labyrinth," answered Mr. Norris with a smile and yet seriously, "and that escape is by the door of reincarnation."

"But will such an escape explain or rather solve the problem?"

"It seems to me the only reasonable solution, without it you will have a hard, I think an impossible task to adjust the facts of this world with the idea of absolute justice. Let us hope to find further enlightenment in the thought currents of Boston," concluded Mr. Norris as he rose to take his departure. "Could you take a ride with me to the beach? The stars and moon seem to beckon for a visit."

"I wish I could. I have worked since early morning and am tired, but my departure on Saturday requires many dispositions."

"Do not take things too serious, John; as I said before, the world does not rest on our shoulders."

Mr. Norris looked up quickly at the note of pain in the voice of his friend and said slowly, "John, I wouldn't like your job."

"And I shall not keep it longer than I have promised," was the firm rejoinder.

During their first trip across the continent these two men had ample time to exchange their experiences during the years of separation and Mr. Norris gave a graphic account of his voyage around the world.

"This planet is small after all," he remarked one day, "if measured by our present means of travel, and yet is replete with a variety of race and civilization far greater than those imagine who have never gone beyond the borders of their own country." He then spoke of the life in Europe, of France, Germany and Italy and related some of his experiences in the East, in Turkey, Persia, and China. In some respects he thought the genus homo is very much the same and yet so different. Put an individual German and Frenchman, especially of the upper classes along side of one another and only a very experienced eye could tell their nationality, and yet what a difference in the national genius of the two countries lying so closely together and having even a racial affinity, the very word France having a Teutonic origin coming from Frank, a German tribe. "I often wondered," he continued, "what might be the cause of the differentiating characteristics. Can it be ascribed to climate? If so the same climate ought to produce the same

national tendencies, but the climate of China and Japan presents all the varieties of the climate in Europe, and yet Asiatics and Europeans even when born in corresponding latitudes differ in physical appearance as well as in their thoughts and aspirations. I once heard a German professor of philosophy assert that man is what he eats, but while willing to give to food all its due importance, being a vegetarian myself, I rather uphold the claim of Ruskin that man is what he thinks. The power of thought is felt in travel. We grow towards the national tendencies of the people among whom we live; it is, as if the thought of a nation had some material effect upon our physical and mental constitution and were affecting our being."

John B. had followed attentively the perambulations of his friend. "You'd better wait until you get to Boston before you enter the domain of occultism and metaphysics," he said with a smile.

"I deny that what I said is either metaphysical or occult. I simply gave facts based upon personal observations and experience."

"I had not the slightest intention to belittle those observations by calling them metaphysical," said John B. laughing. "My period of atheism is passed and I would not be surprised today at any manifestation based upon psychical or occult lines. My correspondents in Boston induced me to read Hudson's 'Law of Psychic Phenomena' and Meyer's 'Human Personality and the Future Life', and these two books, based upon the reports of the Psychical Research Society, vouched for by such men as

A. R. Wallace and Sir William Crookes, have prepared my mind for possibilities not before thought worthy of consideration."

"I am familiar with these books myself and am grateful to the authors for the information given. Are you willing to accept their conclusions?" he then asked his friend.

"I don't see how I can. The final deductions of Meyers and Hudson are diametrically opposed. Meyers claims that the facts furnished in the investigations of Psychic phenomena established a proof of future life and the possibility and actual existence of communication between two worlds, between the living and the dead. Whereas Hudson regards such a conclusion, if not unfounded at least premature. The members of the P. R. S. are at variance themselves, some accepting, others rejecting spiritistic theories or agencies."

"Where do you stand then?" again asked Norris.

"Nowhere, my position is in the air, or may be in 'Akasa.' I think this word fits my position best," he then continued musingly, "for like my position, this akasa seems to be shrouded in deep obscurity."

"The technical term for your state of mind would then be agnosticism," remarked Mr. Norris. "Some years ago I might have joined you as a comrade. While I never, like you and Shelley, passed through a mental state called atheism, yet I have experienced the pains of doubt engendered by agnosticism and can sympathize with men suffering from the same germ and have long ago recognized the truth expressed by Shakespeare, or rather by Bacon,

There are more truths under Heaven and Earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy.' "

"You stand then on the side of Bacon in the Shakespearian controversy?"

"Since last year, up to that time I fought for William Shakespeare."

"And what caused you to change your allegiance?" again asked Morgan.

"Certain devices found in the works attributed to Shakespeare. For some reason Bacon seems to have wanted his authorship recognized by future generations, and he inserted remarks and letters which in my opinion will eventually establish him as the author. When we get to Boston I will show you the things I mean and your legally trained mind will soon see the points involved."

Engaged thus in social and philosophical problems the hours of their journey passed quickly. When they were passing through the state of Illinois Mr. Morgan remarked that if time had permitted he would have liked to visit the last resting place of John P. Altgeld. "Next to Abraham Lincoln," he declared, "John P. Altgeld is my favorite political character and it seems a strange coincidence that the main political battles of these two men were fought in this state. I was born and reared a Catholic and of her teachings the one that the pictures and examples of great and holy men exercise an inspiring influence, I am still ready to endorse."

"You are in the company of the great," answered Mr. Norris smiling. "We read in history that Caesar while in Alexandria visited

the tomb of Alexander the Great and we are told that Napoleon spent over an hour all by himself in the mausoleum of Charlemagne. And when I come to think of it, it seems a strange accident that the field of their activity should have brought these two men to these places; the one born in Italy to Egypt, the other born in Corsica to Aix La Chapelle on the Rhine."

"Wait till you get to Boston," again cautioned Mr. Morgan in a half mocking voice, "before entering the realm of the occult. I would not at all be surprised if our Theosophical friends would claim Caesar an incarnation of Alexander and Napoleon an incarnation of Caesar. You would then have but one individuality for these three historical characters and it would be easy to infer further that this so-called Karma brought them, or rather him to a former field of activity."

"And this claim might not be so far from the truth either," declared Mr. Norris, "I admit that I had never thought of it before, but I remember reading that the character and exploits of Alexander were a favorite topic of conversation with Caesar, and that Napoleon had intended to write a history of Caesar which was done later by his nephew, and we know Napoleon himself assumed the title of Caesar, that of all his titles Napoleon took for his son at the time of his birth the name, King of Rome."

While these two men were thus speaking of things in general and discusing abstract theories, their hearts were filled with a picture of very deep and personal concern and they were

perfectly aware of that fact. Morgan knew that the all-absorbing thought of his friend Norris was a certain person named Alice De Ruiz and Mr. Norris knew, or rather felt, that a person named Mrs. Lawson was the real magnet that drew his friend from professional obligations to the City of Boston. It will seem strange to most women that these two men with absolute confidence in the other's sympathy and discretion shrank from a discussion of an affair of their hearts. Is love more sacred to man than to woman? This can hardly be asserted; on the contrary strong masculine natures feel something akin to shame and consider it a confession of weakness in being in bondage to the God of Love. Where woman exults man often shrinks and hides. The best illustration of the appreciation of love is found in the correspondence between Abelard and Heloise. Between two women as intimate as Morgan and Norris their topic of conversation would have been of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Norris, or rather Will and John, but these two men, by an unexpressed agreement avoided the subject uppermost in their mind. It was only incidentally, when Mr. Norris was relating some episodes immediately preceding his trip around the world that his relations to Miss De Ruiz were touched upon, then one word brought on another and as Morgan knew already the general outlines of that history, the discussion become more open and complete.

"I was in a painful dilemma," declared Mr. Norris, "when I received a note with the question: 'Do you love God more than me?' For some time I hesitated. I knew the answer

which was wanted and as I had cause to believe, eagerly expected. But what could I do! The very fact that such a question was asked, and such an answer solicited, was an indication of no common character. Most girls would be more than satisfied to be loved more than God, but what was I to do? I am no atheist and can truly say I love God, but I know that I can love Him in His creatures only, who are the most advanced form of His manifestation. God Himself is far removed from the need of human love. I might have committed an act of mental sacrifice or Jesuitical reservation, reasoning that the end justifies the means, especially as Miss De Ruiz was sick, but then came to my mind the example of John Ruskin, for whom I always had an especially high regard as a man and a thinker. He had a similiar, in fact an identical experience. At first I was dumbfounded when this fact stood before my mind, I think occultists may deem this coincidence worthy of consideration," he said musingly, "and I finally concluded that what John Ruskin determined as right could not be wrong for William Norris. So my answer was negative, but I afterwards sent a letter with explanations that I thought would satisfy the mind of Miss De Ruiz, but I seem to have been mistaken. Of late the thought often came to me that she might never have received that letter."

"She did not," came slowly from the lips of Morgan.

"And how do you know?"

"I know it from Mrs. Lawson. I think a good many misunderstandings will be removed

when we will have reached the end of this journey."

"And what about yourself?" asked Mr. Norris as he looked deeply into the eyes of his friend.

A light red spot appeared on the forehead of Morgan at this question of Norris made by the eyes even more than the words. "There is nothing especial concerning myself," was the hesitating answer.

Mr. Norris looked a little offended. He had opened his heart's affairs to his friend and thought himself entitled to the same confidence. Did he want justification of his own weakness by a similar one of his friend? Who will fathom the depths of man's thoughts, the underlying causes of their feelings and sometimes their actions?

Mr. Morgan fully understood his friend. "I cannot give an equivalent for I have no equivalent to give, he said slowly." "I might have hopes, but it would be very premature and I think unfair to clothe them in words." The two shook hands and some time their eyes beheld the objects passed by the swiftly moving train, while their minds made a review of the past and tried to lift the veil from the future.

"Shall we go straight on to Boston or make a stop for a day or so in New York first?"

"What do you think?" was the rejoinder.

"There are a few places I would like to visit and some persons I ought to see. I think I ought to pay a visit to my colleague Rejome."

"I would like to have a good look at that fellow myself," said Mr. Norris. I couldn't make up my mind about his character. To have

posed successfully as a reformer for so many years, either indicates a genius a la Chadwick, or it puts the political acumen of the good citizens of New York way below par."

"Not necessarily either," was the answer of Morgan. "A man's friends and acquaintances are very few in proportion to the total population of a large city and the voter is dependent upon the newspaper, for his judgment of an aspirant to public office. And our newspapers, you know what they are. An honest and independent writer would starve to death if he were dependent upon them for a living."

"What do you think of Mr. Rejome?" then asked Norris.

"I beieve that at one time he was honest or at least thought himself so, but when he recognized the limitations of office and saw the real powers behind the throne of justice he decided to swim with the current and land himself in a soft berth. The so-called common people will not have many faithful advocates of their rights until they will learn to appreciate their champions. There is at present in Boston a District Attorney named Moran who copied Rejome successfully and as far as I hear has not yet been found out. The people call him the man who dares. Mrs. Lawson has had some dealings with him and she writes that he is a typical politician. I might have taken such a characterization as an aspersion upon myself for I am also classified with politicians," continued Mr. Morgan with an amused smile.

"I would like to get to Boston as soon as possible. Couldn't we continue our trip there and visit New York later?" asked Mr. Norris.

"I do not wish to press my own views too strongly, but I fear that once in Boston we will meet all kinds of obligations in the shape of the fair sex."

"Will one day suffice for your purpose and will not the ladies be displeased at our lack of zeal in getting into their presence?"

"All information received seems to indicate that they have become quite philosophical and I do not think they will be noticeably disturbed by such little thing as a day's delay."

"Well, a stop in New York it is. We can send a telegram to Boston when we get there, and announce to the ladies the day of our coming."

CHAPTER XXI.

A PICTURE OF NEW YORK

Arrived in New York they took rooms in the Park Hotel.

"Would you like to meet R. W. Kearst, Morgan?" asked his friend after they had freed themselves from the dust of the journey.

"I think I would John."

"All right, I will mention your name when I make my appointment with him and Rejome. We might excuse ourselves for a private talk, but if this is the case it will not last long."

Morgan telephoned to Mr. Kearst and was informed that this gentleman would be at his disposal at any time during the day. He arranged for an appointment, then called Mr. Rejome and meeting with equal cordiality he arranged a meeting for the time succeding his interview with Kearst. To the query if they would object to the introduction of a personal friend both had answered in the negative.

So William Norris accompanied his friend on his visit to the two most renowned, or as others might say, notorious men of the great city of New York. The greeting by Mr. Kearst was very cordial and spoke of an openness of character not expected by Mr. Norris. This gentleman had a very high opinion of himself

as a judge of men, and it must be admitted that he had some reason for conceit in that respect. This time he had come with the distinct object to make studies of character and he very carefully scrutinized the features and observed the words and manners of the famous politician.

Mr. Kearst and Mr. Morgan discussed at first the political affairs of San Francisco and the State of California and gradually drifted into a general line of argument on the political situation of the country. The tone of Mr Kearst was somewhat pessimistic while that of Mr. Morgan was more hopeful. But upon one point the two were agreed: that the people could not recognize their friends and that until they did so the cause of reform was hopeless.

"I have spent hundreds of thousands, in fact millions in my fight for the people's weal. I succeeded in lowering the price of gas from one dollar to eighty cents, saving millions annually to the people of New York, and yet they prefer as Mayor, a McLellan and a Gaynor or as Governor a Hughes, men who never spent a cent in their behalf, but on the contrary have for years been feeding out of the public treasury. For my own safety," continued Mr. Kearst, "I had to modify my political standpoint, such as public ownership of public utilities."

"And why did your safety require such a thing?" here asked Mr. Norris.

Mr. Kearst smiled, then answered. "Most of my fellow capitalists hate me as things are, but they no longer greatly fear me. A persistent agitation for public ownership would have forced me financially to the wall. "And

as he encountered a surprised look of Mr. Norris he went on to explain, that a newspaper was dependent for its revenue, the sinews of war and existence, upon advertisements and that it was here where the control of the money powers step in. "Of course," he continued, "if I could have counted on success; if I could have relied upon the people I would have persisted in what I consider their fight, but I do not care to become a martyr like J. P. Altgeld, who died practically a pauper for fighting the battle of the common people with to much zeal and too much enthusiasm and not enough regard for self."

Mr. Norris was silent. He had no wish to argue against Mr. Kearst's position which was sensible, even if not heroic and he knew that arguments will not make heroes.

There was a moment of silence and Mr. Morgan looked at his watch. "We will be just in time for our interview with Mr. Rejome," remarked he. Our friends then took leave from the famous political leader and self-made candidate for President. Their automobile sped through Third and Second Avenue, across Broadway and came to a halt before a very imposing looking structure which contained the Halls of justice of New York. Many inspiring emblems and statues of the Goddess of Justice met their eyes as they passed through the artistically decorated corridors. There the Goddess of Justice stood stern and severe holding a naked sword in her right hand. Here she posed in an attitude calm and serene with her eyes securely covered. With a critical eye Mr. Norris stood before one of the statues.

"Methinks," he said, half smiling and half serious, "the Goddess wears an expression of strong discontent. I wonder whether the artist had a presentment of New York justice and expressed it consciously or unconsciously in his creation, or whether the odor of New York justice is too strong even for a marble statue."

"Your imagination beats that of the ancients, who saw bears, lions and goats in the position of the stars," said Mr. Morgan laughing.

"Some people are more sensitive or more visionary than others," answered his friend.

"I am sure you will laugh still more when I tell you that an uneasy feeling of dread and fear has come over me, ever since I entered this building ,and a similar feeling took hold of me when I entered your office."

"Have you got an explanation of this?" asked Morgan.

"I have even two. An easily excited imagination would be the simplest, the other, strange to a western mind, is expressed with the word aura and various personal experiences have made me realize that the atmosphere does become charged with the thoughts of men."

"How is it that I never receive such impressions?" asked Morgan.

"Maybe on account of being less impressionable, or that the edge is worn off and hardened by usage," answered Norris.

"Better wait for the occult until you reach Boston," declared John as with a firm grasp he opened the door on which were written the words District Attorney.

The title District Attorney seemed to have a magical effect on the attendant of another such

dignitary, for the fellow with a quite important look, to whom Morgan gave his card, fairly gasped, gave one surprised look and quickly vanished into an adjoining room. He soon returned accompanied by a commonplace looking gentleman who introduced himself as H. F. Rejome. William Norris had come to observe and he took careful notice of everything. When the two guardians of justice, the one of farthest West, the other of the East clasped each other's hands there was between them a manifest feeling of sympathy and yet their eyes met in a long searching look. Why this mutual examination? thought Mr. Norris, for these men were not rivals. They had no need to measure each other's strength and endurance in a possible struggle for suprenmacy. Then Mr. Norris noted that the eyes of Mr. Rejome dropped first. Does the eastern guardian recognize the superiority of the one coming from the West? Mr. Norris asked inwardly. Does he feel that the other has not yet fallen from grace and wandered from the path of duty?

When Mr. Rejome asked his colleague to come into his private office he became for the first time conscious of another's presence. "Pardon me sir," he exclaimed, "I was so much interested in the meeting of my esteemed colleague that I did not realize your presence."

"I think it is I who ought to apologize for being an intruder, but I wished to avail myself of this favorable opportunity to meet the redoubtable district attorney of New York."

"Many thanks for the kind opinion," answered Mr. Rejome.

When they were seated comfortably in the sanctum of Mr. Rejome, Mr. Norris expressed his willingness to "efface" himself if the other two had any confidences to exchange.

"That famous declaration of Cicero," answered Mr. Rejome, "of the two augurs winking confidentially with the other eye when they met in the streets of Rome has done a good deal of harm, and besides, I am inclined to doubt Cicero's viewpoint, and believe that these Roman augurs in their time took themselves as seriously as do Protestant Ministers, Catholic Priests, Jewish Rabbis, or for that matter," he continued laughing, "District Attorneys of today."

"A happy comparison indeed," said Mr. Morgan quite amused, "and as far as actual importance is concerned, I think while we have a little more influence upon the result than did the augur's prophecies, or did and do the priestly incantations, one must be put into a public office to realize its limitations."

"You have found that out already?" asked Mr. Rejome in a sympathetic voice. "We get nominal power and actual responsibility and blame from people unable to discern the inner connection of things. I am really glad that my term of office will soon be expired."

"You will then not be again a candidate for another term?" asked Mr. Norris.

"No, and I am enough of a politician to see and honest enough to admit, that, if I were, I would not be elected. Some people, I know will say and think that fear of defeat kept me from running, but I have become enough of a philosopher to be beyond the reach of public

opinion. Those whom you benefit," he continued, "and try to favor become your enemies."

"Just as it is written," remarked Morgan, as if agreeing with the other's standpoint, a man's enemies are those of his own household."

There was a lull in the conversation and Mr. Rejome referred to some legal matter that was in course of transaction in their respective offices. After a few observations Morgan declared: "We better not talk shop, Mr. Rejome. These things can be arranged by our assistants. I came to bring you my greetings and in a sense to extend to you my sympathy, although few people on the outside would think either of us in need of such," he concluded with a strange smile as he arose to go.

"Well, you will call again before you leave, and allow me to introduce you to my family?"

"I cannot tell, we are on our way to Boston and have no definite plans for the immediate future."

"I hope you will call at least on your return west," said Mr. Rejome with a cordial smile, "and as to you, Mr. Norris, I shall always be ready for further observations. Are you not the William Norris who wrote "The Religion of the Future'?"

"Plead guilty," was the response given with a light bow.

"Well, the district attorney at his office or P. R. Rejome in his home will feel himself honored by a future visit of Mr. Norris. I have read your book with pleasure and profit."

"Praise from Caesar is praise indeed," came from the lips of Norris as he grasped the hand of Rejome which was cordially extended.

Our two friends returned to their waiting auto in a thoughtful mood.

"What now?" asked Mr. Norris. "There is time for me to make a few calls on persons that would hardly interest you."

"All right," answered Morgan, "you make your calls and I will take a look at New York."

The auto stopped and John Morgan stepped to the sidewalk. Leisurely he walked through a busy thoroughfare where everybody seemed to be in a tremendous hurry. Time is money, seemed to be stamped on every face. Soon his thoughts left his immediate surroundings and wandered off to the city of Boston. What awaited him there? Would he realize his fondest hopes? As a rule John Morgan was not much of a dreamer, but a man of action, conscious of his purpose and accustomed to get straight to his goal, different from most men and women who are mere puppets of fortune, or as others might put it, of their environment, drifting hither and thither, ever trying to trim their sails to a favorable wind.

The aim and purpose of Mr. Morgan on this eastern trip stood clearly before his mind. It was the heart and hand of Marguerite Lawson. He had good cause to consider himself high in the esteem of the woman of his choice, whom he had loved for years without hope, and a spirit of resignation, enforced by a strong will and a deep sense of honor, but now when the barrier was removed, his love became a conflagration that threatened to consume his inner life. He realized that Mrs. Lawson was under a deep obligation to him but he had decided in his mind that the feeling of gratitude should

not bring the realization of his heart's desire. He wanted to give at least as much as he would receive. Thus immersed in thought and without a definite direction he kept on walking without paying attention to where he was going. Awakened from his thoughts by a passing incident, he looked around. Where was he? He examined his watch and realized that it was time to return to the hotel. He could have called a vehicle and be taken there, but he felt like walking and besides he was always of an inquisitive nature. He wanted to know where he was. He had with him a so-called guide with maps and he tried to find the place where he stood. The sky was cloudy and the thing that puzzled him was the direction of North and South. He looked around to make inquiry. At the opposite corner he saw a man standing whose dress and general appearance indicated the man of business. Map in hand he crossed over and politely giving the information that he was a stranger he asked for the direction of north and south. The man looked up in surprise. He examined his interrogator and then the surroundings.

"Well, I was born in New York," he said in a hesitating tone of voice, "and can probably direct you to any place you wish, but as to north and south I really don't know. This way is West and this way is East," he continued pointing in opposite directions, "and this we call Up and this we call Down, but about north and south that I cannot tell."

John B. felt amused. Seized with the spirit of investigation he stopped a man who was

passing by and asked about the directions of the compass.

"This way is Up and this way is Down," was again all the information he could obtain for north and south. He tried another. This man wore a chapeau claque and patent leather shoes. "Go to H——" was the answer to his inquiry. Just then he saw a policeman, one of New York's finest. The face was Irish and John in the most suave tone of voice he could command asked this guardian of the law for information about north and south. The man in blue got angry. "Do you think you can kid me, my good fellow? Look out or I will put you in the wagon." John burst out laughing and then signalled to a cab that was standing at the next corner. When the man in blue saw his interrogator call this vehicle he became uneasy. He walked towards Mr. Morgan and said humbly. "Mr. I meant no offense."

Mr. Morgan reassured him with a kindly look and said, "You are all right sir, no offense was taken. I believe I was a little too inquisitive myself."

When Morgan gave the name of his hotel the driver started off without hesitation, but when John asked once more for the direction of north and south he met with the same puzzled expression. "I know New York as well as the best of them. I know east and west, up and down, but north and south we dont't have in New York."

John at first had felt inclined to treat the incident as a joke and feel amused at the ignorance of New Yorkers as to the cardinal directions, but a second reflection showed a dif-

ferent aspect. What must be the life of these people? What must be their interest and knowledge of things and of the planet on which they were born if they have neither time nor desire to find out the directions of the heavens.

Mrs. Lawson and Aice De Ruiz were seated in their common parlor discussing philosophical problems and theories when a messenger boy brought a dispatch to Mrs. Lawson. Negligently she broke the envelope, her mind and lips still engaged in conversation with her friend, but her speech came to an abrupt end when her eye took in the contents of the telegram and the signature attached. For a few seconds she sat in silence with a vacant look indicating deep absorption and emotion. Recovering from her abstraction her eyes met the inquiring look of her friend and without saying a word she handed her the paper. A deep crimson blush was succeeded by a deathly pallor an the transparent face of Alice De Ruiz as she in turn read the message sent by Mr. Morgan and Mr. Norris. A few minutes passed in silence. The ticking of the clock was the only audible movement.

"Have you any arrangement to suggest?" finally came from the lips of Mrs. Lawson.

Alice De Ruiz shook her head. "Let fortune rule," she said half to herself, half to her friend.

CHAPTER XXII.

CUPID'S VICTORIES

The fates were kindly disposed. William Norris and Alice De Ruiz recognized at their first meeting that all misunderstandings were removed. The inner harmony, without which true love cannot exist and much less be of duration, was reflected from the eyes of both. A true woman is not prudish. When she loves and finds her love reciprocated she gives herself without reserve. The man worthy of such a love is the protector of the honor and mutual respect of both. Ensured of every bliss that love can bring he is careful lest any word and deed might cause to shrink the sensitive soul of his beloved. He knows that the purer the white, the deeper and more clearly visible becomes a spot of dust.

For reasons difficult to explain the same clearness was not at once established in the relations of John Morgan and Mrs. Lawson. Woman is man's superior, not only in the arts of love, but in all its manifestations. Intuition is her guide and whenever that guide is followed it will not lead astray. Man vacillates, he is uncertain. Of him more than of her holds good the poet's verse: "Erst Himmelhoch yauchzend dann zu Tode betrubt." Mrs. Law-

son was free from uncertainty and hesitation after the first glance of the eye, the first pressure of the hand.

Today our friends are seated in the parlor and engaged in an animated conversation. Mr. Norris was relating some incidents in his voyage around the world with the eyes of Alice De Ruiz resting upon him in silent admiration and deeply interested in the story, when a glance of the eye, a happy look of mutual understanding was caught in transit both by Mr. Morgan and by Mrs. Lawson. Their eyes met. A smile played around the lips of Mrs. Lawson as she in turn sent a look of interrogation to John Morgan that made the blood rush violently to his forehead only to leave quickly and make room for a deadly pallor. Without looking at Mr. Morgan Mrs. Lawson saw, or rather felt, the quick changes of that usually so impassive countenance and was not in the least doubtful of its significance. John then gave an anxious and searching look which was met again with a smile of lips and eye that made an end of doubts and vacillation. After Norris had finished his story Mr. Morgan remarked that he wanted to discuss some personal affairs with Mrs. Lawson and as the two left the room he said with an insinuating look at Miss De Ruiz, "I suppose you two will not be sorry to be left alone for a little while." Alice De Ruiz first glanced at Morgan and then at Mrs. Lawson and her womanly instinct took in the situation at once.

"Well I think I will imitate my coadjutor, Mr. Heine," she then said smiling, "and say, I'll

be good and not retaliate," as the two left the room.

When the two felt themselves alone, Morgan turned to Mrs. Lawson and in a tone vibrating with emotion he said slowly, "Am I really to become the happiest man in the world?"

"As far as I can make him," was the joyful answer.

When after about an hour's absence they returned to the parlor they proclaimed their engagement to their friends, and the eye of Alice De Ruiz said to Mr. Norris, was I not right?

"One good turn deserves another," then declared Mr. Norris, "and as I am always happy to reciprocate a favor I hereby announce my engagement to Miss Alice De Ruiz."

The women embraced and the men shook hands.

"Can you take a ride to the country this afternoon, "Miss Lenz?" asked Mr. Heine.

"I think I can. Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz have gone sight seeing in the city with their visitors ,and I have just been thinking that it would be salutary and sensible to change the dust-laden atmosphere of the city for the fresh air of hill and valley. The day reminds me of an old German song.

Der Mai ist gekommen, die Baeume schlagen aus,
Da bleibe wer Lust hat mit Sorgen zu Haus.

An hour later they took the Elevated to the so-called Dudley Street Terminal, where they tried for some time in vain to reach the right exit, and Mr. Heine remarked half vexed, and

half humorously, "I wonder whether the architect of this structure was a reincarnation of Kapeth, the reputed builder of the Egyptian Labyrinth," but before Miss Lenz could answer they saw an opening and without further difficulty they reached the car. Swiftly they rode throught the rest of the city, passing Franklin Park and the beautiful suburb of Mattapan. Our friends occasionally called each other's attention to a pasing incident, but for the greater part of the journey they kept silent, busy with their own thoughts. Acquaintancs make efforts, sometimes mutually painful to keep up a friendly conversation, while friends can share each other's thoughts without the vehicle of spoken words.

After they had alighted from the car, opposite the mountain, the favorite spot of Mr. Heine, this gentleman expanded his chest, took a deep breath and looking around joyfully, he said in an exalted tone of voice, "This world is beautiful after all."

"I have found that out long ago," was the placid rejoinder, "and if you were less troubled with schemes to improve it you would have spared yourself a good deal of useless anxiety."

"Our duty is to promote the welfare of humanity," protested Mr. Heine.

"But not to insist too strongly on our own method in this useful endeavor."

"You intimated some time ago that you might join the Socialist party," again said Heine trying to defend his viewpoint.

"We'd better not talk politics," answered Miss Lenz calmly. "The day is too beautiful to think of material things, even of political economy."

Mr. Heine was satisfied. He had not come to the country for a political discussion, not even on his favorite topic of Socialism. The example of Mr. Morgan and Mrs. Lawson and of Mr. Norris and Miss De Ruiz had exercised a stimulating effect and brought to a climax a resolve made long ago. When they had found a favorable spot, our two friends seated themselves on the grass and for a few minutes they admired in silence the surrounding landscape. Then Mr. Heine half playfully tried to take hold of the hand of his companion, but the latter quickly withdrew it and gave him a look of light reproach.

"I don't think there is another girl in the world who would be so discouraging," finally said Mr. Heine with a troubled look.

Miss Lenz made no answer and for a few minutes the two sat in deep silence, which was again broken by Mr. Heine who spoke in a voice soft and pleading which few of his friends would have considered him capable of, "You must know Miss Lenz how I feel and you must long have known that I love you and now when everybody around me is happy, why should I be deprived?"

Miss Lenz for a few seconds looked deeply into the eyes of her companion, then she said slowly, yet somewhat hesitatingly, "We ought not be like other people; we must be beyond the reach of physical attraction. You spoke some time ago," she then continued, "very disrespectfully of a so-called Metaphysical mountain, this Metaphysical mountain might be only in the imagination, but you know there are

Theosophical heights which we have resolved to climb."

"Could we not help each other, or will you not consent to help me in this ascent?"

A tear came into the soft eyes of Miss Lenz as she answered mildly, "Do you think your love is sufficiently pure and spiritual? You know the law that holds sway on the spiritual mountain tops."

"I feel sure that at your side I would succeed."

For a few minutes there was again a deep silence, then Mr. Heine again took hold of the hand of his companion which this time remained in his own. Then Miss Lenz said in a very thoughtful tone of voice, "Some time ago you read me an acrostic which you had made for another. Do you remember it?"

"I do," was the answer, and Mr. Heine deeply moved recited the poem.

Many wish earth's goods in plenty,
All the sweets and joys of life,
Reaching out for pleasure empty
In which is naught but grief and strife
Enslaving what's immortal.

Can you, will you soar with me,
And climb the heights of truth and wisdom,
Heart and soul from discord free
In the muses' beautiful kingdom?
Let love be our bond eternal
Leading us to life immortal.

As he recited the poem he looked with imploring eyes at Miss Lenz and after he had finished Miss Lenz said in a voice which betrayed deep emotion "What I want to ask you now is not did you feel these words then, but rather do you feel them now and do you think that you can translate them into your life?"

"With your help, yes."

A thrush was singing its joyful lovesong in the branches of a tree, the grass and the flowers were giving out their fragrance thus making a scene fit for the union of two souls striving to climb the path that leads to heights unknown.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEW ASPECTS OF THEOSOPHY

The relations between Mr. John Morgan and Mr. Heine were cordial from the start. They seemed to feel a mutual attraction, the one was a theoretical the other a practical politician.

"I hear, Mr. Heine," said Mr. Morgan one evening as our ladies and gentlemen were seated in the parlor, "that you are a Theosophist and a Socialist. Are not these two positions somewhat inconsistent?"

"How so?" came the quick rejoinder.

"Is not Theosophy highly spiritual, or at least supposed to be so and Socialism materialistic?"

"Your diagnosis is accepted, but where is the inconsistency? Man is here to gain experience in matter. Did not one of the world's greatest materialists write a book entitled 'From Matter to Spirit?' As a Socialist I work to provide mankind with the best basis for unfoldment in matter, which in turn will furnish the best environment for the soul's progress in her evolution to perfection."

"Would other Socialists express themselves in this manner?"

"Not exactly. Most Socialists are, what might be called, materialists, they highly esteem such men as Haeckel, Buchner or Darwin, but a man need not endorse this predilection and yet agree with their political and economical views. Socialism as such, has no more to do with religion or psychology than Theosophy has with political forms of government. There is, in my opinion not only no inconsistency in belonging at the same time to the Socialist party and the Theosophical Society, but I maintain that one is a complement of the other, that until the forces working for material welfare unite with those working for spiritual progress, a civilization based upon harmony cannot be established."

"And do you believe in the pretentions of Madame Blavatsky and in those of Annie Besant who claims to be the incarnation of Hypatia and Giordano Bruno?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"Annie Besant never made any such claims. If she had I would be willing to accept them. The history and character of Annie Besant are to me a guarantee of her integrity and sincerity. There are many strange things in this world," continued Heine thoughtfully, "that is, some things seem strange and wonderful and nearly miraculous, which become natural and commonplace with usage and explanation. The telegraph and the telephone are the best illustrations of that principle, and if such is the case in the world of matter what surprises might not be in store for us in the realm of the spirit and occult? An examination will reveal some strange things. Sometimes we find a

thread where least expected. What will you say, Mr. Morgan, when I tell you that Hypatia whom you just mentioned and who was killed by an ignorant mob of Christians at the instigation of Bishop Cyril is found in the Catholic calendar of Saints as Saint Catherine and that the Hindu Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, is found there as Saint Josaphat."

"I will say incredibilissime."

"Yet you will find my statement about Saint Katherine and Hypatia verified in the Encyclopedia Britannica and the identity of Gautama with Saint Josephat is recorded in S. Baring-Gould's Lives of the Saints."

"Any explanation?"

"Occult."

"Can you give me a precise meaning of this word?"

"I am not surprised at this question, Mr. Morgan, for when I had occasion to look up this word recently I felt very dissatisfied with the definition given. In Webster's Unabridged I found for occult "hidden, unknown, invisible," and for occultism I found in the same book a definition furnished by A. P. Sinnett, one of the oldest members of our Society, an associate of Madame Blavatsky, "a certain Oriental system of Theosophy." Neither definition is to me quite satisfactory and I object most to Sinnett's limitation of occultism by the words Oriental and Theosophy. If I would write a dictionary I would add to the definition of occult, "invisible to physical eyes," and for occultism I would give, "the science of the invisible, transmitted orally by initiates to initiates."

"From what you say I might conclude then, that you claim for Theosophy or rather, your Society, the possession of knowledge not yet, and that may not be, revealed to a sinful world," remarked Mr. Morgan with a strong touch of sarcasm. "And would not such action," he then continued, "indicate a disregard for others thirsty for knowledge?"

"In answer to the second part of your statement, I would say it is written, 'knock and it will be opened unto you,' and to the first part I will give the words of the Master Himself, 'to you it is given to know the Kingdom of Heaven, to them I speak in parables', or refer you to the letters of St. Paul to Timothy. These Epistles must be read in Greek in order to be fully appreciated, and I supplement this with the statement, 'you cannot teach a person calculus before he has learned algebra.'"

"Do you actually believe then, Mr. Heine, in the supernatural existence of beings, of Mahatmas with whom Madame Blavatsky was, and with whom Annie Besant now is supposed to hold communication?"

"I do not," was the prompt rejoinder, "but if you substitute the word superhuman for supernatural, I do."

"Let us accept your word. Can you give a further explanation of these Mahatmas?"

"They are beings who having passed through the human the same as man has passed through the animal stage and who, instead of enjoying the heavenly bliss in the higher regions, voluntarily asumed the task to guide the steps of humanity."

"And it has taken them all these thousands of years to find a vehicle for their activity in Madame Blavatsky, who for that purpose had to found the Theosophical Society with its couple of thousand members!" exclaimed John Morgan fairly amazed.

"Wrong again," was the unperturbed answer of Mr. Heine, who then continued, "I am surprised Mr. Morgan at your quick conclusions. These superhuman beings, Masters of Wisdom and Compassion, as they are called in our literature, have been watching over the cradle of the race millions of years ago; according to our teaching Krishna, Zarathustra, Buddha, Laotze, Christ, were their representatives and Their missionaries, so were Swedenborg and Bohme given a candle by the same Fraternity."

"Any tangible proofs for this assertion?"

"Sufficiency of proof depends upon the mental status, the brains of judge and jury, as you well know. What might seem sufficient proof to a judicially undeveloped mind might be disregarded by a competent judge as irrelevant to the case, and what should be strong and conclusive evidence to a trained legal mind might be above the recognition of an uneducated farmer or laborer."

"Your acumen on these points is the more surprising after your ready acceptance of Mahatmas," declared Mr. Morgan smilingly, "but could you give us some of your inner evidence?" he pleaded ironically.

"The most tangible evidence is the gift itself received from the Master. A close scrutiny will soon reveal a common origin. Examine the teachings of Krishna and Christ, even the

name here is derived from the same source, of Laotze, the Chinese teacher and Jesus, the Jew the Christ of the Christians. You will find in the teachings of these men, or representatives of the gods as we Theosophists might call them, one special pearl, given practically in the same setting, the same words. 'Be good to them that hate you, love your enemy, repay evil with good. " "But I am willing to admit that the final and decisive proofs must be furnished by the investigator himself to himself, through the opening of his intuition, his higher or spiritual consciousness. You may point out a beautiful landscape to a mind unsusceptible to the beauties of nature and he may exclaim especially if he sees the admiring looks of others, 'how beautiful': but in reality he sees nothing, and in his heart he will look upon these others as shams like himself or as fools. It will happen but seldom that a man will acknowledge to himself the mental or spiritual superiority of another and will admit that others see things physically or spiritually invisible to him."

"A special illumination then is necessary, and have you and your fellow Theosophists received them from your Mahatmas?"

"An illumination might have many degrees and I have no doubt if you with legal acumen would apply yourself to the investigation of the subject, that the degree of illumination necessary to perceive the essential principles of Theosophy will be accorded to you."

"Only the essential principles?" asked Morgan with a touch of sarcasm.

"Essential things fully grasped, the non-essential is easily understood."

"Could you not tell us something of your inner evidence?" again insisted Mr. Morgan.

"There is so much, and it is so difficult to select the material most suitable," answered Mr. Heine evasively, "but," he continued, "did you never recognize and marvel at the existence of the wonderful beacon lights that illumine the path of human history; did it never strike you as strange when from such resplendent flames some other lights had been lit, how these other lights became dim in course of time and that when it wandered from its source and was in danger of extinction a new light made his appearance."

"I don't know that such a thing obtruded itself on my mind in my study of history."

"You then overlooked some very significant factors in the evolution of the race. To be explicit I will say, that with my expression Beacon lights I meant such characters as Krishna, Zarathrustra or Jesus. But even if we examine secular and material history we find illustrations of my so-called Beacon lights. Look at the figures of a Pythagaros or a Plato, how many candles have been lit from their resplendent flames! or look at the light of Whitman, just beginning to be diffused. Did you ever reflect upon the period in Greek history called the age of Pericles? Were you not surprised at the many stars of first magnitude in that constellation on the Athenian heaven? The number is so large, the names are so many that I can only give a few, Aeshylus, Sophocles, Euripides, the tragedians; Zeno, Protagaros, Socrates, the philosophers; that these together with Phidias the sculptor, Plato the father of

philosophy, Herodotus the father of history should have lived at one and the same time! Did it not strike you as strange that such men as Laotze and Confucius, Gautama, Buddha and Pythagoras should have been contemporaries? You expressed surprise a little while ago, Mr. Morgan, at my belief in the existence of divine teachers called Mahatmas, what will you think of my credulity when I tell you that a new Christ, or rather the same Christ is soon to appear in the form of man, and that it is the mission of the Theosophical Society to 'cry out in the wilderness' as we read in the history of John the Baptist and like him 'prepare the way and make clear the path'."

Mr. Morgan and the others looked in amazement at Mr. Heine and the ladies were touched by his earnest and nearly prophetic tone of voice, so different from the lightness with which Mr. Heine treated most other subjects.

"I will admit, Mr. Heine," then said Morgan, "that you are a good advocate for you have nearly persuaded me that something might after all be contained in your philosophy."

"Investigate still further, Mr. Morgan, and you will find out that my philosophy or rather Theosophy will shed light on many perplexing questions."

Mr. Norris had been a silent listener and had followed with deep interest the dialogue between Mr. Morgan and Mr. Heine and now he thought the time had come for him to take a part in the discussion, and in a voice indicating strong premeditation he declared, "I have listened with a good deal of interest, and I will

say profit to the mental combat of my two friends and I will make Mr. Heine the compliment that in a sense he has come out best, not because he is a better pleader but because he knows more of the case involved than my legally trained friend. But I also have given the subject of Metaphysics and Psychology and what is called Theosophy and Occultism considerable thought, and I agree with the principal deductions drawn from these sources. The teachings of Theosophy are found in the works of the world's greatest thinkers and its essential teaching, such as Reincarnation, with its corollary, Karma, has been accepted by the thinkers of the past and is being more and more recognized by those of the present; but I refuse to accept the Theosophical Society as a specially ordained channel for the propagation of these teachings. Are you aware of the fact, Mr. Heine," he then continued, "that all accounts of impartial men make Madame Blavatsky a common adventuress who was unmasked by Mr. Hodgson, an agent of the Psychical Research Society?"

"I have heard these statements, or rather accusations before, Mr. Norris, and I am somewhat surprised at your repeating them. Will you kindly call to your mind the reception of Jesus by his fellow townsmen of Nazareth, or if this reference to a hoary past seems too distant I would like to show you some newspaper clippings of criticism on the writings of Walt Whitman. Are you aware of the fact, Mr. Norris, that the outcry against that immoral and ungodly Whitman and his sacrilegious writings had become so strong that the Attor-

ney General of Massachusetts forbade the publication of Whitman's works in this commonwealth? This example ought to make us cautious in accepting too readily the judgment of contemporaries or even associates, and then Mr. Norris you know what it is to write an ordinary newspaper item or an article for the magazines, or a scientific treatise. You know the concentration of mind requisite to do any of these things. You must know that while the writer may draw his data from an encyclopedia or book of statistics yet the essential parts for the work must be supplied by himself from a hidden reservoir in his own consciousness; *ex nihilo nihil fit.* If anybody produces anything of any merit whatsoever it must come from that reservoir. Now, look at the work performed by Madame Blavatsky, examine the books given the world under her name. While it is true that she declines the honor of ordinary authorship and claims special inspiration, could she expect to increase her personal reputation by ascribing her work to an outside agency? Someone might maintain that it was done to promote the sale of the book and increase the financial compensation. My answer is that only a fool, and not even the enemies of Madame Blavatsky ever called her such, would expect a monetary return from such books as the "Secret Doctrine" and "Isis Unveiled". For a proof of Mahomet's prophetship, Mohamedans, and I think justly, point to the pages of the "Koran". Where, Mr. Norris, in the pages of history, in the long annals of humanity will you find a single record of any man devoting himself for years to a

laborious task and undergoing hardships of all kinds for the sake of the propaganda or promulgation of a conscious lie?"

"The world, Mr Heine, has seen and unmasked many pretenders and many strange forgeries."

"You refute yourself, Mr. Norris, when you say, 'the world has unmasked many pretenders and forgeries.' Can you point to anything tangible that has stood the test of time, and has been produced by your pretenders?"

"I cannot think of anything special just now, but can you deny the existence of frauds and fakirs?" asked Mr. Norris.

"Minime, Cicero would say, but I maintain that such pretenders were, and necessarily had to be, of small mental calibre, who despairing of producing anything valuable themselves, had recourse to things extraneous, to fraud and deceit. No person of merit or even a mind in whom is not yet dead completely the spark which cometh from above cares to shine with borrowed feathers, or could endure to lead the life of a fraud even if outwardly successful. We find today in some writings the names of Cagliostro, Paracelus and St. Germain given as impudent charlatans, but I feel convinced that these names will yet be vindicated."

"But have you no explanation at all to offer at such a strange occurence that a trained favorably disposed investigator as Mr. Hodgson should issue such an absolutey untrustworthy report which is accepted as true in the Encyclopedia Britannica, the most widely circulated book of reference? Should not the sup-

ernormal powers of Madame Blavatsky have been able to prevent such a misfortune, such an obstacle to the acceptance of her mission?"

"What if only such were wanted who would recognize the light by a kindred flame within that such as were swayed by an article in the Encyclopedia Britannica or a report of the Psychical Research Society would be considered an encumbrance? Did you ever hear of the obstacles placed in the path of a hearer by Pythagoras, of the tests of neophytes by early Church-fathers?"

For a few minutes there was silence. "You have missed your vocation, Mr. Heine," here exclaimed John Morgan with a laugh, "as a lawyer your services would be priceless. You first knocked me out, although that was not much to your credit exactly, for a lawyer must be familiar with the case he represents, he must know the facts in the case of his own client and in that of his opponents and I was woefully deficient in both respects, but that my friend Norris, who so kindly volunteered to sustain my cause, seems discomfited and is speechless, is a victory indeed."

"I by no means acknowledge defeat," answered Mr. Norris. "I might be speechless from surprise at the arguments of Mr. Heine, whose ingenuity and dexterity to get out of a difficult position I will admit, but since when does a wrestler's dexterous escape from the fatal hold proclaim him the victor in the combat?"

"I neither claim nor seek victory in this case," here put in Mr. Heine in a very serious

tone of voice. "If I should succeed in having Mr. Norris examine the Theosophical Society as he has studied its philosophy I should feel happy indeed, as a man would, after a duty well done and as having acted in accordance with the favorite precept of our friend Miss Lenz which she usually carries with her."

As Mr. Heine said these last words he looked at Miss Lenz and his eyes asked for the precept. Miss Lenz blushed slightly and then without saying a word she took out of a little capsule suspended on a watchchain, a little slip of paper which she handed to Mr. Heine, who read in a soft voice:

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on;
'Twas not given to you alone,
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.
Have you found the heavenly light?
Pass it on;
Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone.
Hold thy lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in some one's sky,
He may live who else would die,—
Pass it on.

The period of profound silence which ensued was broken by Mr. Morgan who said looking at Mr. Norris. "I propose, Will, that we follow the example of our ladies and apply for membership in the Theosophical Society. There

is nothing to lose and possibly something to gain."

"I will think it over," was the answer of William Norris.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GREENVALE

"Do you know of a nice summer resort, Miss Lenz, where we might spend a few weeks?" asked Mrs. Lawson one morning.

"I know an ideal place where I spent the summer five years ago."

"If the place is ideal how is it that for four years its attraction was in abeyance?" asked Miss De Ruiz.

Miss Lenz for a few seconds was silent and then said calmly: "People who have to work for a living cannot always follow inclinations."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," exclaimed Miss De Ruiz.

"Can you give us a description of the place?" then asked Mrs. Lawson.

"The place is about seventy miles from Boston and is called Greenvale. There is some kind of a connection between it and the Metaphysical Club, where one can get a prospectus and other general information."

"Greenvale, the name sounds well," said Mrs. Lawson musingly, "and the connection with the Metaphysical Club seems also a favorable augury."

"Mr. Heine was there last year, he can give information of a more recent date," observed Miss Lenz.

When about an hour later Mrs. Lawson and Miss De Ruiz looked over the prospectus of Greenvale the surprise was great indeed. Together with the register of hotels, some with classic others with rustic names, there was given a list of lectures and lecturers that reminded them of Huntington Chambers on a Sunday afternoon. A Brahmin from India, a Magi from Persia, a Lama from Tibet, a Rabbi from Jerusalem alongside of a professor of Harvard and a lady teacher of Wellesley College were to lecture on alternate evenings, and there was a musical program which in range and diversity left nothing to be desired.

"I was thinking of selecting a quiet country place," exclaimed Mrs. Lawson looking at Miss Lenz.

"You will not be disappointed with Greenvale if you look for quietude," answered that young lady, "and as far as the lectures are concerned, they are as free to be disregarded as to be attended. But let me look at the date on this program?"

Mrs. Lawson looked herself and in a tone of astonishment she exclaimed: "This prospectus is six years old."

"I suspected somehing like that," then said Miss Lenz. "I supose this is what Mr. Heine would call their best bill of fare. The wear of time has affected the menu considerably since this prospectus was printed."

"I am really curious to see this place," put in Miss De Ruiz.

"I am sure that you will like it," responded Miss Lenz somewhat eagerly.

"I think you would like to go there yourself Miss Lenz," then said Mrs. Lawson smiling.

"I certainly would," was the quiet answer. "Some friends are going and I expect to meet again some people I met five years ago, but if I did not think you would like the place also I should not recommend it.

"I never doubted that in the least," was the reassuring answer of Mrs. Lawson.

"The place is only a short distance from Boston and we need not stay if it does not suit. Let us ask Mr. Morgan and Mr. Norris and if they have no objection let us go there."

A visit to Greenvale was satisfactory to Mr. Morgan and Mr. Norris and a peculiar smile was visible on the lips of Mr. Heine when he heard of the project.

"Greenvale would be a fine place for our final symposium," he suggested to Mrs. Lawson.

"Would the other champions be satisfied?" she asked.

"I think so," was the answer.

"Will you attend to the necessary arrangements?"

"With pleasure."

When a few days later on their train to Greenvale Mr. Heine was asked for further information about the place, this gentleman said slowly: "Greenvale is no longer what it was ten years ago. For it also holds good the saying 'How the mighty have fallen'," but noticing a look of apprehension in the faces of his fair listeners he continued, "it is still good for our purpose, it offers a quiet retreat with a beautiful scenery, a salutary climate and fair

hotel facilities. In fact it is still an ideal place for reflection and meditation, but something there has fled."

"I think you had better stop your mysterious hints and give us facts instead," interposed here Mr. Morgan with a smile that softened his words.

"All right," said Mr. Heine, "I'll do my best." He then continued: "Greenvale was founded about twenty years ago by a certain woman named Miss Palmer. She is one of the few good souls who are ready to work and make sacrifice for humanity, and she is I think, a fair example of Schiller's ideal when he sings: Ehret die Frauen, sie flechten und weben

Himmlische Rosen ins irdische Leben.

"Can you give us a translation?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"I can furnish my own, not quite literal.

"Honor the women, they bring and bestow
Roses from Heaven to this world below.' "

Mr. Heine then kept on. "Miss Palmer intended to make Greenvale a haven of rest in the country for the weary and heavy laden of the city. Spiritual and philosophical food was to supplement kind nature's profusive gifts, and the place did become an oasis for many a weary wanderer, but the sand of the desert is slowly encroaching on the confines of this oasis, and a Simoon is dimly visible on the distant horizon."

"I admire your figures of speech, Mr. Heine," put in again Mr. Morgan, slightly impatient at Mr. Heine's self-satisfied air and oratory, "but flowery language means often loss of time and effort wasted."

"You will pardon me, Mr. Morgan, if I will quote against you a great sage. 'A wise man is never in a hurry', and refer to the Neapolitan lazarone's *dolce far niente* as not without its merits."

"Be that as it may," answered Mr. Morgan, "but I think you still owe us an explanation of the elevation of the foundress of Greenvale to your Schiller's ideal and how a sandstorm is threatening her oasis."

"Everything will come in due season," reremarked Mr. Heine unperturbed, "and from now on I will stick to my subject. Miss Palmer founded Greenvale in the year 1886 for the purpose of offering Greenvale to city people as a retreat for the summer. Her intention was to attract people with high mental and spiritual aspirations. A philanthropic and half communistic tone was audible in the first announcement and the fame of Greenvale and its attractions were heralded all over the country and the place soon became a rendezvous for the elite in the spiritual and Metaphysical realms. But pihlanthropy costs money," continued Mr. Heine sadly, "and on the other hand it often happens that unscrupulous and unworthy leeches take advantage of those whose philanthropy does not stop there. Thus it came to pass that Miss Palmer, in due course of time, expended her entire fortune, which I am told was considerable, for the preservation of Greenvale, and "miserabile dictu," as Virgil would say, lost physical and mental health in the attempt to create a spot free from care and worry in a world of strife and trouble, and but for the happy death of a lover of Green-

vale, who bequeathed to that place the sum of ten thousand dollars, its hospitable gates would be closed today, but speaking again with Virgil, mirabillissime dictu, there are today two factions fighting, and I am told not always with clean weapons, for the control of Greenvale or rather the ten thousand dollars."

"This is not a very inviting picture you are drawing here, Mr. Heine," remarked Mrs. Lawson.

"You need not be alarmed or fear unpleasant scenes in connection with this feud. There will be no outward appearance of struggle or even disagreement. The people who sojourn at Greenvale are philanthropists, highly spiritual and polite. A Mr. Anderson, a man of over eighty years, a companion of Emerson and Theodore Parker and a friend of Walt Whitman is the leader of one faction, and Professor Kresser, instructor of pragmatism in Harvard, whose fame is international, is the champion of the other side. It will be interesting to listen to words of mutual respect and admiration, to protestations of utter disinterestedness while hearts or rather minds are struggling for supremacy, for the possession of very material things. This reminds me of a friend's very apt illustration given at the New Thought Forum while speaking of what he calls church Christians, they cling he said to the cross with one hand and reach out for the almighty dollar with the other."

Arrived at Greenvale our party made a critical examination of the place. The site was well chosen. Situated on the bank of a beautiful river, the boundary line of two states it

afforded a magnificent view of valley and bay. Our visitors were well pleased with the opening scene.

"This place yonder is owned by the Greenvale Society," remarked Heine, "and this building," pointing to quite a large structure, "is the main hotel, and is operated by the corporation. These here, pointing to a group of small buildings, "are private, lodging and boarding houses for the accomodation of visitors for whom hotel facilities are too expensive."

On their way to the hotel they passed a number of small tents and Mr. Heine explained that these were rented to people who preferred primitive country style. "These tents are presided over by a man named Salgud, a small man, but a great metaphysician, one of the lights of the Boston Society."

"The Theosophical Society?" asked Mr. Morgan jestingly.

"No sir, a metaphysician's place is in the Metaphysical Society," answered Mr. Heine in a tone of protest against the insinuation of Mr. Morgan.

The hotel accomodations proved quite satisfactory. While the equipment and service was simple and inexpensive, an air of refinement and culture was clearly visible or rather felt. Mr. Heine and Miss Lenz were recognized and welcomed by several guests, who after an introduction to our group were found socially acceptable. Intellectually these people were above the average, their conversation showed a wide range of information and indicated the independent, or as others would have it, the abnormal thinker. It was soon found that the

denizens of Greenvale recruited themselves from all walks of life. The so-called professional element was strongly in evidence, with the female element strongly in the majority.

"Are you going to the lecture this morning?" asked Mr. Heine the day after their arrival.

"We might as well become initiated as soon as possible," suggested Mr. Morgan.

A little while later our little group of six persons started on their way to the forum of Greenvale with Mr. Heine and Miss Lenz in their capacity as Cicerones at the head of the procession. When these two quite a little ahead of the others left the beaten track and entered what nearly seemed a primeval forest, Mr. Morgan called, out: "Where are you going?" Mr. Heine quickly turned around and said with an amused and reassuring smile: "I thought I had prepared your mind sufficiently for the fact that you must not expect the ordinary run of things in anything appertaining to Greenvale. Just follow your guides and fear not, no danger lurks beneath these trees."

Mr. Heine led the way through some dense underbrush; with rare solicitude for his companion he pushed aside some obstructing branches to ease the passage for those following. After a little while Miss Lenz seemed to protest against something. "You are going the wrong way," Mrs. Lawson thought she heard her say but Mr. Heine seemed to have succeeded in quieting her fears and the march continued. Soon a clearing appeared and they found themselves at an elevated open space from which a magnificent view extended across fields and valley to the ocean.

"Do you see that group of buildings yonder?" asked Mr. Heine pointing to some dark outlines visible at a distance. "There is one of the main dockyards of our country seen from Greenvale; these vessels of war represent a strange contrast." After enjoying the scenery for a few minutes they reassumed their march and in a short time another open space was reached on which stood a majestic oak tree whose wide branches gave cooling shade to a large area. The grass under this tree was carefully kept. A few branches and chairs were likewise in evidence. It seemed to be a favorite place for a rendezvous in Greenvale. Here stood one group engaged in animated conversation, at another place one was reading aloud, a few others were lying in the grass, some were painting and drawing, others were engaged in needle work. Mr. Heine and Miss Lenz were recognized by several whose introduction to our group soon started an animated conversation. After a few minutes sojourn under the oak Mr. Morgan remarked turning to Mr. Heine:

"This is a lovely place indeed, but I thought we had started out to hear a lecture."

"So we have. Don't you consider this oak tree a suitable shrine for the proclamation of noble thoughts?"

Mr. Morgan looked at Mr. Heine to assure himself that the latter was serious, and after having satisfied himself in that respect he said smilingly:

"Ingenious indeed, to say the least."

Soon the groups came from all directions. Most of them seated themselves on the grass,

others took chairs, while the rest sat on the benches that encircled the trunk of the tree. Soon the speaker of the morning made his appearance also. It was a man with oriental looks and strange garments. "Mr. Rammahun," whispered Miss Lenz to Mrs. Lawson. The lecture was on the Rigveda. Soon the air resounded with various Sanskrit terms and phrases which at first seemed strangely out of place in a New England forest. The lecturer spoke in a strong foreign accent, but his words were well chosen and his diction good, indicating the scholar. The religion of the Hindu, the oldest in the world, according to the speaker, was represented in a way that made it attractive and even logical. The God Indra once more wielded his sceptre in the hearts of men.

"I wonder how many Hindus would recognize their religion in this scholarly exposition of their faith," remarked Mr. Morgan in a low voice.

"How many of our so-called church Christians would recognize theirs in a sermon by Theodore Parker or Bishop Brooks?" was the quiet rejoinder of William Norris.

When the lecturer was finished the members of our group shook hands with the speaker. Mrs. Lawson would have liked to have engaged him in conversation, but, as is usually the case, many of the auditors pressed around the speaker and our friends took their leave favorably impressed with the strange scene under the wide spreading oak.

"A happy thought, I think," remarked Mr. Noris, "to use an oak tree as a forum. In former times the oak tree was for the north

what the lotus is still in some eastern countries, a special object of veneration. The old Teutons, the Viking fathers, the Druids of Gaul and Brittany, chose the oak as a place of worship and religious rites," continued Mr. Norris, "and we find to this day a remembrance of a former faith in the practices and ideas connected with the so-called mistletoe."

"Any occult significance, Mr. Heine?" asked Mr. Morgan, in a tone of voice not free from sarcasm.

"Possibly, but remember Mr. Morgan, occult things must be found out by every one for himself."

Mr. Morgan then asked some questions about the lecture. The word Devas, called the shining Ones, by the lecturer had aroused his curiosity. Miss Lenz started to explain when Mr. Heine interposed.

"If you take my advice," said the latter, "you will not try to enlighten Mr. Morgan on these subjects without further preparation on his part."

Mr. Morgan protested against the interference of Heine, but this gentleman's remark had done its work, for Miss Lenz refused to enter into a discussion on the Rigveda. By this time they had reached the outskirts of Greenvale.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Mr. Morgan laughing. "The way back seems to be so much shorter than the way going.

"The shortest way is not always the best," declared Mr. Heine, "and then I felt a desire to get a glimpse of a navy yard before approaching the 'sacred oak.'"

There was another lecture announced for the evening, but Mrs. Lawson thought it best to take a rest and attend to some correspondence. When Miss Lenz gave this information to Mr. Heine, this gentleman approached Mr. Morgan and said: "You better not miss this evening's lecture. I expect to see the first skirmish for the control of the legacy I had mentioned on the train." Mr. Morgan succeeded in having Mrs. Lawson change her mind, for later on our group of six was again seen on its way to the "sacred oak". Professor Kresser from Harvard was introduced as the speaker. He was a man of distinguished appearance with an unmistakable air of benevolence. His address, in striking contrast to the topic of the morning, was on Pragmatism, the world's newest philosophy. The professor gave a brilliant exposition of the useful and the practical, interspersed with pleas for unselfishness, for altruism and for renunciation. After he had finished he announced a business meeting to be held at the hotel, which all chartered members were earnestly requested to attend as matters of importance were awaiting their decision. Hardly had he finished when a tall figure bent with the weight of many years arose and asked for a hearing. The demeanor of this gentleman was very self-confident and assured. A mass of white hair surounded his kindly face. "Mr. Anderson," remarked Mr. Heine to Mr. Morgan. Mr. Anderson at first paid his compliments to the lecturer for the scholarly exposition of his philosophy and expressed his sincere belief in his altruistic motives, but he finished making a strong pro-

test against the proposed meeting as opposed to the wishes and the interest of Miss Palmer "our beloved patron, whose guests we are." When Mr. Anderson had finished, the professor arose in his turn and after spending several minutes in the eulogy of the "venerable sage who had had the privilege of the companionship of America's greatest teachers," he assured the audience once more of his good intentions and disinterested motives, and professed in the strongest terms his loyalty, "to our beloved and esteemed benefactress Miss Palmer, whose present condition is preventing her from giving directions, something which we all deeply deplore." And again rose the tall figure, and repeated once more his solemn assurance of friendship and regard for the professor. He declared to be absolutely free of doubt as to the latter's altruistic motives, but he reiterated most emphatically his former statement that the proposed meeting of members was not called in the interest of Miss Palmer, whereupon the professor arose again and after some more complimentary references to the sage repeated his invitation to the meeting.

By this time some of the people had begun to disperse, some going into the forest, others towards the river, while still others scattered in groups to discuss the proposed meeting and speculate on its subject. Mr. Anderson and the professor were seen to shake hands, when to the surprise of our group, Mr. Heine was seen approaching the two speakers and his cordial hallo professor, hallo Mr. Anderson was distinctly heard and seemed to receive a friendly response. Mr. Heine remained a few minutes

in what seemed an animated conversation and returning to his friends he offered to introduce them to the "sage and prof". Mrs. Lawson looked at Miss De Ruiz, where she must have met a certain indifference if not unwillingness, for she remarked to Heine, "we better wait for another time." On their way home Mr. Heine told of his interview with the two "heroes" of the evening, "and" continued he in a thoughtful voice, "I must confess that I was mistaken, and I might say agreeably surprised about Professor Kresser and Mr. Anderson. Their honesty and high mutual regard is not only nominal but real. They favor different routes ,each one aspires to leadership, but there is, I believe, no, or at least no conscious, selfseeking in their actions."

"I am pleased to hear you say so," remarked Mrs. Lawson. "Miss De Ruiz and I had been considering the advisability of giving financial assistance to Greenvale, but your hint at discord had been a negative factor."

"I could not imagine a better purpose," answered Mr. Heine. "The place has done and is doing good, and it would be a cause of regret and I am tempted to say shame in those who have enjoyed its benefits to allow the ideal of Miss Palmer to come to naught for lack of support. The best thing I think would be an annual endowment with provisions for its use."

"Advice of provision indicates doubts after all as to the high motives of 'prof, and sage,'" observed Mr. Morgan with a smile.

"No, not at all," protested Mr. Heine, "but we must not forget that there are others." The 'prof. and sage' are spokesmen only and

to some extent mere figure heads, and we have no guarantee of an equally lofty attitude in those whom they represent. The Socialists have a phrase called economic determinism and it is always advisable to make provisions against manifestations of that principle," concluded Mr. Heine.

"Financial advantage is a good translation of economic determinism," observed Mr. Norris in answer to an inquiring look of Miss De Ruiz.

When they arrived at their hotel they were pleased to meet Miss Winslow, our champion of Metaphysics, who, as was her custom, had come to spend the summer in Greenvale. "I met Mr. Hugo at the library yesterday," remarked Miss Winslow later, "and he told me he would come soon with his family."

"Mr. Hugo is the champion of Capitalism," explained Miss De Ruiz to Mr. Norris.

"Has anything been heard of Mr. Swift?" asked Mrs. Lawson looking at Mr. Heine.

"Nothing new, but he will be here in time."

CHAPTER XXV.

QUIDQUID EST, BONUM EST

Mrs. Lawson and Mr. Morgan, Miss De Ruiz and Mr. Norris as likewise our friends Miss Lenz and Mr. Heine, sometimes in couples, sometimes all six together spent many happy hours in the walks and woods of Greenvale on the banks of its beautiful river, in the shade of its wide spreading oaks. Mrs. Lawson and Mr. Morgan had much to tell one another, they were happy in recognizing their absolute mutual confidence and kinship and their love needed no outward forms of demonstration. When Mrs. Lawson spoke of her useless efforts in behalf of the poor and unfortunate and denounced the indifference and hostility of the constituted authorities and the politicians, Mr. Morgan tried to present a different view point. He agreed that there was much room for much needed improvements but he argued, "the people with whom you find fault would often like to do different, but one man presses upon the other", and repeating his favorite maxim, "we are all more pushed than we are pushing," he concluded, "Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' reminds me of a throng of men pushed forward from behind by succeeding masses rendering the individual, powerless against the pressure, and then there is the illustration of Plato's cave

in the Republic written about two thousand five hundred years ago and the picture given then holds good today and along with Cervantes 'Don Quixote', furnishes a useful lesson to the thinker. All what we can do," concluded Mr. Morgan, "is to align ourselves with those that work for progress and give them our moral and material support, and be considerate towards those with whom we come in contact."

Mrs. Lawson tried to argue against this position, her impulse to improve the world had not yet spent itself. She had several ideas of reform which to her seemed practicable.

"I shall give all the help and advice I can. your wealth can dry many a tear and as I hope bring blessings to you and yours," then seeing the surprised look of Mrs. Lawson at this remark Morgan continued in a soft voice. "I am becoming less and less of an agnostic, and see, or think I see, which is the same thing, the kind hand of Providence in many things which before seemed accidental or even wrong. When I reflect over the course recent events have taken, when I think of your and my fortune, of that of our Miss De Ruiz and Mr. Norris; when I se how seeming misfortune was turned into its opposite, methinks I recognize a guiding star somehow, somewhere."

Mrs. Lawson at these words took the hand of her friend, a tear came into her eyes, whether in sadness, in remembrance of former suffering, or in happy grateful recognition, of kind destiny's wonderful ways I leave to the reader for decision.

Miss De Ruiz on her part had become trustful, her sad experience had taught her the

value of a firm friend and adviser and the self-confident nature of Mr. Norris was made happy through it stability to supply the need. Anyone who would have taken the trouble to observe the two couples on their walks would have had little difficulty to interpret their relations, but when they look now at the actions of Mr. Heine and Miss Lenz most of them would be led to wrong conclusions, brother and sister, most people would have judged. The subject of their conversation would have been a mystery to most auditors and would be to you, dear reader. They discoursed of the occult and the mystical, they considered the means to hasten their own evolution, to make themseves better instruments in the hands of their Masters for the service of the race. But was our friend Heine always satisfied with such completely platonic vistas? was there not sometimes a yearning in his eye, a longing look for a more tangible manifestation of his companion's affection? This might have been so, but whenever such signs became manifest a mild denial, a soft look of reproof was all that was necessary to instill a serene resignation.

Freedom from desire is the pinnacle of human happiness and achievement. Will our friend reach this summit? Guided by the magnetic hand of his friend he thinks he will, but many others before him have dreamed a similar dream. Miss Lenz has moments of doubts, but she trust and hopes. She is so sure of herself that sometimes she wonders at herself being so different from others, especially when she witnesses the moral struggles of others or hears them discussed by her friends.

Do happy days pass more quickly than sorrowful ones, or is it a trick of our imagination that makes us think so? Is not time longer in reality during youth, and is becoming shorter with advancing years? Time exists not, teaches the philosopher, it is the product of the human mind and imagination. If this is so, the seeming greater length of time, although imaginary, might be as fundamentally real as time itself. Be this as it may, time has passed quickly for our three couples and the day set for the final symposium was at hand. Mr. Hugo had come as announced by Miss Winslow with a pleasant wife and three lovely children, but the family seemed self-sufficient, and while its members were friendly and cordial to all, they did not mix much with the others. Mr. Swift made his appearance on the morning of the day appointed and had good reasons to be satisfied with his reception.

"I suppose you and Miss Lenz selected Greenvale for the final battle ground?" Mr. Swift said to Mr. Heine after they had shaken hands.

"I think we were and still are pleased with its selection," answered this gentleman, "and you ought to be. Enjoy the world Mr. Swift," he then continued, look at life from a more rosy view point. When we are happy ourselves it is easier to make others happy and that is what we are aiming to do after all."

Mr. Swift looked at his friend Heine, surprise and amazement was clearly written on the pale features of Anarchy's gloomy champion.

"What a change has come over my Socialist friend." He then exclaimed not without a

strong touch of mockery and reproach, "I hope you will pardon me when I express the thought that five thousand dollars a year furnish beautifully colored eyeglasses through which even a desolate landscape will seem charming."

"And might there not be something else that would furnish still better material for such lenses as you think exist, but you are unjust Mr. Swift, I am what I was. My improved status has neither altered my view-points nor weakened the zeal for my ideals, only I am trying to be content and serene myself while working for conditions that will make individual happiness less of a struggle."

Mr. Heine was undoubtedly sincere in what he said, he still felt himself the same, he still had the same views on politics and on political economy, but might not, notwithstanding Heine's declaration to the contrary, the five-thousand dollar yearly income have been a modifying factor in his mental state?

The ground under the sacred oak was the place chosen for the final symposium, and on the appointed evening we see our old friends, their number increased by the presence of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Norris and Mrs. Hugo, make their way to the woods of Greenvale. The air is soft and balmy. From the valley below came the aroma of many flowers and the scent of new mewn hay. The moon was full and its silvery light flooded the dark green landscape. The woods were still, busy nature seemed to have gone to rest to gather strength for the next day's work. The members of our group spoke but little, each seemed busy with his or her own thoughts. When the oak was reached

some took their seats on the benches and chairs, others like Mr. Heine, threw themselves on the ground. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Norris kept together awaiting with some curiosity the things that were to be. There being no definite arrangement or program a certain hesitation soon made itself felt. When Mrs. Lawson met the eye of Mr. Heine with an inquiring look this gentleman understood as he cried out, "Order of business, comrades. I think the first point of our program," he continued "ought to be the election of a chairman and I suggest Mr. John B. Morgan."

When all eyes were turned in his direction Morgan arose and said slowly: "I had come to be an auditor and a spectator but I am willing, as a practical politician ought to be to immolate myself on the altar for my country, friends and associates," he concluded with a smile.

"All in favor of Mr. Morgan as chairman," then cried out Mr. Heine, "will say aye," There was a hearty response. "Those opposed, no." No sound. And thus John Morgan was duly elected chairman of this unique assembly. He placed his chair near the tree and the others sat around in a kind of a semi-circle. "What is the order of business?" he then asked. "While I am accustomed to play chairman I feel myself in a strange position this time."

"I suggest," said Mr. Heine as he arose "that speakers follow the order of the last symposium."

"I suggest the contrary," cried out Metaphysics' doughty champion. "I propose that the order be reversed as we decided once before. Turn about is fair play I think."

Mr. Swift seconded probably for the first and last time of his life, the suggestion of a capitalistic metaphysician and having made a motion in parlimentary style to that effect, was unanimously supported. Thus it was decreed that the first inning belonged to Socialism, and its champion slowly arose. A certain hesitation, so different from his usual attitude was clearly visible, but he quickly regained his calmness and self-confident manner as he faced his small but select audience.

"I had not expected to be called upon as first speaker," he began, "and I fear that some of you will be disappointed with my discourse. To begin with, I wish to say this: I have done a good deal of thinking and a good deal of reading within the last three months, and I suppose the other champions have also; and I had arranged in my mind the speech which I was going to make when my turn would come, only I didn't forsee that I would have to begin the session and had hoped to finish the symposium. The opposite arrangement does in no wise affect my mental attitude. My speech will be short. I only wish to say this: I have read carefully the selections of the various champions, but it is not so much the reading of these books but a careful examination of self and my own doctrines that I have come to what might to some seem a strange conclusion; Each one of us here acting in the right spirit might do the most useful work in that society where our sphere of influence extends the furthest where kind providence has placed us. Hugo, by exercising his influence in the direction of moderation with his friends might be a stronger

factor for good than he could possible be by joining the ranks of the Socialists, and our esteemed Metaphysician, by calling man's attention to mental heights performs a more useful task than by joining those, already too numerous who are engrossed in the material; and our friend, the Anarchist, he also contributes a very useful share," Mr. Heine continued with a smile looking at Mr. Swift. "In our study of life for the progress of the race we can no more spare the shadow than the light. Suffering and pain are often more useful than joy and pleasure."

"I object," here exclaimed Mr. Swift.

"Order," cried Mr. Morgan in a quiet, but firm voice indicating the experienced chairman.

"Friend Swift, I apologize if my words were offensive," continued Mr. Heine. "They were certainly not intended that way. Far be it from me to designate Anarchy and its honorable champion with the words shadow, pain, and suffering, as I fear he has understood. Why cannot our viewpoints be in their turn light and shadows? Does not ancient as well as modern philosophy teach us that all is changing, but I have spoken already longer than I had intended. Our symposium had for its object to find the best road that would lead into the kingdom of Freedom and Brotherhood, and I propose that each one, while keeping on his own road gradually direct his steps towards the others in search for a common goal."

With these words Mr. Heine made his bow and resumed his seat. For a minute there was silence, then Mr. Swift arose, he seemed a

little vexed but a look at Mr. Heine had a softening effect.

"I had intended to call our friend Heine a quitter and a turncoat," he then said, "but after a second reflection I will say that we all act in accordance with our nature and that altered conditions necessarily have their effect."

"I have given you my answer to this insinuation or rather inference," softly said Mr. Heine as he extended his hand to his friend the Anarchist. The latter for a second hesitated then he quietly took the proffered hand and both resumed their seats on the grass.

Again there was silence. "What next?" came the voice of Mr. Morgan when Miss Winslow arose.

"I had hoped," began the Metaphysician, "to say a few words in reply to something Mr. Heine said in our last symposium, but his own words have made mine unnecessary, and I am well pleased with the new position and I heartily endorse the proposition of our Socialist friend."

Mr. Hugo then took the floor. "I wish to say this," declared Capital's proud champion: "Better acquaintance will remove misunderstanding. What we know, we cease to fear and hate. I also accept the recommendation of Mr. Heine."

"All others have spoken," put in Mrs. Lawson after Mr. Hugo had taken his seat as she looked smilingly at Miss Lenz. "Will you not, Miss Lenz, declare your attitude also?"

"I should hardly need to express myself," said Theosophy's champion calmly as she arose from her seat. "My aim is to teach peace with-

in and point out its blessing to others, and consequently I am well pleased with the proposition of Mr. Heine."

"Since this has turned out a love feast," now declared Mr. Norris "let us hold a discourse on the ways of our forefathers who held their consultations and jubilations under just such a tree as tonight so kindly gives us shelter."

'And not forget the noblest gift of the Gods, their nectar, which rejoices the hearts of men," exclaimed Mr. Hugo as he uncovered a package containing various shining bottles.

Mr. Heine encountered the look of Miss Lenz where an expression of contentment was visible after his eyes had given a satisfactory answer.

The spirit of love then spread its wings over our assembly and when an hour afterwards our friends returned to their hotel the world seemed good to all.

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